★ Mar. 10, 1956

THE NEW YORKER

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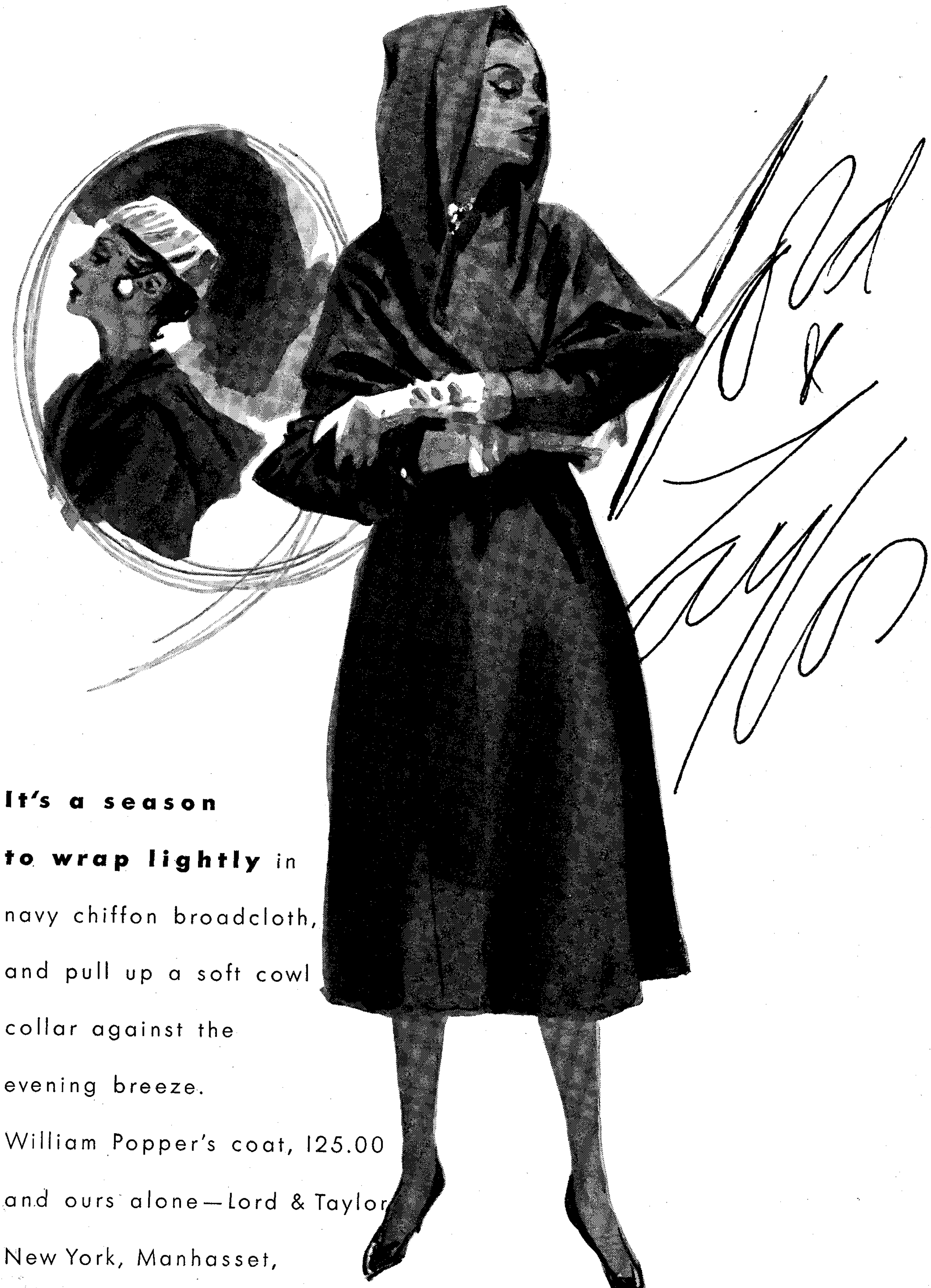

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Chalk Garden—Enid Bagnold's comedy about an extremely peculiar British household may be just the thing for admirers of writers like Evelyn Waugh and Ivy Compton-Burnett. Gladys Cooper heads an accomplished cast that includes Betsy von Furstenberg, Siobhan McKenna, and Percy Waram. Cecil Beaton designed the set and costumes. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Desk Set—Shirley Booth, who can do practically everything in the theatre, is disarmingly funny in William Marchant's rather routine comedy about a woman who outthinks an electronic brain. With Dorothy Blackburn, Frank Milan, Byron Sanders, and Elizabeth Wilson. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Diary of Anne Frank—This sensitive dramatization of the record left by a young victim of the Nazis is very moving, and the production is superb. Young Susan Strasberg scores a triumph in her first Broadway appearance, and Joseph Schildkraut and Gusti Huber are splendid in other leading roles in Frances Goodrich's and Albert Hackett's play. Garson Kanin's direction and Boris Aronson's set are also of enormous assistance. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Fallen Angels—Nancy Walker's ferociously inspired performance gives this revival of Noel Coward's 1925 comedy a much-needed lift. She is assisted by Margaret Phillips, Alice Pearce, William Windom, William LeMassena, and Efrem Zimbalist, Jr. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

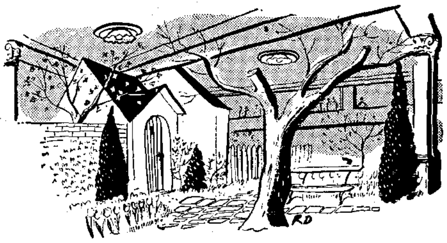
The Great Sebastians—There isn't much substance to this Lindsay-Crouse comedy melodrama about the ups and downs of a mind-reading team of democratic persuasion in modern Czechoslovakia, but Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne make it quite tolerable. Ben Astar, Simon Oakland, and Eugenia Rawls are included in the cast. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Hatful of Rain—Although Michael V. Gazzo's play about a young drug addict and his heroic wife is occasionally flat and inexpert, Ben Gazzara and Shelley Winters are very good in the leading roles. With Frank Silvera, Anthony Franciosa, and Henry Silva. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Janus—Carolyn Green's comedy about the influence of adultery on tax returns is a flimsy affair, but Margaret Sullavan is captivating, and Robert Preston and Claude Dauphin give her commendable support. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Lark—Joan of Arc again, this time in Lillian Hellman's adaptation of a play by Jean Anouilh. In the central role, Julie Harris is fascinating in combining businesslike efficiency with charming wistfulness. Boris Karloff, Christopher Plummer, Theodore Bikel, and Joseph Wiseman are also on hand, and very helpful. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, March 11.)

The Matchmaker—Ruth Gordon is wonderfully comic in Thornton Wilder's fine period farce about a woman who arranges a number of marriages to her own satisfaction. Loring Smith and Eileen Herlie do nobly with costarring roles, and there are also nice performances by Arthur Hill, Rosamund Greenwood, and Patrick McAlinney. Directed by Tyrone Guthrie. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR
OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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Middle of the Night—Edward G. Robinson gives a solid performance in this play about a romance between a fifty-three-year-old man and a twenty-four-year-old girl, but the play itself—the work of Paddy Chayefsky—is a dull affair. Gena Rowlands, Anne Jackson, and June Walker also figure in the cast. The drama was directed by Joshua Logan. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

No Time for Sergeants—Ira Levin's stage version of Mac Hyman's novel having to do with a draftee whose kindness almost kills the Army is probably the most hilarious thing you will see this year. Andy Griffith is a delight as the hillbilly hero, and so are Myron McCormick and Roddy McDowall in subsidiary roles. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Ponder Heart—Eudora Welty's novel about an eccentric gentleman of the magnolia belt has been changed around quite a bit in this adaptation by Joseph Fields and Jerome Chodorov, but the humor of the original is still very apparent. David Wayne is masterful as the principal character, and has the support of Una Merkel, Sarah Marshall, Juanita Hall, Don Hanmer, and Will Geer.

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CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give postal zone numbers for both addresses.

(Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Tiger at the Gates—Jean Giraudoux's play, translated by Christopher Fry, uses a variation of the Trojan legend to achieve an eloquent and scintillating satire on warmongers. Michael Redgrave is superlative in the leading role, and the rest of the admirable cast includes Barbara Jefford, Leueen MacGrath, Diane Cilento, Morris Carnovsky, and Catharine Lacey. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, April 7.)

Time Limit!—A play dealing with an American officer who transfers his allegiance to the Chinese Communists. The officer's motivations are not always clear, and the drama is not long on political logic, but the cast, led by Arthur Kennedy and Richard Kiley, performs with considerable skill. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?—A kind of Faustian legend involving a worker in the Hollywood vineyard who sacrifices his soul for assorted emoluments, including a delectable blonde. The George Axelrod comedy wobbles between good fun and regrettable silliness. Orson Bean, Jayne Mansfield, Martin Gabel, and Walter Matthau head the cast. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**BUS STOP:** William Inge has marooned a lot of people in a luncheonette and let them talk about their emotional problems. Currently with Barbara Baxley, Kent Smith, Elaine Stritch, and Albert Salmi. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, April 7.) . . . **CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF:** A drama by Tennessee Williams concerning a tribe of powerful and self-tormented landowners in the South. Patricia Neal (for the moment) and Burl Ives have the leading roles. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **INHERIT THE WIND:** A rearrangement of the Scopes evolution trial, with Paul Muni and Ed Begley. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **THE TEAHOUSE OF THE AUGUST MOON:** John Patrick's comedy about the Americanization of Okinawa, with Eli Wallach, Gene Blakely, Paul Ford, and Mariko Niki. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, March 24.). . . **WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION:** A mystery melodrama by Agatha Christie, with Francis L. Sullivan, Patricia Jessel, Una O'Connor, Gene Lyons, and Robin Craven featured in a cast of thirty. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Pipe Dream—Oscar Hammerstein II hasn't been able to do much with the Steinbeck novel "Sweet Thursday," from which this musical was adapted, but the songs, on which he collaborated with Richard Rodgers, are often up to the old standard. The capable cast is headed by Helen Traubel, William Johnson, and Judy Tyler. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**DAMN YANKEES:** Gwen Verdon plays a demon, Ray Walston her employer, and Stephen Douglass her earthbound suitor in this adaptation of the novel "The Year the Yankees Lost the Pennant." (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **FANNY:** A big plot-and-character musical show based,

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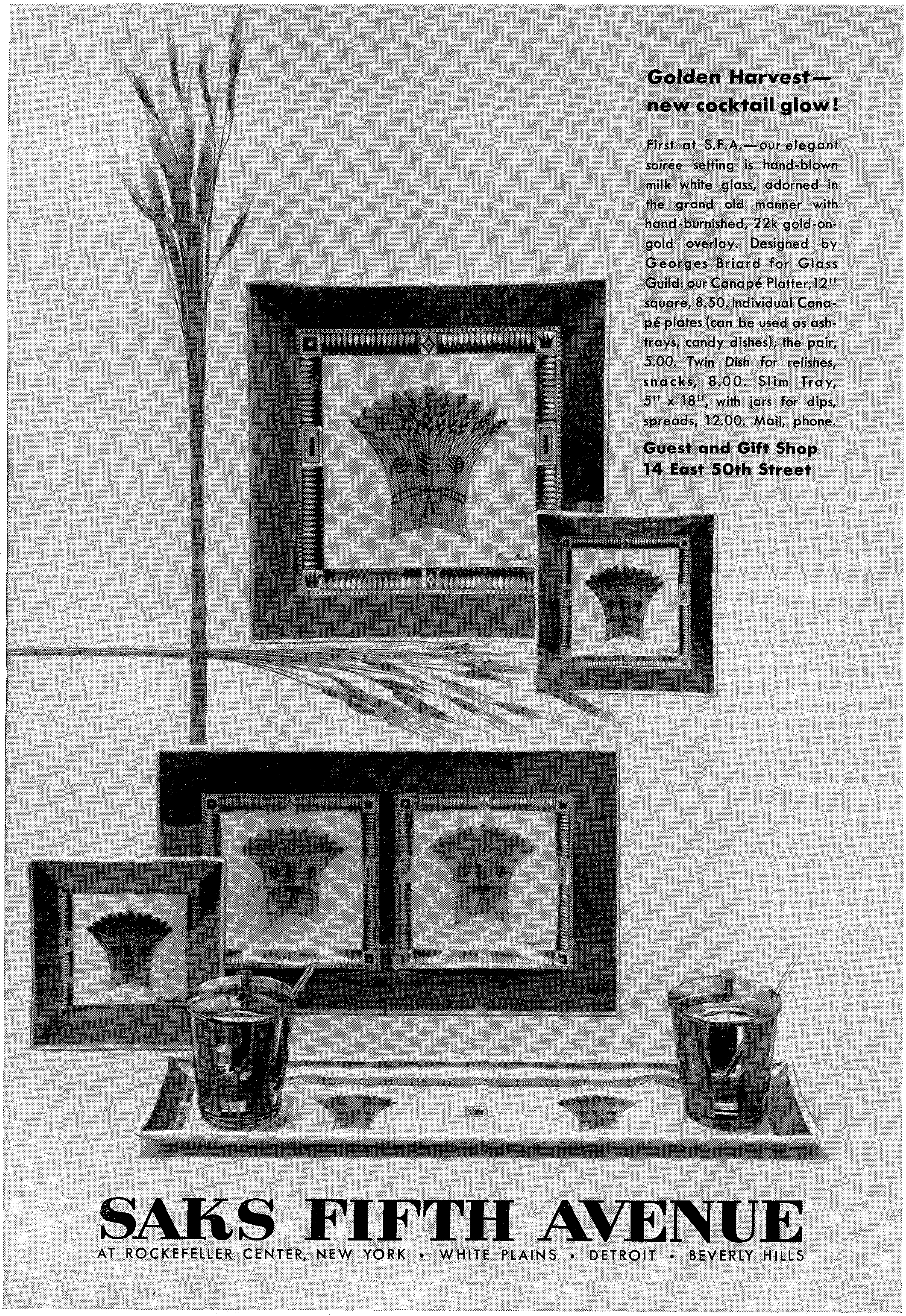

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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a little obscurely, on the doings of some poor but tuneful folk in Marseille, two of whom are Ezio Pinza and Walter Slezak. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)... **THE PAJAMA GAME:** Love and labor relations in a pajama factory. In the cast are John Raitt, Eddie Foy, Jr., Helen Gallagher, and Julie Wilson. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **SILK STOCKINGS:** A musical interpretation of "Ninotchka," with songs by Cole Porter. Hildegarde Neff and Lawrence Brooks now head the cast. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

My Fair Lady—Rex Harrison and Julie Andrews in a musical adaptation of Shaw's "Pygmalion," with book and lyrics by Alan Jay Lerner and score by Frederick Loewe. Staged by Moss Hart and presented by Herman Levin. Opens Thursday, March 15. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

After Dinner Opera Company—Three one-act operas: "Opera, Opera," by Martin Kalmanoff, with libretto by William Saroyan; "The Pot of Fat," by Theodore Chanler, with libretto by Hester Pickman; and "Apollo and Persephone," with score and libretto by Gerald Cockshott. (After Dinner Opera Theatre, 52 E. 78th St. Fridays through Sundays at 8:30. For tickets, call RH 4-9567, from 6 to 9.)

Amato Opera Theatre—Starting Friday, March 9: "Tosca." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays through Sundays, and Tuesday, March 13, at 8:15. Admission is free, but reservations should be made in advance.)

Cherry Lane Theatre—A double bill made up of Shaw's "The Admirable Bashville" and "The Dark Lady of the Sonnets." (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-4468. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:40 and 9:40; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Circle in the Square—A revival of "The Cradle Song," by Gregorio and Maria Martinez Sierra, in an English translation by John Garrett Underhill. José Quintero is the director, and Lola D'Annunzio and Betty Miller have the leading roles. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq. OR 5-9437. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Fourth Street Theatre—Chekhov's "Uncle Vanya," with Franchot Tone, Signe Hasso, George Voskovec, and Clarence Derwent. (Fourth Street Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. OR 4-5710. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Phoenix Theatre—James Daly, Ruth Ford, and Viveca Lindfors in August Strindberg's play "Miss Julie," adapted and directed by George Tabori. Miss Ford and Miss Lindfors also appear in a companion piece—Strindberg's "The Stronger." (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Nightly, except Monday, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40. Closes Sunday, March 18.)

Provincetown Playhouse—Henrik Ibsen's "Rosmersholm," presented by the Provincetown Repertory and staged by John F. Grahame. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-9894. Thursdays through Sundays at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Sunday, March 18.)

Shakespearewrights—"Romeo and Juliet," directed by Brian Shaw. (Jan Hus Auditorium, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-2277. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Theatre de Lys—Kurt Weill's "The Threepenny Opera," with an English libretto by Marc Blitzstein. The cast is headed by Lotte Lenya and Scott Merrill. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Thursday evening, March 8: "Jeux d'Enfants," "The Concert," "Sylvia: Pas de Deux," and "Western Symphony."... ¶ Friday evening, March 9: "Concerto Barocco," "Souvenirs," "Pas de Dix," and "Bourrée Fantasque."... ¶ Saturday matinée, March 10: "Swan Lake," "Valse-Fantaisie," "Souvenirs," and "Firebird."... ¶ Saturday evening, March 10: "Jeux d'Enfants," "Scotch Symphony," "Pas de Trois" (Glinka), and "Pied Piper."... ¶ Sunday matinée, March 11: "Concerto Barocco," "Scotch Symphony," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Fanfare."... ¶ Sunday evening, March 11: "Serenade," "Firebird," "Sylvia: Pas de Deux," and "The Concert."... ¶ Tuesday, March 13: "Four Temperaments," "The Still Point" (première), "Sylvia: Pas de Deux," and "Fanfare."... ¶ Wednesday evening, March 14: "Swan Lake," "Pas de Dix," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Bourrée Fantasque."... ¶ Thursday evening, March 15: "Four Temperaments," "Allegro Brillante," "Illuminations," "Western Symphony."... ¶ Friday evening, March 16: "Interplay," "The Cage," "Prodigal Son," and "The Concert."... ¶ Saturday matinée, March 17: "Jeux d'Enfants," "The Still Point," "Pas de Trois" (Minkus), and "Pied Piper."... ¶ Saturday evening, March 17: "Four Temperaments," "Prodigal Son," "Pas de Dix," and "Fanfare." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30. Through Sunday, March 25.)

Pearl Lang—With her dance company and Glenn Tetley. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, March 10, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

"Queen After Death"—The first presentation in America of a play by Henri de Montherlant. E. G. Marshall heads a cast under the direction of Alan Cooke. This is the fifth in a series of "Sideshow" programs, each of which is presented for a single performance. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Monday, March 12, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The Embassy Club (jewels by Cartier, gowns by Dior) has dinner music until ten, then dance music by the veteran Chauncey Gray's first-string band and a rumba group. Closed Mondays.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—The lounge "under the clock" is a cocktail-hour anchorage for commuters, commuters' wives, commuters' children, commuters' children's dates, and just plain New Yorkers. The accompaniment is a series of cadenzas on the harp of James Kirk every day but Sunday. Mondays through Fridays, he also plays from seven to nine in the Madison Room. No dancing in either place.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—The headquarters of several extremely active mutual-admiration organizations. Charles Holden's orchestra and Freddy Alonso's rumba band vamp until the cameramen are ready.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Lucille and Eddie Roberts, who were the Great Sebastians of the Keith circuit years before the Lunt family took up mind reading, are practicing their witchcraft in the Cotillion Room. Carter De Haven, a septuagenarian survivor of that same circuit, clogs briefly with his remarkably handsome daughter, Gloria De Haven, whose arias are rife with feminine wiles. Stanley Melba's band and a trio set the pace for any dancers. Sundays, there's only a dinner show; Mondays, total darkness.... ¶ The Café Pierre has dancing every day from cocktails through supper to a small orchestra, which is generally Stanley Worth's.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Edith Adams, lately the innocent little petunia of "Wonderful Town," is singing and talking at dinner and supper in the Persian Room, where Ted Straeter's combination of orchestra and glee club issues its irresistible invitation to the dance, and Mark Monte's music-makers help out now and then. Closed Sundays.... ¶ Dining in state is still the order of the evening in the grand old Rendez-Vous Room, where the dreamy dance music of Maximillian Bergere's and Cristof Kayloff's flocks starts at eight-thirty.... ¶ Leo LeFleur's musicians make appropriate sounds at the cocktail hour in the Palm Court. No dancing.... ¶ In the Edwardian Room, the LeFleur group does a reprise at the dinner hour. No dancing.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Guy Lombardo, his brothers, his sisters, his cousins, and his aunts are producing music to dance to in the Grill, which is closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The halls of Montezuma had nothing on the sumptuous Maisonette, where Milt Shaw's and Ray Bari's bouncy little bands are in non-stop attendance. After the theatre, Lanny Ross, who looks and sounds younger than ever, eases his way through some good songs. (The "Carousel" soliloquy is a sample.) On Thursday, March 15, he'll be succeeded by Monique Van Vooren, a revue siren making her first trip to town as a night-club siren, vocal and visual. She, too, will be a supper dish. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—All week long in the Café Lounge, from cocktails to dinner and supper, Irving Conn's orchestra looks after anyone in a mood for motion.

Statler, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey are improving the nighttime hours in the vast Café Rouge with a solid band that offers Charlie Shavers and Louis Bellson for lagniappe. Closed Sundays.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—The who's-that-with-him-tonight? set comes in here to get out of the cold and get into the papers. Dancing in an alcove.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—The revue that punctuates dinner and supper purports to be another Arabian Nights, but its problems (male vs. female, show business, and the like) have a curiously contemporary ring. The brightest moments are Larry Daniels, a persuasive talker, and Neile Adams, a singer and dancer impelled largely by jet propulsion. Panchito's band and Salvatore Gioë's orchestra play for dancing after nine.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The Empire Room's dance music is setting a whole generation of split-level and ranch-house dwellers, unaccustomed though they are, to unabashed jitterbugging. The barbaric splendor of Benny Goodman's brass section, which includes Urbie Green, Jimmy Maxwell, and Mel Davis, is the chief reason; there is also the valiant work of the old Maestro, Budd Johnson, Hank Jones, and Mousie Alexander to thank. All fourteen hands, plus the clear, sweet soprano of Mitzie Cottle, in addition comprise the dinner and supper shows. The lapis-lazuli dance music of Nat Brandwynne's orchestra occupies the rest of the evening. Closed Sundays.... ¶ In one estuary of the voluminous Peacock Alley,

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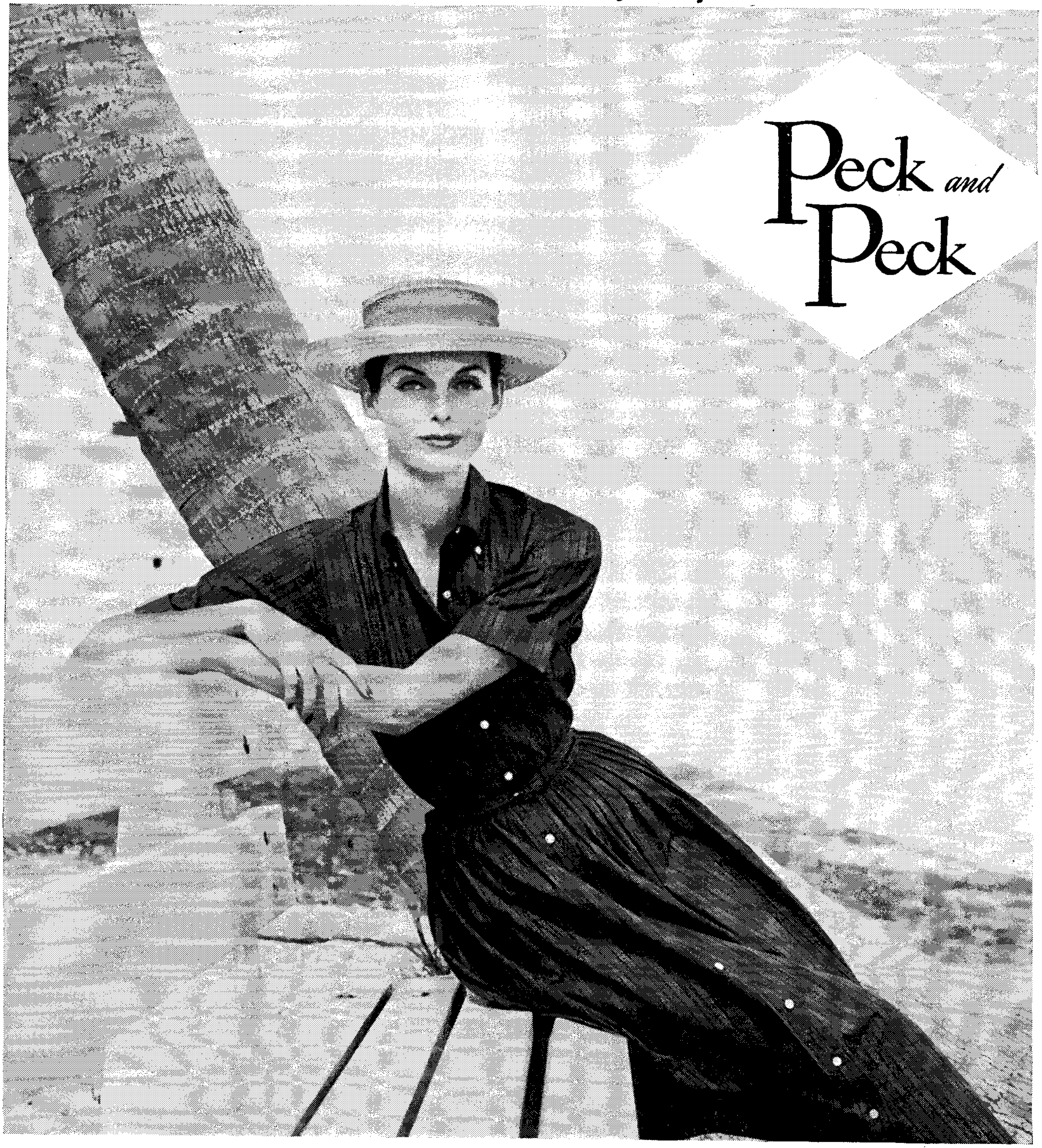

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Jozsi Ribari's Viennese group and Joe Harnell's new-deal American trio play for dancing from eight until one. On Sunday, the only noise is dance music, from eight to twelve, by Mischa Borr's band.

Note—The Rainbow Room, a chalet at the summit of the Rockefeller Range, presents hushed non-dance tunes and cocktails from four-thirty to nine every evening except Sunday. The choice seats, of course, are up near the windows. The address is 30 Rockefeller Plaza, the telephone CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

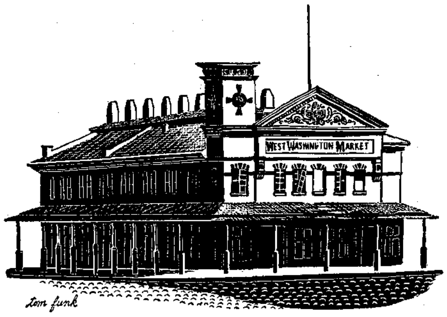
(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): In a *grand-luxe* stage set, Addison Bailey, who has a Texas accent but a New York repertoire, muses at the concert-grand piano during cocktails, dinner, and supper, except Sundays, when Paul Morse drops in.... **CAFÉ NINO,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): Cocktail, dinner, and supper piano in the bar of a wine-with-each-course restaurant. The salient characteristic of the music is that it's made by Cy Walter, inventor and dean of the genre. Closed Sundays.... **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Billy Reed, the old show-business man, is filling his reincarnated omnium-gatherum with approximately the same cast and exactly the same music—Kurt Maier's mixture of Viennese and Broadway piano, from eight to ten, and from eleven to the finish. Closed Mondays.... **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK,** 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): The most recent beach club set up by Louis Hawkins, pianist, newscaster, and Southern gentleman, is far and away the neatest, but the old Rover Boys spirit still prevails. The host and Wayne Sanders take turns at the keyboard.... **BARBERRY ROOM,** 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Renato Rossini's educated Spanish guitar alternately swoons and smolders from nine to one every night but Sunday in this hall of mirrors.... **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Latins in a reasonable replica of their native habitat and indulging in native folkways, such as rose-in-the-teeth singing and dancing. The patrons may join in the latter sport from time to time. Closed Sundays.... **RSVP,** 145 E. 55th St. (EL 5-0250): The dusk-to-dawn patrol is now listening, after the theatre, to the eager voices of Broadway understudies. Betty Carr and Ralph Lowe, of "Damn Yankees," are there now; on Tuesday, March 13, Dee Harless, of "Silk Stockings," will replace Miss Carr. The piano background, partly upbeat and partly romantic, is supplied by Ralph Strain and Carl Norman from seven on. Mr. S. is absent on Sundays, Mr. N. on Mondays. ... **LITTLE BOHEMIA,** 340 E. 79th St. (RE 7-6398): This European school of cookery is placid, jolly, and (from seven-thirty until the small hours) full of just the music you'd expect. Closed Sundays.... **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Old Hungarian specialties, such as goulash and the zimbalon, are served up in a manner that is all quite folksy, all quite amiable. Dancing. Closed Mondays.... **LE VOUVRAY,** 132 E. 61st St. (TE 8-5383): William Adler, whose violin was long an ornament of Park Avenue, now patrols the small bar and dining room here. Closed Sundays.... **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the faintly bleak bar of the Hotel Earle, after eight every night but Monday, Laurie Brewis is reviving the pet melodies you thought everyone but you had forgotten.... **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY,** 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): Harmless antics, largely song and piano, in an extremely relaxed youth hostel.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Enid Mosier and her steel band are blowing up a fair-sized West Indian storm (French, British, American, and island argot) in the rear room. Among the other guests of honor are Jill Corey, whose adroit trilling will mesmerize you if you don't watch out; Jorie Remes, a pulsating *diseuse* with a lot of bones to pick; and Joey Carter, an entertaining conversationalist. Miss Corey departs on Sunday, March 11. The Jimmy Lyons trio and the piano of Bart Howard and Otis Clements are the musical backdrop.... ¶ Except Saturday nights, there's cocktail and dinner piano by Alex Fogarty in the lounge.... **LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): Irwin Corey, who presents his modern-undress version of Shakespeare in a manner that would give pause to Orson Welles, will be shuffling off this particular mortal coil on Tuesday, March 13. Thereafter, the amusement will be supplied by a varied group of newcomers. Closed Sundays.... **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Ada Moore's tongue-in-cheek treatment of her lyrics is a neat contrast to little Lynn Taylor's stars-in-her-eyes treatment. There are further pleasantries by Igor & H., two young men who keep a weather eye on the movies, radio, television, and other permanently infant industries. The dance music is by Clarence Williams' trio, which has Carl Lynch on guitar. On Thursday, March 15, the Mlles. Moore and Taylor will be succeeded by Mya Angelou, whose vivid cantatas have been the talk of San Francisco for many a month, and Eve Roberts, a shrinking-violet sort of singer. Closed Mondays.... **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): A pair of fighting wildcats who belong on almost everyone's list—Kaye Ballard, a clown who adds a fourth dimension to the meaning of *enfant terrible*, and Sylvia Syms, virtuoso of sad songs, glad songs, bad songs, mad songs—are chewing what's left of the scenery. A recent arrival is Phil Leeds, a quiet-spoken comedian. Jimmie Daniels (the ringmaster here), Tiger Haines, the Three Flames, and Bruce Kirby spend the evening getting into everybody else's act, and Hazel Webster, mayor of Eighth Street, operates the piano. Closed Mondays.... **DOWNSTAIRS ROOM,** Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): Out of the mouths of precocious babes (June Ericson, Dody Goodman, Jack Fletcher, and Gerry Matthews) come the words of wisdom, wit, and malice aforethought that animate the ninety-minute revue Julius Monk, an expert at this art form, has erected with a do-it-yourself kit in a tiny cellar. The pit band is the double piano of Murray Grand and Stan Keen. The sport begins at ten-thirty every night but Monday.... **CAMEO,** 139 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-5285): Mel Tormé is sprinting through a small decathlon as he dashes from microphone to piano to drums; Corky Hale, his girl Friday, dashes from microphone to harp to piano; the rest of the quartet stays more or less put. All this, plus Mr. Tormé's skill at offbeat orchestration, is on display after nine-thirty every night but Sunday. The exhibit will run through Wednesday, March 14.... **BYLINE ROOM,** 28 W. 56th St. (CI 7-1718): Mabel Mercer, whose way with a lyric has made her into a one-woman little theatre, arrives late in the evening at her comfortable new bower, but there's the proper sort of mood piano, by Sam Hamilton and Bob Printz, from cocktail time every evening until dawn. Miss Mercer vacations Sundays. ... **UPSTAIRS AT THE DUPLEX,** 55 Grove St. (WA 4-2730): Kindred spirits in a bird cage so small they're almost perched on your shoulder. They are Lovey Powell, whose whispered songs put true love back on its pedestal; Brooks Morton, who ministers wisely and well to the piano; and Hal Holbrook, who likes to turn himself into Mark Twain. On Tuesday, March 13, Butterfly McQueen, the dizzy housemaid of "Gone with the Wind," will replace Mr. Holbrook. Closed Mondays. ... **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Fay DeWitt, an exuberant miss, shatters the calm of this Village green a couple of times a night; Stan Grover does the baritone work. As always, Bob Downey and Harold Fonville are fooling around at the twin pianos. Sundays, silly old silent movies replace Miss DeWitt; Mondays, amateur nights replace Mr. Grover.... **BEVERLY CLUB,** Beverly Hotel, Lexington Ave. at 50th St. (PL 3-3717): The sound effects in this room are apt to bounce from pillar to post, but Bobby Short, a peer of the realm of late-night singers, is able to make his blend of upbeat chanting and upbeat piano sweep all obstacles before it. Closed Sundays.



MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(Open later than most other places, and no dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): The noisemakers provided by the management are all on the podium, not on the tables. They are, in no particular disorder, Wild Bill Davison, Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, Pee Wee Russell, George Wettling, and Mr. Condon. Ted Roy does the interlude piano. Tuesday nights, when other American primitives show up, are often mass madness. Closed Sundays.... **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): This pine-panelled hunting lodge is vibrating to Dorothy Donegan's rambunctious trio and Jonah Jones' slightly more subdued quartet. Their music and their horseplay (which will never win them an Oscar) start at eight-thirty. Cocktail and dinner piano every day, too; Sunday nights, Jack Elliott's topnotch vanguardist trio is in charge.... **BASIN STREET,** Broadway at 51st St. (PL 7-3728): An easily accessible weekend festival. For Friday and Saturday, March 9-10, Calvin Jackson's scholarly quartet, Buck Clayton's hot-shot foursome, Don Shirley's rapturous duo, and the songs of Johnny Mathis are in store. Friday and Saturday, March 16-17. Mel Tormé's stylized songs and his quartet, which includes Corky Hale on harp, piano, and whatnot, will head the bill.... **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): A hardy collection of veteran Villagers are having a fairly hot time in their old home town. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays.... **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Jazz with the bark left on is played by Wilbur de Paris, Omer Simeon, Sidney de Paris, Lee Blair, Keg Purnell, and Sonny White, all sticklers for tradition. Don Frye is the intermission pianist. Jam sessions Monday nights; closed Sundays.... **THE COMPOSER,** 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): Students of the pianoforte can do their field work here. After nine-thirty, Billy Taylor, one of the most inventive of the latter-day pianists, and Eddie Heywood, an old-timer at the instrument, lead their trios into action. The Heywoods are absent on Sundays, the Taylors on Mondays. Johnny Mehegan, the eminent Juilliard pedagogue, delivers his piano études from six to around nine-thirty every evening but Saturday.... **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Count Basie is the owner of the world's heaviest artillery, and his men are all excellent shots. Lester Young's quintet is also around, and so is Joe Williams, the deep-blue voice of the Basie band. On Thursday, March 15, a new crew, including Eddie Davis's trio and Art Farmer's quintet, reports. Mondays are guests nights.... **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Jutta Hipp, a small and picturesque brunette from West Germany, is demonstrating her concept of modern piano, aided by two American sidemen. Frannie Thorne, who is playing hooky from the Ivy League, gets to the keyboard at nine; the trio reports at ten. No music Mondays.... **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (JU 6-2278): A bumptious shooting gallery that is nevertheless suitable for family parties. A constant stream of musicians (among whom you are apt to see Zutty Singleton, Tony Parenti, Ken Kersey, Red Allen, Sol Yaged, Buster Bailey, Cozy Cole, Benny Moten, and Claude Hopkins) ambles on and off the quarter-deck behind the bar from 7 P.M. (1 P.M. Saturdays and Sundays) to 3 A.M., huffing and puffing like mad.... **CAFÉ BOHEMIA,** 15 Barrow St. (CH 3-9274): Musicians who stand with reluctant feet between Beale Street

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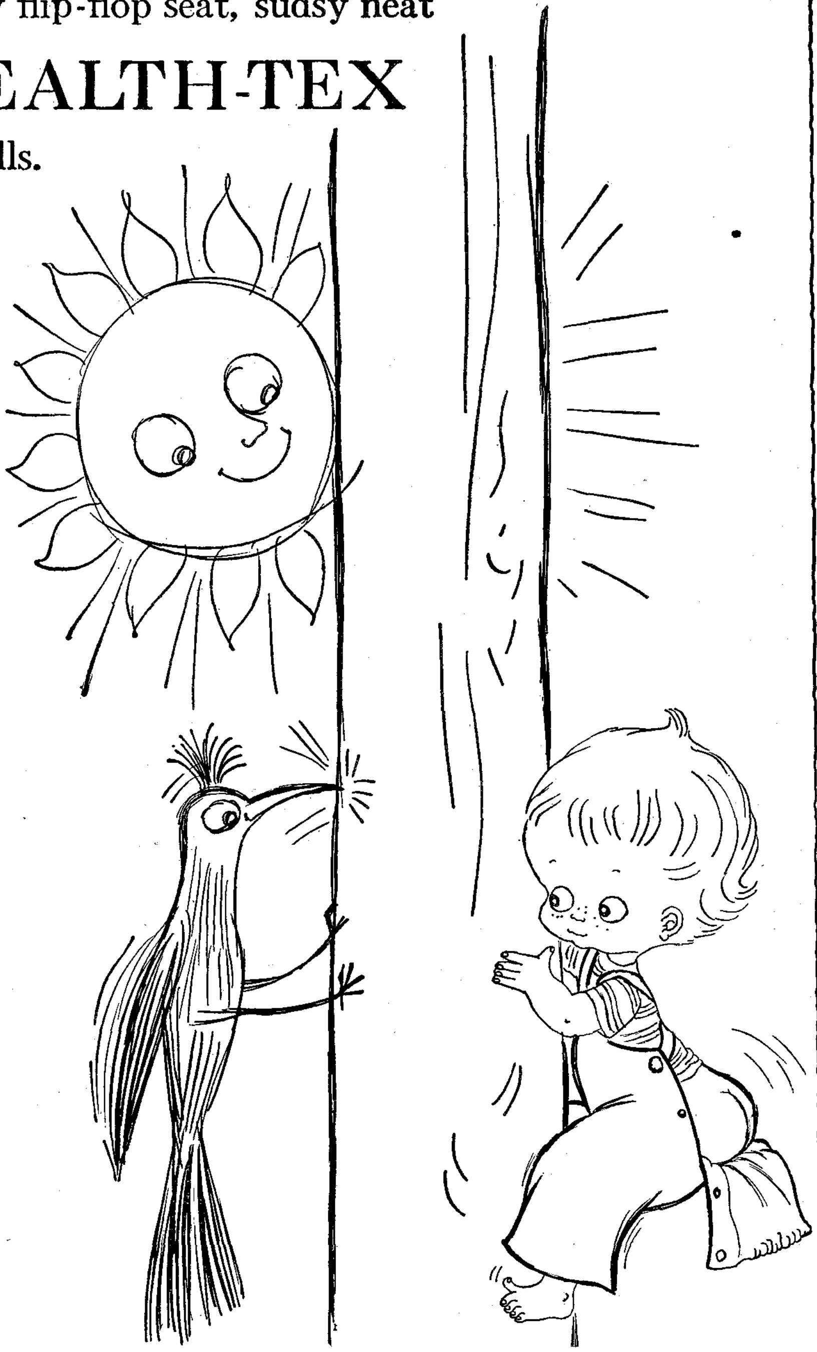

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and Bartók talk over their problems here. Kenny Dorham's Jazz Prophets zoom away on Thursday, March 8. Next evening, Art Blakey, the Jazz Messengers, and Jimmy Smith's trio move in. Mr. B. and the Messengers will, in turn, take leave on Thursday, March 15; their successor will be Sal Salvador's quartet. Closed Tuesdays.... **CHILDS PARAMOUNT,** Broadway at 44th St. (CH 4-9440): The South rises again every weekend in the Grill. Saturday, March 10, Bobby Hackett, Wild Bill Davison, Billy Butterfield, Coleman Hawkins, J. J. Johnson, Kai Winding, Joe Marsala, Zutty Singleton, Herman Chittison, Hank Duncan, and Jimmy Rushing should all come in like lions. Dancing.... **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): On Friday and Saturday, March 9-10, this playpen will stagger under the combined weight of Buck Clayton, J. C. Higginbotham, Eddie Barefield, Tony Parenti, and Phil Napoleon's Memphis Five, all of them Dixiecrats at heart.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

WILLI BAUMEISTER—A memorial exhibition of paintings by a leader of modern art in Germany who died last September; through Saturday, March 10. (Kleemann, 11 E. 68th St.)

WILLIAM BAZIOTES—A dozen new oils, in a spirited and colorful showing; through Saturday, March 10. (Kootz, 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.)

BYRON BROWNE—His twenty-sixth annual show is built around a still-life-with-newspaper theme; starting Saturday, March 10. (Grand Central Moderns, 120 E. 57th St.)

ALEXANDER CALDER—A review of his most recent works—not only mobiles and stabiles but oil paintings, gouaches, and ink drawings as well; through Saturday, March 10. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

SYLVIA CAREWE—City scenes and other subjects, including a group of portraits, many of them done with a charming mingling of fantasy and humor; through Saturday, March 10. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.)

EDWARD CORBETT—Mostly charcoal drawings, together with a few pastels, all executed in Taos and Mount Holyoke; through March 24. (Borgenicht, 61 E. 57th St.)

STEFANO CUSUMANO—Oils, including figures, still-lifes, and landscapes; through March 24. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.)

ADOLF DEHN—Along with his well-known landscapes and satirical pieces, there are a number of studies of the Mayan natives of Yucatán; through Saturday, March 10. (Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.)

ARTHUR DOVE—The initial showing as a group of twenty oils and two pastels (the earliest dated 1910 and the latest 1944), which have just been discovered by the Dove estate; through March 24. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.)

JEAN DUBUFFET—Oils and ink collages produced in 1955 by this painter of the modern Paris school; through Saturday, March 17. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

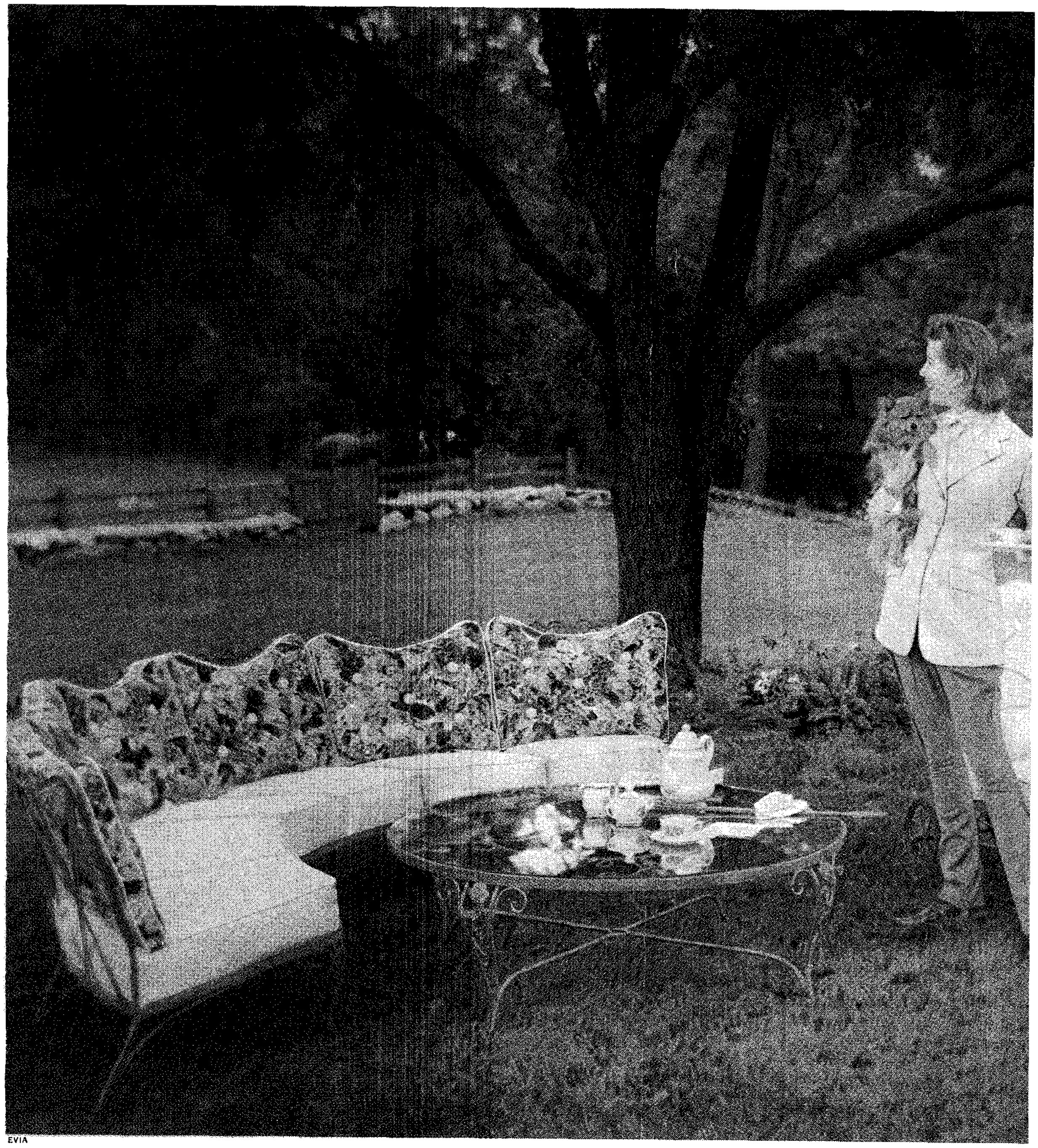
MAURICE FREEDMAN—Cape Cod and New York are depicted in oils and gouaches turned out between 1953 and 1956; through Saturday, March 10. (Midtown, 17 E. 57th St.)

JOHN HULTBERG—The fourth New York exhibition of paintings by this young American; through March 31. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

ALLAN KAPROW—Abstract Expressionist paintings, many of them of city subjects and done with a lively feeling for color; through Saturday, March 17. (Bernard-Ganymede, 19 E. 76th St. Weekdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

FRANZ KLINE—Nineteen oils painted since his last show three years ago. Most of them are his familiar black-and-whites, but some are in color. Through March 31. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

BENJAMIN KOPMAN—Solid, bulkily formed, and



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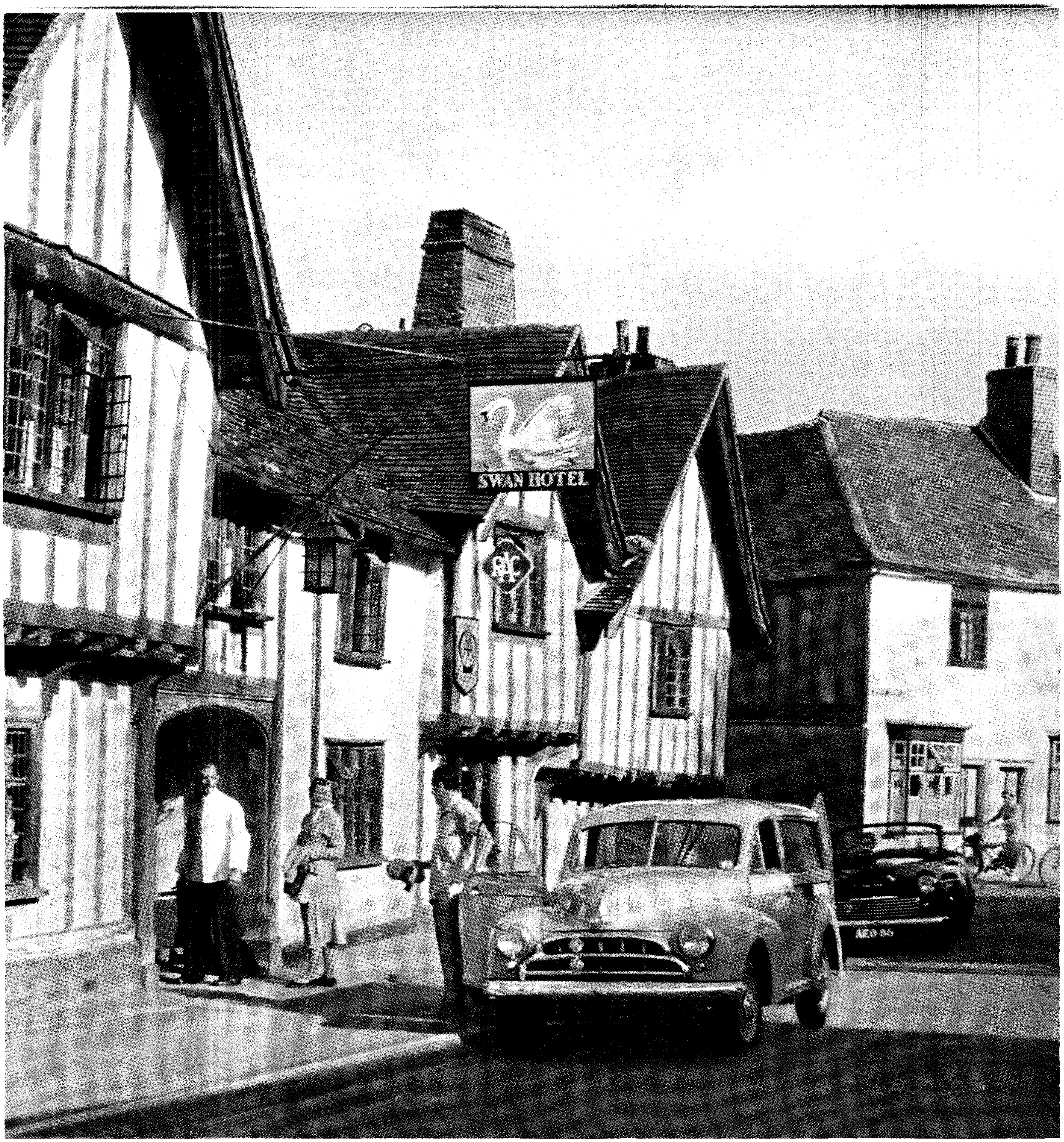

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

honestly painted Expressionist oils; through Saturday, March 10. (Heller, 63 E. 57th St.)

Charles Oscar—Gently evocative abstract paintings, rich in color and nicely balanced in design, in a promising first solo showing; through March 24. (Alan, 32 E. 65th St.)

Eugenio Lucas y Padilla—Paintings and drawings by a nineteenth-century Spanish artist whose work has often been confused with Goya's, though it is interesting enough in its own right; through March 24. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.)

Abraham Rattner—Recent oils, as colorful as ever but much more abstract in approach than before, in his first exhibition in close to four years; through Saturday, March 10. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

Jeanne Reynal—A new group of this artist's abstract compositions in mosaic, in her best exhibition to date; through Saturday, March 17. (Stable, 924 Seventh Ave., at 58th St.)

Andrée Ruellan—Paintings of circus subjects, Paris scenes, and still-lifes, in addition to drawings, principally of figures; through March 24. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Ethel Schwabacher—Abstract Expressionist oils, done with a truly beautiful feeling for delicate gradations of color; through Saturday, March 17. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

George Segal—Still-lifes and figure studies, somewhat reminiscent of Matisse in their easy looseness of design; through Saturday, March 10. (Hansa, 210 Central Park S. Weekdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

David Smith—His latest welded-steel sculptures (of men, women, and children), plus some drawings and constructions; through March 31. (Willard, 23 W. 56th St.)

Hedda Sterne—Adroitly simplified, very rhythmically organized abstractions, often suggesting modern industrial motifs; through March 24. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St.)

Edward John Stevens—A new series of his delicately handled gouaches, primarily concerned with India and points east; through Saturday, March 10. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)

Polygnotos Vagis—Figures, animals, and other stone compositions by this Greek-born sculptor, who for many years has lived in America; through March 31. (Iolas, 123 E. 55th St.)

Sol Wilson—Provincetown scenes are prominent among his 1955-56 oils, which include landscapes, interiors, and coastline views; through March 24. (Babcock, 38 E. 57th St.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The hundred-and-thirty-first annual exhibition, containing two hundred and twenty-eight oils and sculptures, contributed by both members and non-members; through March 18. (Daily, 1 to 6.)

National Institute of Arts and Letters—The seventh annual exhibition of American paintings, sculptures, and graphic arts by candidates (all non-members) for Institute Grants in Art; the twenty-nine participants include Carlyle Brown, Dong Kingman, and David Smith. Through March 18. (American Academy of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St. Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5.)

Collages—Eighty-five items, representing artists from seven countries, form a survey extending from the first collages by Picasso, Schwitters, and other early modern masters to examples by such younger men as Motherwell and Marca-Relli; through March 31. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St.)

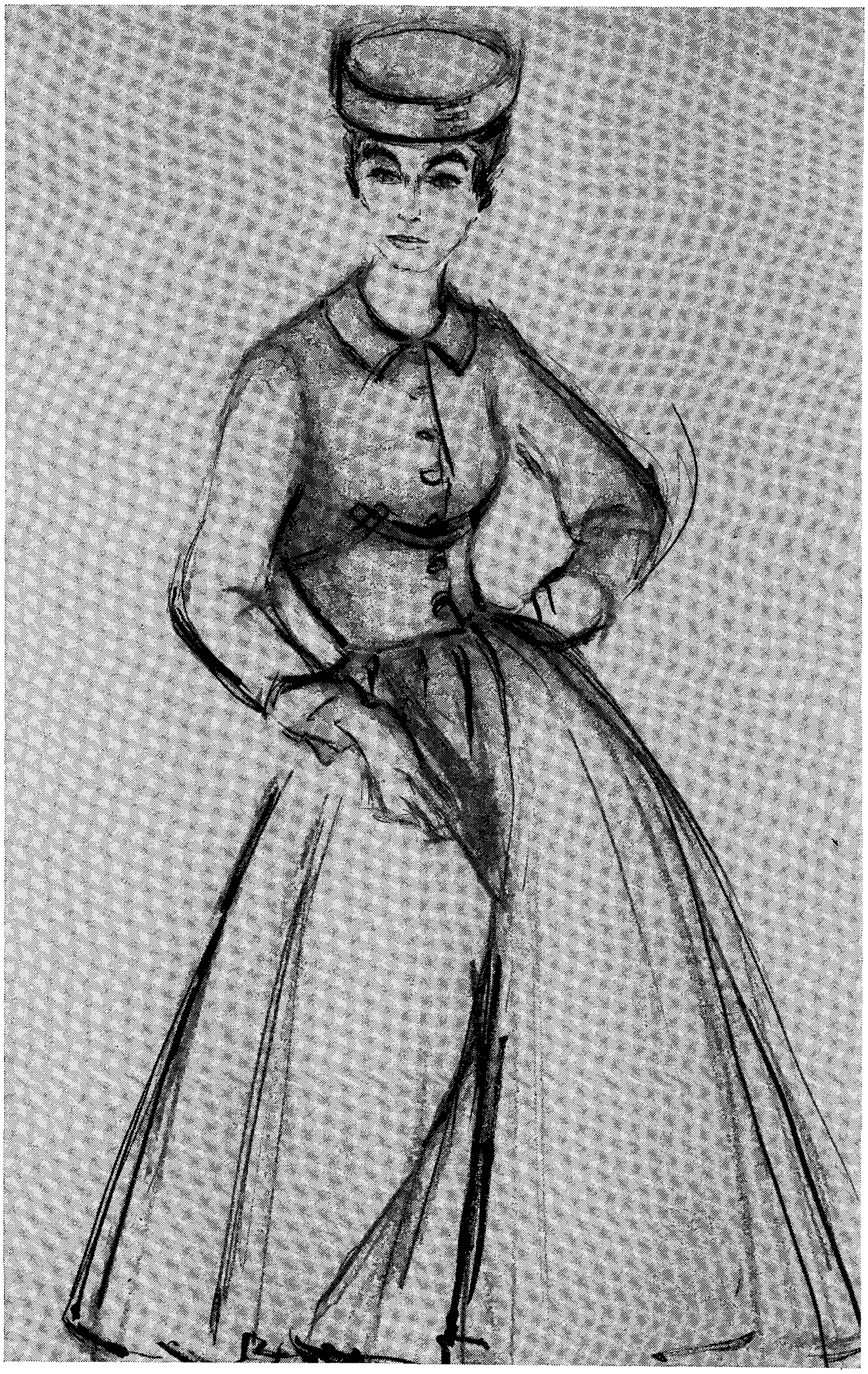
Drawings—Works by old and modern masters, ranging from Tintoretto and Callot to Matisse and Modigliani; through March 31. (New Gallery, 601 Madison Ave., at 57th St.)

Americans; Group Show—Oils by such living artists as Ogden Pleissner, Stephen Etnier, and Leon Kroll; through Saturday, March 17. (Milch, 55 E. 57th St.)

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—Art Center of the Congress for Jewish Culture, 25 E. 78th St.: A painting or sculpture apiece by forty artists, among them Chagall, Chaim Gross, and Sigmund Menkes; through April

De Pinna

SPRING'S SOFT NEW MOOD . . .
FROM OUR TOWN SHOP COLLECTION



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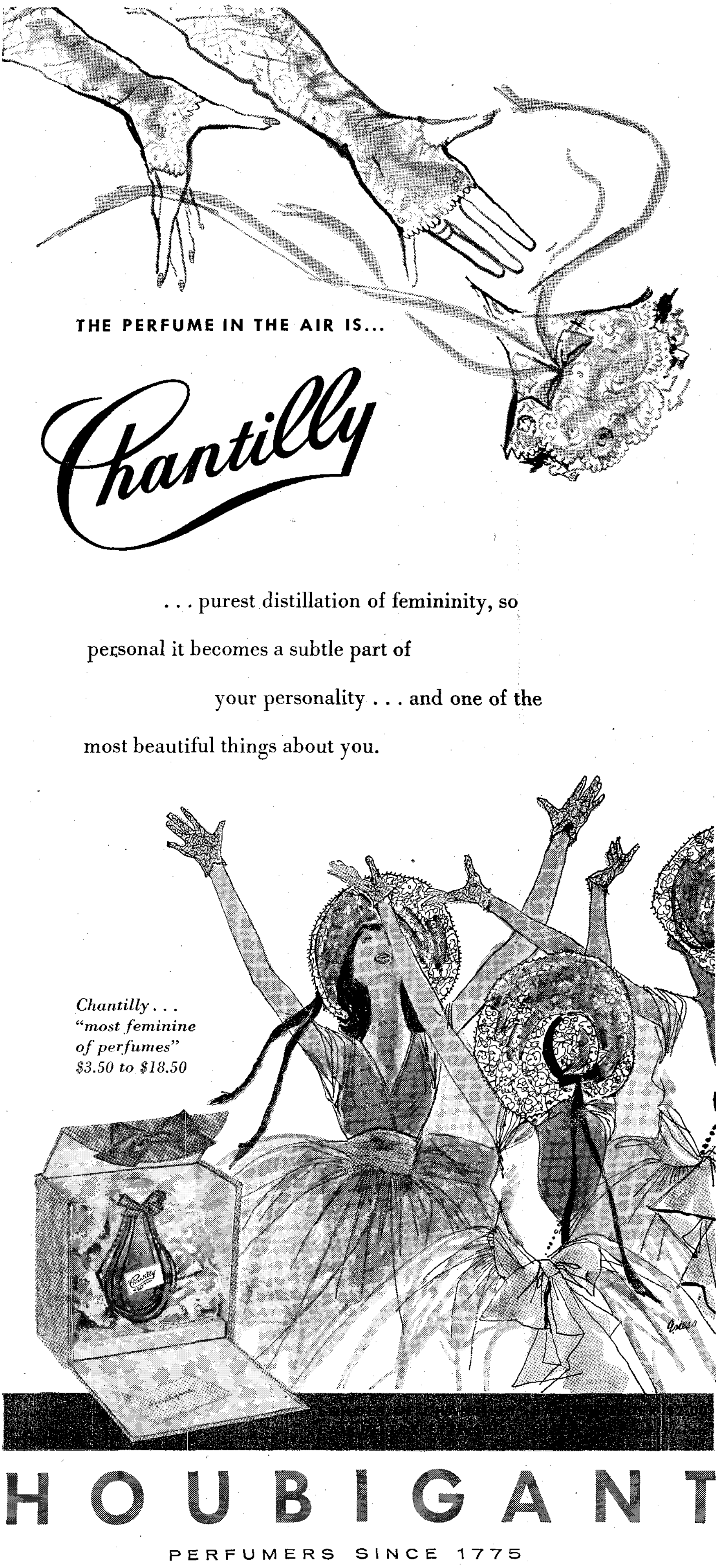

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

30. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 5.) . . . **VIVIANO**, 42 E. 57th St.: Paintings by Afro, Renato Birolli, Max Beckmann, Kay Sage, and others; through March 24.

FRENCH; GROUP SHOW—Seven painters, including Buffet, Lorjou, and Dragomir; through Saturday, March 10. (Galerie Hervé, 611 Madison Ave., at 58th St. Weekdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until midnight.)

NEW YORK CITY CENTER GALLERY, 131 W. 55th St.—The March exhibition comprises fifty-six paintings selected by a jury from the three hundred that were submitted. The first prize was awarded to David Goldstein. Through March 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.)

SOME OF NEXT WEEK'S OPENINGS—At the **A.C.A.**, 63 E. 57th St.: Moses Soyer; starting Monday, March 12. . . . **KLEEMANN**, 11 E. 68th St.: Julio González; starting Monday, March 12. . . . **KOOTZ**, 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St.: Picasso; starting Monday, March 12. (Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.) . . . **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Marc Chagall; starting Monday, March 12. . . . **ROSENBERG**, 20 E. 79th St.: Pierre Bonnard; starting Monday, March 12. . . . **JACQUES SELIGMANN**, 5 E. 57th St.: Ethel Magafan; starting Monday, March 12. . . . **WEYHE**, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.: Antonio Frasconi, starting Saturday, March 17. . . . ¶ Group shows at the **ROERICH**, 319 W. 107th St.: Contemporary Indian paintings; starting Monday, March 12. (Daily, except Saturdays, 1:30 to 5:30.) . . . **VILLAGE ART CENTER**, 39 Grove St.: Sculptures; starting Saturday, March 17, at 8 P.M. (Daily, 1 to 6.)

MUSEUMS

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Paintings, drawings, and prints by five major American artists who have died within recent years—Lyonel Feininger, Walt Kuhn, Yasuo Kuniyoshi, John Marin, and B. J. O. Nordfeldt—taken from the Museum's collection and on loan from several sources, including the artists' estates; through April 29. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Sculptures, paintings, and drawings by Julio González (1876-1942), the Spanish sculptor known for his pioneering work in brazed and welded metal; through April 8. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Prints, illustrated books, and other examples of work done during the past four years by advance students in graphic arts at Yale University; through April 15. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An exhibition covering fifty years and including oils (a number of them dated this year and last, on view for the first time), gouaches, temperas, pen-and-ink sketches, lithographs, and woodcuts by Max Weber, in honor of his seventy-fifth birthday; through May 31. (Mondays through Thursdays, 1 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—A retrospective of a hundred and one oils, temperas, water colors, and drawings by Morris Graves, many of them never shown before in New York; through April 8. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Thursday, March 8, at 8:15: "Tosca," with Licia Albanese, Giuseppe Campora, George London, and Gerhard Pechner. . . . ¶ Friday, March 9, at 8: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Lisa Della Casa, Risë Stevens, Hilde Gueden, and Otto Edelmann. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 10, at 2: "Boris Godunov" (in English), with Blanche Thebom, Mildred Miller, George London, and Giulio Gari. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 10, at 8: Act II of "La Traviata," with Licia Albanese, Giuseppe Campora, and Leonard Warren.

"Soirée," a ballet, with Mary Ellen Moylan and Oleg Briansky. A group of arias sung by Lucine Amara, Hilde Gueden, Jussi Bjoerling, Gino Penno, Richard Tucker, and Ettore Bastianini. Act II of "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Roberta Peters, Cesare Valletti, Frank Guarrera, Cesare Siepi, and Fernando Corena. (A non-subscription performance.)...¶ Monday, March 12, at 8: "Soirée," a ballet, with Mary Ellen Moylan and Oleg Briansky; and "Don Pasquale," with Hilde Gueden, Cesare Valletti, Fernando Corena, and Frank Guarrera.... ¶ Wednesday, March 14, at 8: "Manon Lescaut," with Eleanor Steber, Richard Tucker, Frank Guarrera, and Fernando Corena.... ¶ Thursday, March 15, at 8: "The Magic Flute" (in English), with Lucine Amara, Roberta Peters, Brian Sullivan, and Jerome Hines....¶ Friday, March 16, at 8:15: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Dolores Wilson, Thelma Votipka, Giuseppe Campora, and Ettore Bastianini.... ¶ Saturday, March 17, at 2: "La Forza del Destino," with Zinka Milanov, Richard Tucker, Leonard Warren, and Cesare Siepi.... ¶ Saturday, March 17, at 8: "Carmen," with Jean Madeira, Lucine Amara, Kurt Baum, and Frank Guarrera.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Philharmonic-Symphony—At Carnegie Hall—Bruno Walter directing the final concerts in a Mozart festival on Thursday, March 8, at 8:45; Friday, March 9, at 2:30; and Sunday, March 11, at 2:30 (all with Irmgard Seefried, soprano; Jennie Tourel, mezzo-soprano; Leopold Simoneau, tenor; William Warfield, baritone; and the Westminster Choir).... ¶ Guido Cantelli conducting on Thursday, March 15, at 8:45, and Friday, March 16, at 2:30 (both with Wilhelm Backhaus, piano).... ¶ Thomas Schippers conducting on Saturday, March 17, at 8:45 (no soloists).

Mozarteum Orchestra of Salzburg—Ernst Maerzendorfer conducting, with Emmy Loose, soprano, and Ralph Herbert, baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 9, at 8:30.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy conducting, with Rudolf Serkin, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, March 13, at 8:30.)

American Symphony of New York—Enrico Leide conducting a free concert, with Alice Merker, twelve-year-old pianist. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Friday, March 9, at 8:30.... ¶ Same program; Sculpture Court, Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway. Sunday, March 11, at 2.)

Gershwin Concert—Paul Whiteman conducting a symphony orchestra in an all-Gershwin program, with Vivian Della Chiesa, soprano, and other soloists. A benefit for the Gershwin Memorial Foundation of B'nai B'rith Victory Lodge. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 10, at 8:30.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Siegfried Landau conducting, with Raya Garbousova, cello. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, March 17, at 8:30.)

Fordham University Glee Club—Frederic Joslyn directing. (Town Hall. Friday, March 9, at 8:40.)

Master Singers—Joseph Liebling directing. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Sunday, March 11, at 8:40.)

Liturgical Music by Mozart—Howard Boatwright directing the choir of St. Thomas's Episcopal Church, of New Haven, and the chamber orchestra of the Yale School of Music, with Helen Boatwright, soprano, and other soloists. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. Call TR 9-5512 Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5. Friday, March 16, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Aksel Schiötz—Baritone. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Thursday, March 8, at 8:40.)

Twilight Concerts—A program made up of first performances of works by American composers, with Jean Erdman, dancer; Sam Raphling and Lockrem Johnson, composers and pianists; and others. The fourth in a series of eight concerts. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, March 10, at 5:30. For information about tickets, call MU 2-6521.)

Joseph Szigeti—Violin. (Central High School

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

of Needle Trades, 225 W. 24th St. Saturday, March 10, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

MARAIS AND MIRANDA—Ballad singers. (Town Hall. Saturday, March 10, at 8:30.... ¶ Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. Call TR 9-5512 Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5. Thursday, March 15, at 8:30.... ¶ Society for Ethical Culture Auditorium, Central Park W. at 64th St. TR 4-5200. Saturday, March 17, at 8:30.)

WILL HOLT—Folk singer. (Society for Ethical Culture Auditorium, Central Park W. at 64th St. TR 4-5200. Saturday, March 10, at 8:30.)

NEW YORK CHAMBER ENSEMBLE—Conducted, in part, by Dimitri Mitropoulos, with Aaron Copland, playing his piano sextet, and with Leonid Hambro, piano. The last in a series of three programs. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Saturday, March 10, at 8:40.)

GRACE CASTAGNETTA—Piano. (Town Hall. Sunday, March 11, at 5:30.)

CHAMBER MUSIC CIRCLE—The third in a series of four programs. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, March 11, at 5:30. For tickets, call CO 5-4692.)

MUSIC IN OUR TIME: 1900-56—The sixth in a series of eight concerts (each followed by a discussion period, presided over by one or more composers) will involve Elena Nikolaidi, contralto; Lucy Brown, piano; Max Pollikoff, violin; Robert K. Evans, composer and pianist; Tibor Serly, composer; and others. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Sunday, March 11, at 5:30.)

VYTAUTAS BACEVICIUS—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 11, at 8:30.)

MUSICIANS' GUILD—The Kroll Quartet; Lillian Fuchs, viola; Artur Balsam, piano, Joseph Fuchs, violin; Luigi Silva, cello; David Glazer, clarinet; John Barrows, horn; Bernard Garfield, bassoon; and Julius Levine, contrabass. The last in a series of four programs. (Town Hall. Monday, March 12, at 8:30.)

PAUL BADURA-SKODA—Piano, in an all-Mozart program. (Town Hall. Wednesday, March 14, at 8:30.)

BUDAPEST STRING QUARTET—With Lois Wann, oboe. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. UN 5-4000, Ext. 2461. Wednesday, March 14, at 8:30.)

FRIEDRICH GULDA—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 16, at 8:40.)

ZINO FRANCESCATTI—Violin. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, March 17, at 8:30.)

DONALD SHIRLEY—Piano, with Richard Davis, string bass. (Town Hall, Saturday, March 17, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

JAZZ CONCERT—Louis Armstrong and his All-Stars along with Woody Herman and his Fourth Herd. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 17, at midnight.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

BOXING—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, March 9: Ludwig Lightburn vs. L. C. Morgan, lightweights, 10 rounds.... ¶ Friday, March 16: Isaac Logart vs. Gasper Ortega, welterweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

HOCKEY—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, March 11, at 7: Rangers vs. Toronto.... ¶ Thursday, March 15, at 8:30: Rangers vs. Detroit.

INDOOR POLO—Saturday, March 10: Final match of the National Intercollegiate Championship Tournament and a non-tournament match. ... ¶ Saturday, March 17: A match in the Al Parsells Memorial Tournament and a non-tournament match. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. AT 9-6020. Matches begin at 8:30.)

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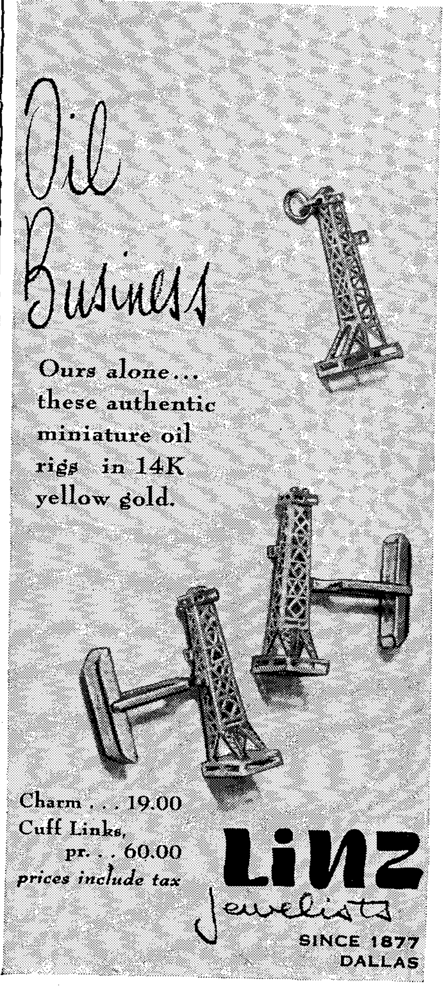

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Concert—By the Philharmonic-Symphony, Wilfrid Pelletier conducting, with William Warfield, baritone. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday, March 10, at 11.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—How time, calendars, and seasons are related to the earth's motions in space is demonstrated in the current show, "Our Spinning World." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)... ¶ Half-hour conducted tours of the Planetarium, starting at 8, take place every night except Monday.

Movies—Cartoons and, sometimes, feature pictures. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Saturdays at 11.)... ¶ "The Long Gray Line," with Tyrone Power and Maureen O'Hara. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, March 17, at 3.)

Miscellany—"The Exploding Mandarin," performed by the Peggy Bridge Marionettes, plus a magician, a clown, and trained animals. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, March 10, at 3.)

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors may attend sessions of the Trusteeship Council (the most active group at present), periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene Mondays through Fridays at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)

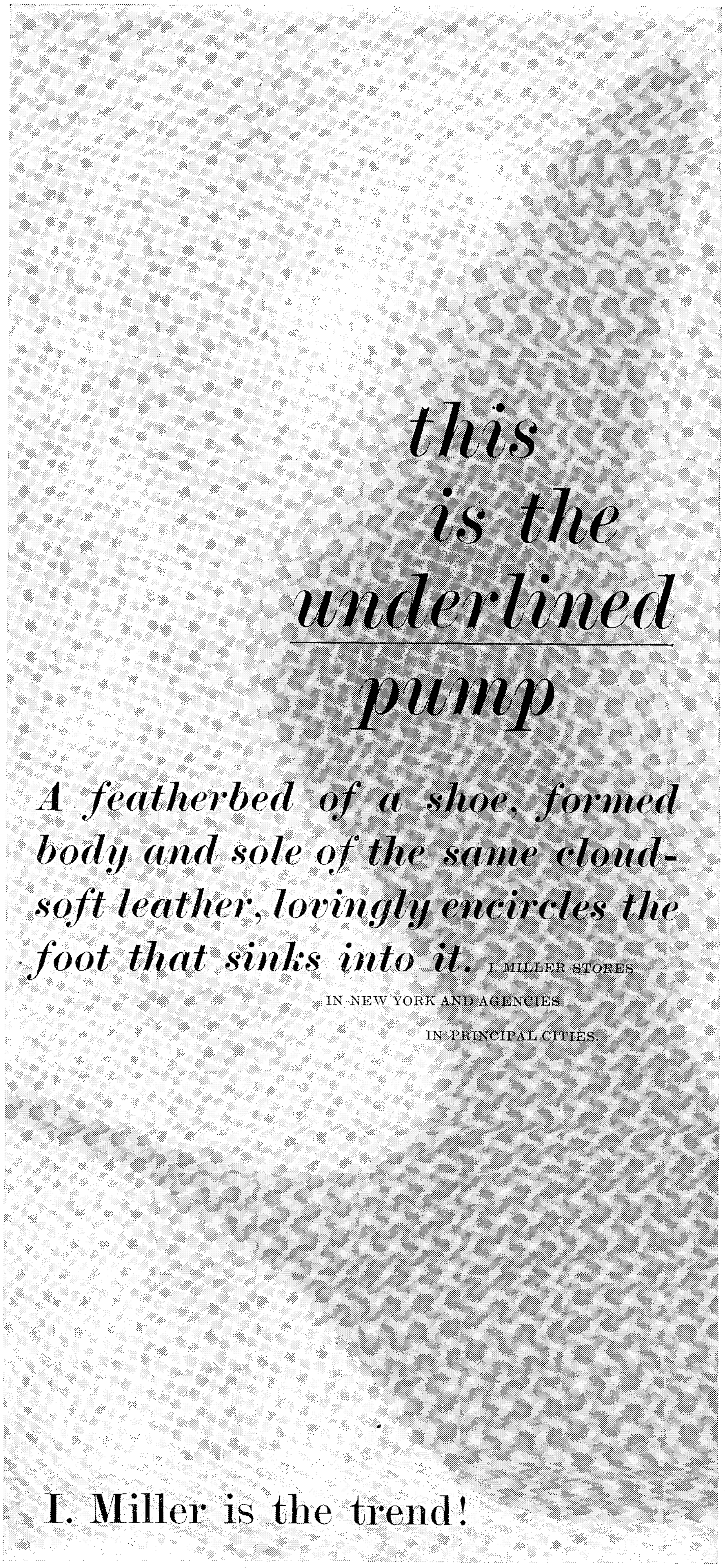
Poetry Readings—Louise Bogan and May Sarton reading from their own works. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Wednesday, March 14, at 8:40.)

International Flower Show—The ultimate in horticultural achievement. In addition to floral displays, ranging from the daisy to the orchid, you'll find tools, gadgets, and outdoor furniture for both the city and the country gardener. (Wanamaker's South Building, Astor Pl. at 8th St. Sunday, March 11, from 2 to 10, and Monday through Saturday, March 12-17, from 10 to 10.)

National Antiques Show—Among this year's exhibits are the first telephone, the second (or maybe the third or fourth) firearm, some pre-Columbian art treasures, some Colonial tools, and a large collection of Benjamin Franklin memorabilia. (Madison Square Garden. Thursday through Saturday, March 8-10, from 1 to 11, and Sunday, March 11, from 1 to 7.)

Bock Beer—The season starts Monday, March 12.

Auctions—At the **parke-bernet galleries,** 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday and Friday, March 8-9, at 1:45: Chinese jades and other semiprecious mineral carvings, Ming and Ch'ing porcelains, Japanese screens, and other Oriental art; belonging to the estate of Nathaniel Frucht and to others.... ¶ Saturday, March 10, at 1:45: Queen Anne and Georgian furniture and decorations; from the Philadelphia Museum of Art and other sources.... ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, March 13-14, at 1:45: Press publications, first editions, and art-reference books; from several collections, among them that of the late Lewis W. Hatch.... ¶ Wednesday, March 14, at 8: Paintings and drawings by such modern artists as van Gogh, Grandma Moses, and Soutine; the property of Richard G. Sussman and others. Exhibition starts Saturday, March 10.... **brooklyn museum,** Eastern Parkway. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)—Monday, March 19, at 8: A benefit (five dollars) auction of paintings (including a work apiece by Homer, Ryder, and Sargent), small sculptures, and decorative objects. Exhibition starts Friday, March 9.



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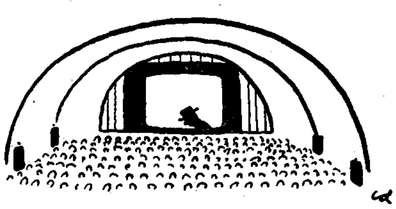
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION



Diabolique—A French film, directed by Henri-Georges Clouzot, that gives an unsettling idea of what a man's wife and a mistress can do to him if they join forces in analyzing his weak points. All very good, until it falters at the end. In the cast are Vera Clouzot, as the wife; Simone Signoret, as the mistress; and Paul Meurisse, as the victim of their designs. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030. Showings at 12, 2, 4, 6, 8, and 10. Extra performances at midnight on Saturdays. No one will be admitted after the film starts.)

The Divided Heart—The pathetic dilemma facing a small Yugoslavian boy when his German foster parents and his real mother get to arguing about who should have custody. A distinguished English film, which features Michel Ray, as the troubled boy, and Cornell Borchers and Armin Dahlen, as the German couple. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; March 8, tentative. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through March 10, tentative.)

I'll Cry Tomorrow—The story of Lillian Roth, the singer who reached the Palace and then had to give up the ermine when she took to the bottle. Susan Hayward is highly emotional as Miss Roth's stand-in—sometimes excessively so—but she puts a lot of life into some nostalgic tunes. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; starting March 14.)

Letters from My Windmill—Marcel Pagnol's interpretation of three stories by Alphonse Daudet, which are concerned with life in Provence. Two of the three describe some gloriously funny situations a number of priests get themselves into; the last is a more ordinary description of the plight of a windmill operator who won't give in to steam. Henri Vilbert, Rellys, and Daxely head the enormously competent cast. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

Oklahoma!—The Rodgers and Hammerstein hymn to the cow country, expanded by a process called Todd-AO into the most inflated item the movie optical experts have cooked up yet. Among the large, overpowering images thrown on the screen are those of Gordon MacRae, Shirley Jones, Charlotte Greenwood, and Rod Steiger. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Mondays through Thursdays at 2:30 and 8:30; Fridays at 2:30, 5:40, and 8:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 2:30, 6, and 9:30; and Sundays at 1:30, 5, and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Prisoner—Alec Guinness as a prince of the Church who has been jugged by the Communists in a totalitarian Balkan state. Not too long on political or ecclesiastical logic, the picture is nevertheless meritorious because of the vigorous performances by Mr. Guinness and Jack Hawkins, who is cast as a Communist inquisitor. An English film. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320; through March 11.)

The Rose Tattoo—Anna Magnani is altogether splendid as the heroine of Tennessee Williams' play about an emotional Italian lady, resident in Louisiana, who wants to cling to the memory of her dead husband's virtues but also feels highly stimulated by a boisterous truck driver. Burt Lancaster does very well as the truck driver. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; through March 12.)

Umberto D.—The problems of a pensioner trying to get along on twenty-five dollars a month in Italy. A film by Vittorio De Sica that has the stamp of the Master, but not as distinctive a stamp as have some of his other works. Carlo Battisti plays the benighted pensioner, Maria Pia Casilio a young, sad girl of his acquaintance, and Lina Gennari his wicked landlady. In Italian. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; through March 10.)

REVIVALS

Bread, Love and Dreams (1954)—The frustrations of a middle-aged marshal of the police (Vittorio De Sica) in pursuit of a village doxy (Gina Lollobrigida). An Italian film. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting March 14.)

Citizen Kane (1941)—Orson Welles' study of a rich man's career. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590.)

Fanfan the Tulip (1953)—A French burlesque of love, war, and costume dramas, with Gérard Philipe and Gina Lollobrigida. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting March 14, tentative.)

Fantasia (1940)—Disney's mixture of Bach, Beethoven, and Mickey Mouse. (Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

Romeo and Juliet (1954)—An English adaptation of the Bard, made in Italy. With Laurence Harvey and Susan Shentall. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting March 14.)

Seven Sinners (1940)—Marlene Dietrich and the Navy in the South Seas. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through March 14.)

Treasure of Sierra Madre (1948)—Prospecting for gold in Mexico. Walter Huston and Humphrey Bogart. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; March 11-13, tentative.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Two programs in a series of films entitled "The Goldwyn Cycle"—Through March 11, showings at 3 and 5:30: "Potash and Perlmutter" (1923); and an excerpt from "The Eternal City" (1924), with Lionel Barrymore. . . . ¶ Starting March 12, showings at 3: "Stella Dallas" (1925), with Ronald Colman and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

• • •

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
Through March 12: **THE ROSE TATTOO.**
From March 13, at 8:30: "Meet Me in Las Vegas," Cyd Charisse, Dan Dailey. (Opening night will be a benefit for the United States Olympic Fund.)

Bijou, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
Through March 10: Theatre closed.
From March 11, at 8:30: "Richard III," Laurence Olivier, Claire Bloom. (Opening night will be a benefit for the Actors' Fund of America. A limited number of seats are available at the box office. Thereafter, Mondays through Fridays at 2:30 and 8:30; Saturdays at 2:30, 5:30, 8:30, and 11:30; and Sundays at 2:30, 5:30, and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"The Benny Goodman Story," Steve Allen, Donna Reed.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"Helen of Troy," Rossana Podesta, Jack Sernas.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
"Sins of the Borgias," Martine Carol, Pedro Armendariz.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"All That Heaven Allows," Jane Wyman, Rock Hudson.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Picnic," William Holden, Rosalind Russell, Kim Novak.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"The Court Jester," Danny Kaye, Glynis Johns.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
OKLAHOMA!

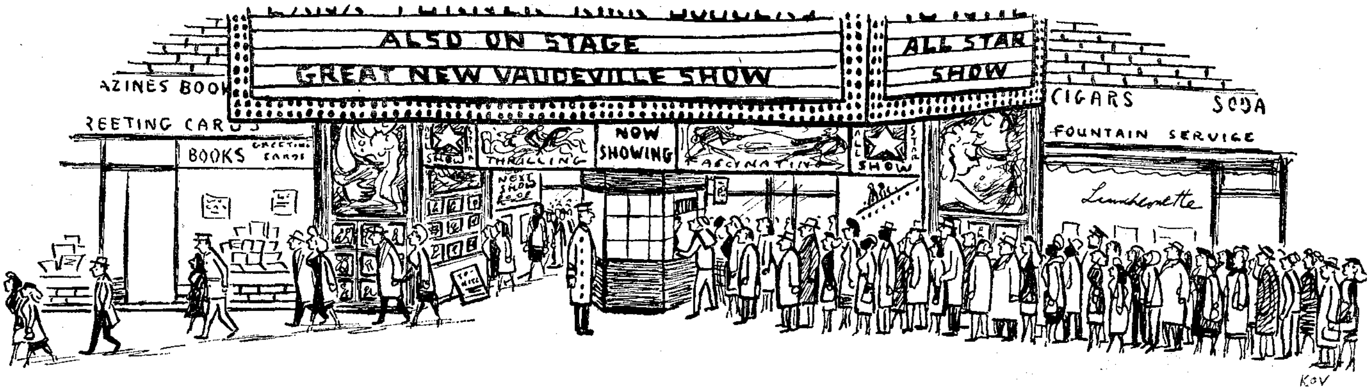
Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"Carousel," Gordon MacRae, Shirley Jones.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"The Last Hunt," Robert Taylor, Stewart Granger.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"The Man with the Golden Arm," Frank Sinatra, Eleanor Parker.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Cinerama Holiday." (Mondays through Thursdays at 2:40 and 8:40; Fridays at 2:40, 7:30, and 10:30; Saturdays at 2, 5, 8:40, and 11:40; and Sundays at 2, 5, and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"Dark River" (in Spanish), Adriana Benetti, Hugo Del Carril.



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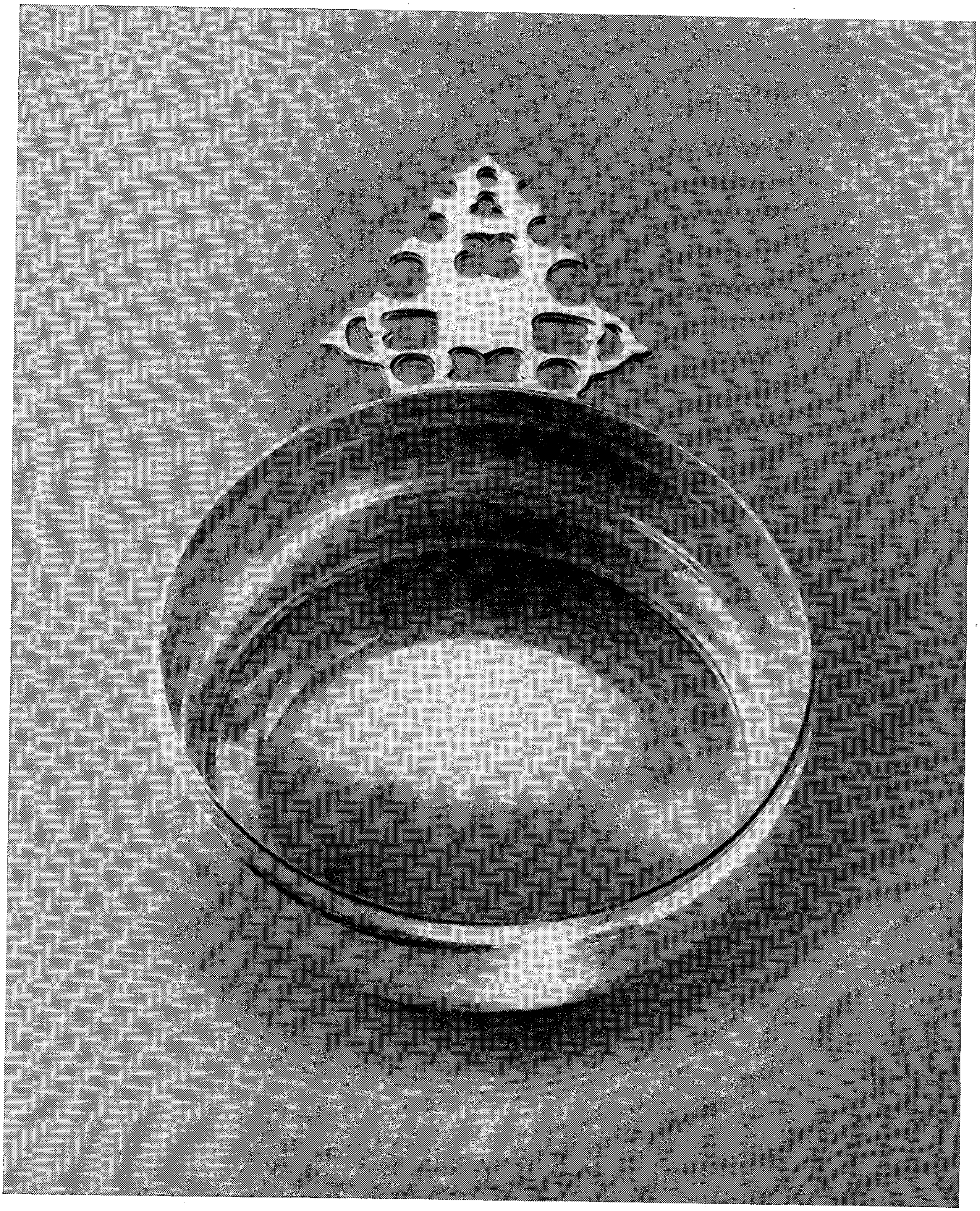

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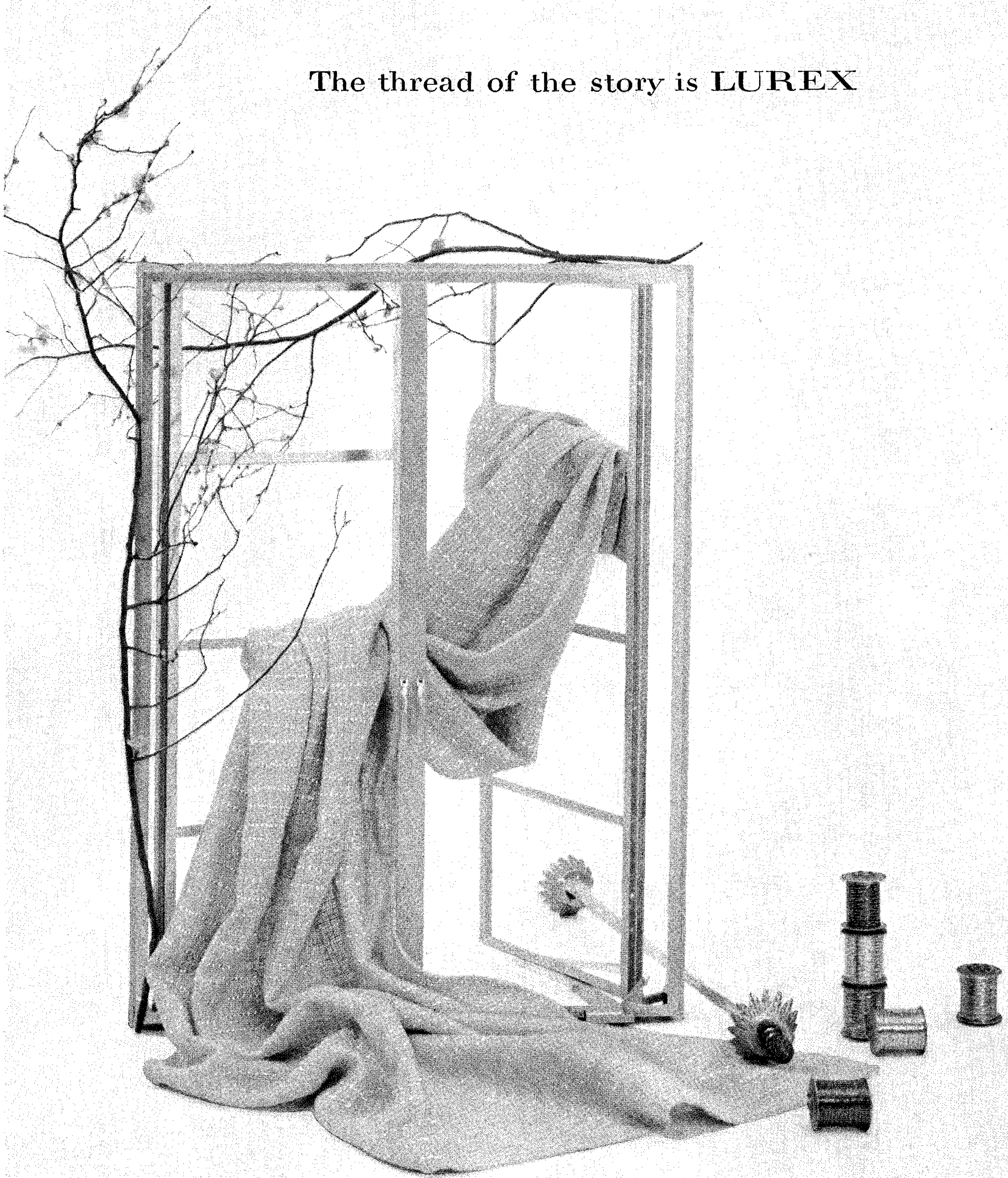

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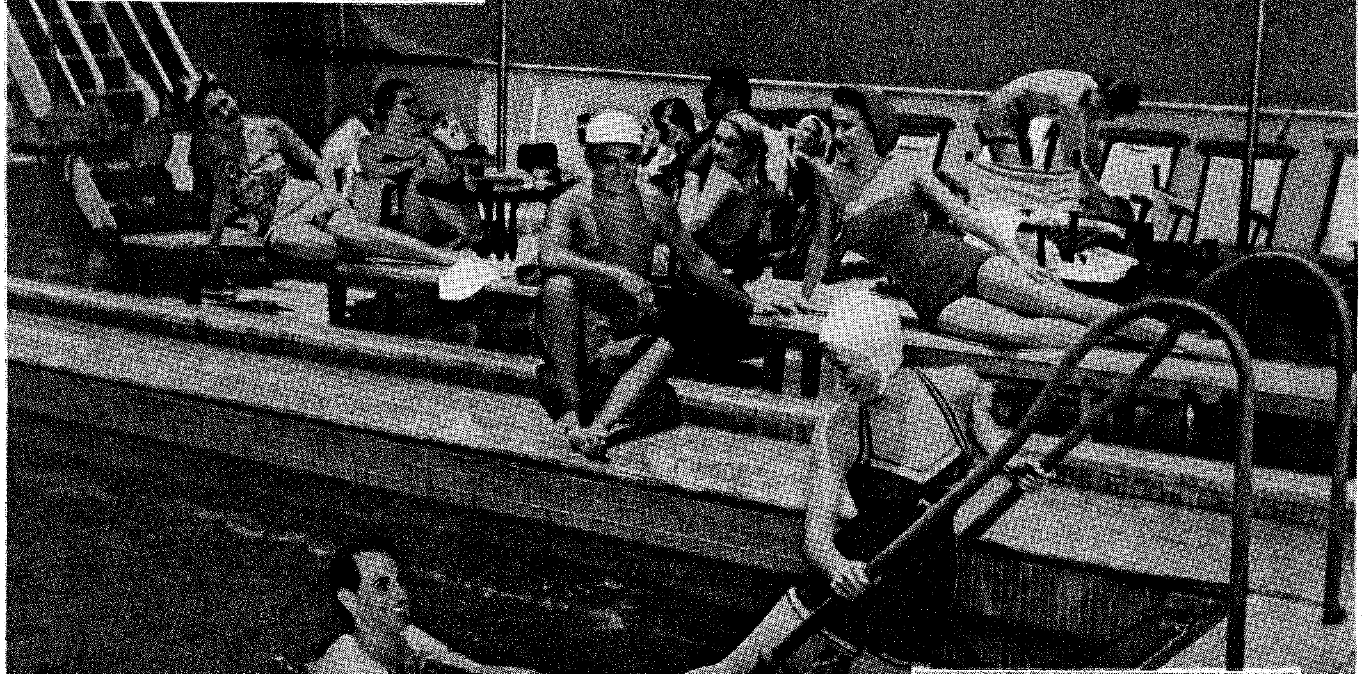

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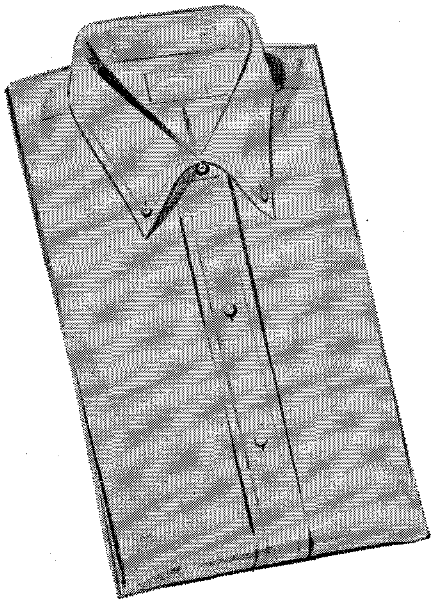

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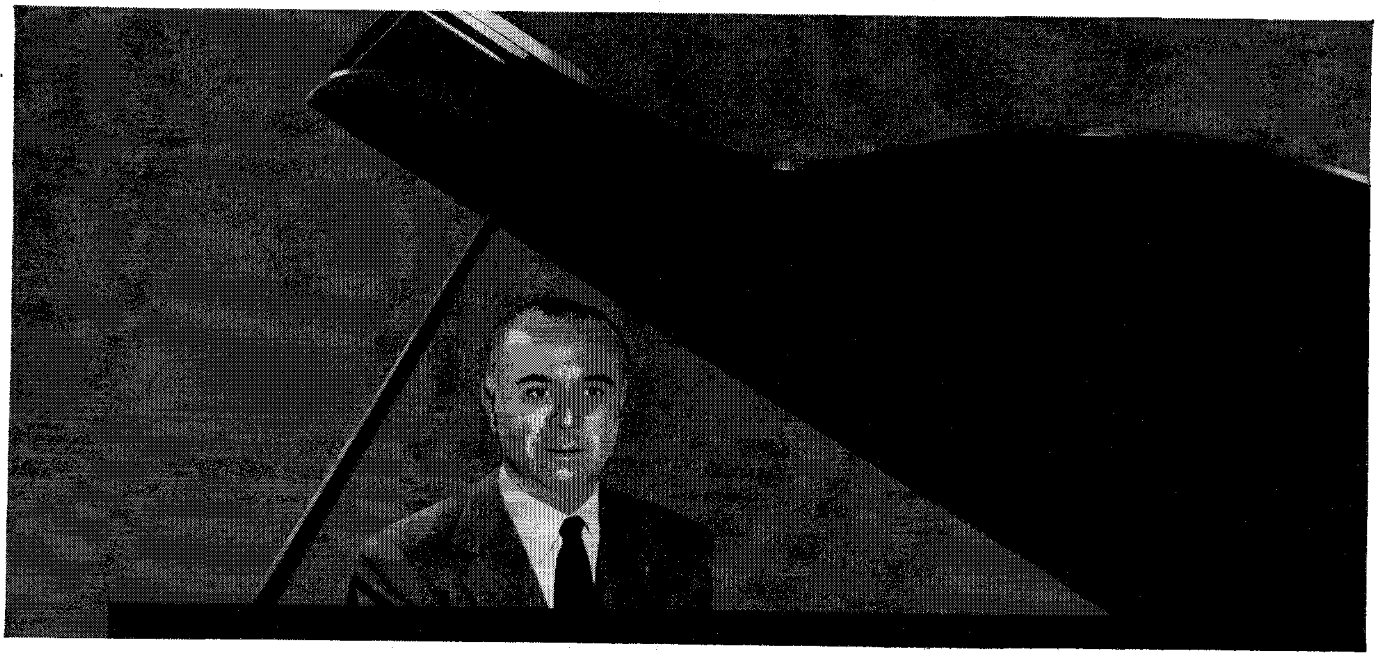

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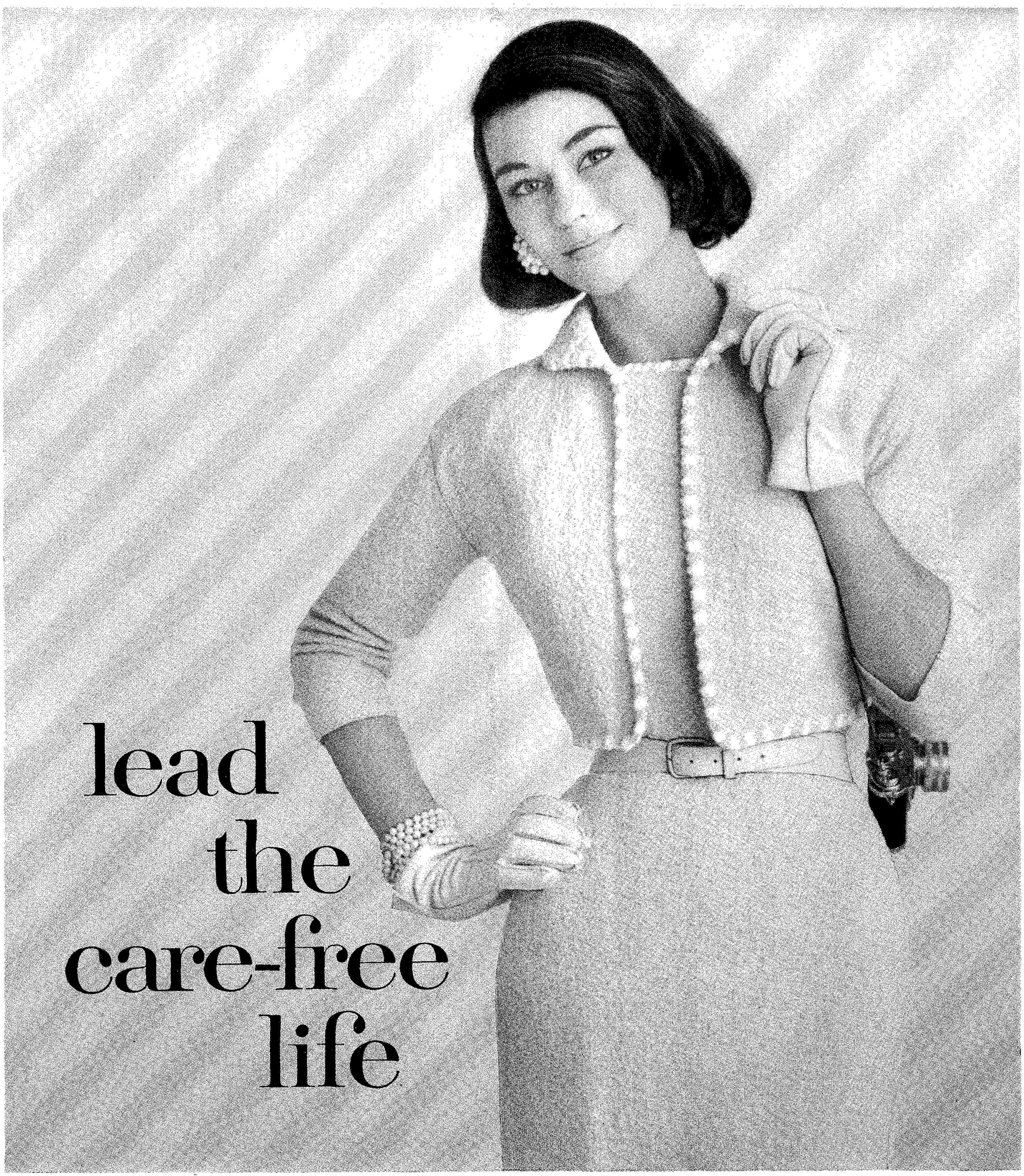

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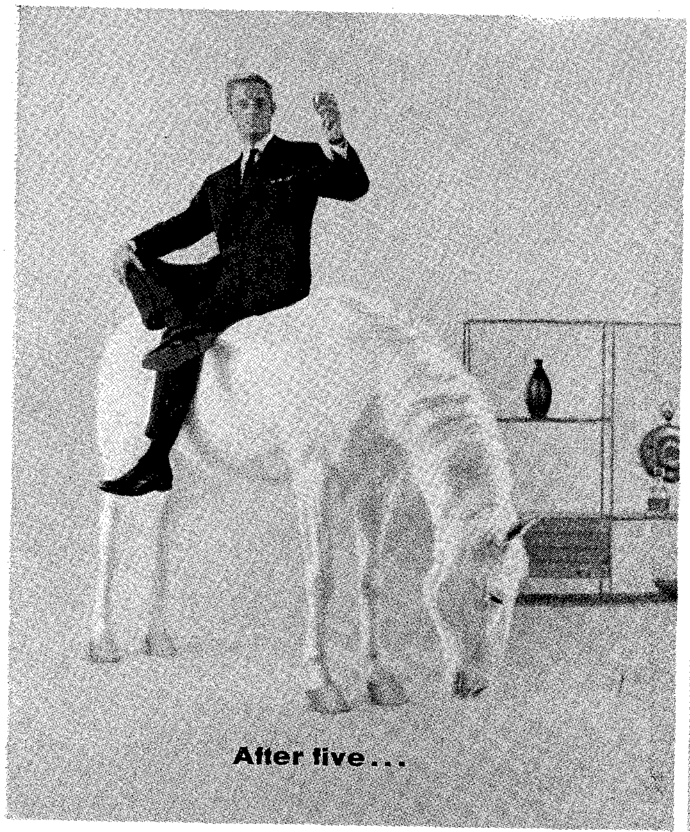
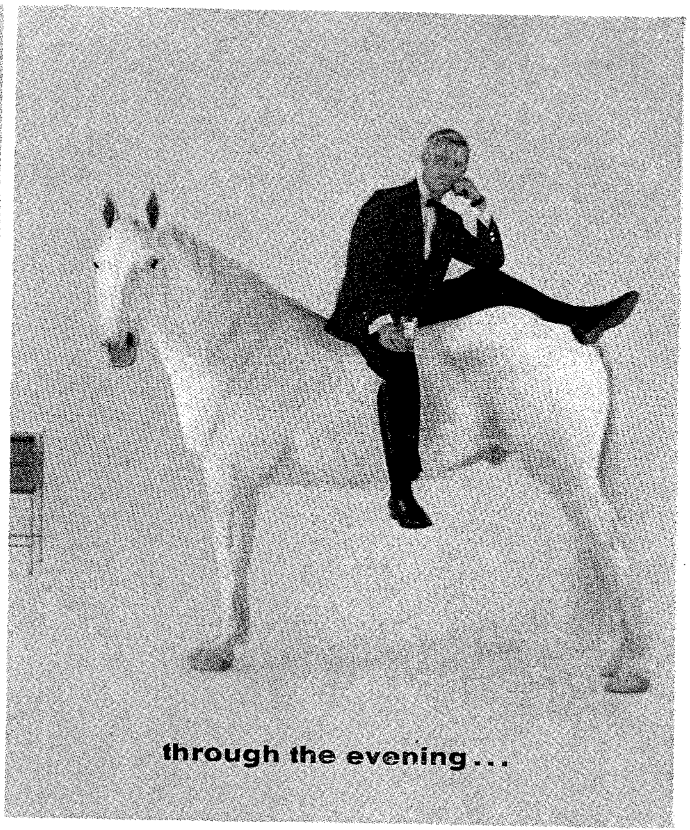


After five...



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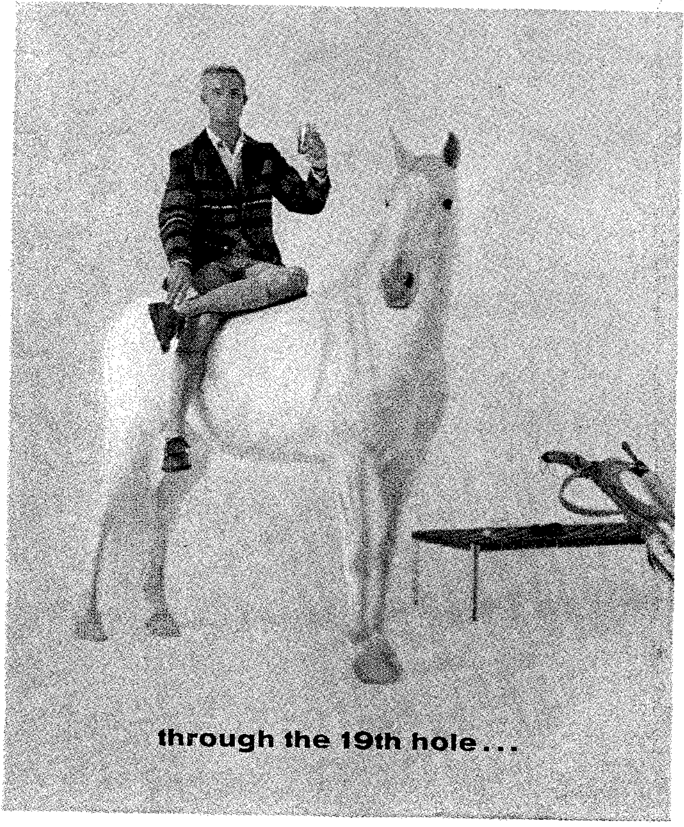
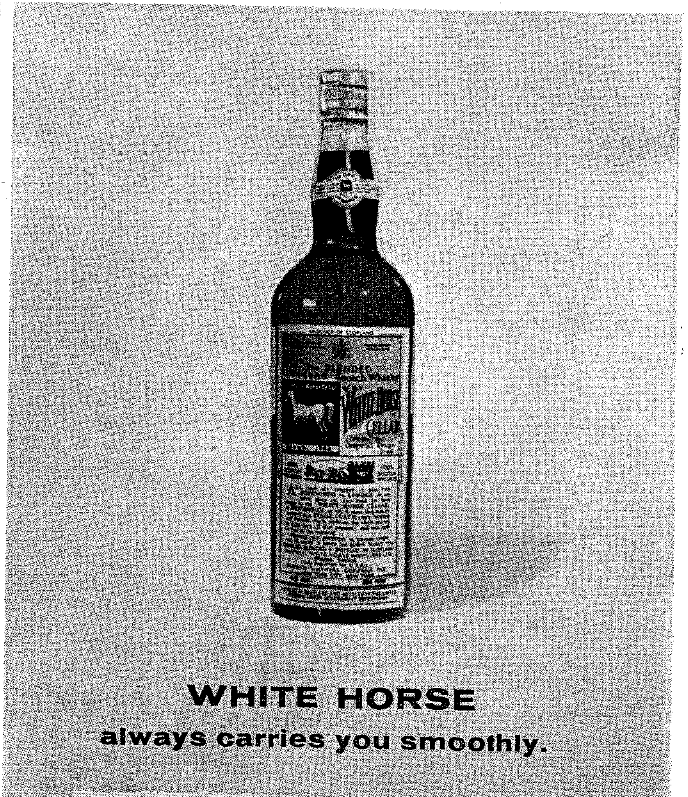


through the 19th hole...



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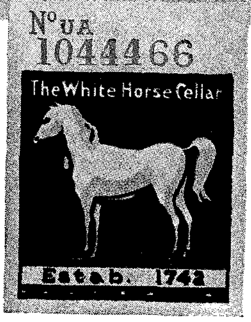
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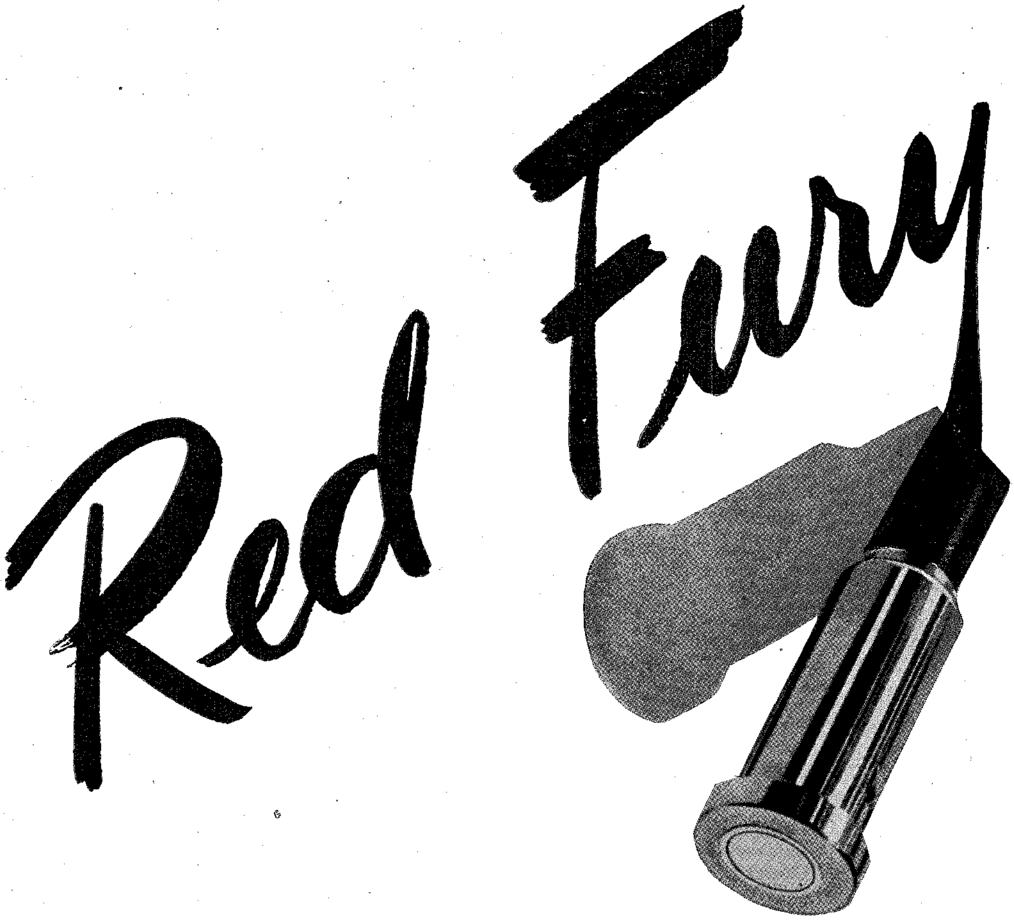

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Germaine Monteil

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

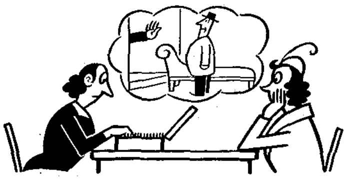
Notes and Comment

FOR a long time now—years, in fact—we've been trying to put our finger on exactly what it is that's wrong with the thinking that goes on inside the great book clubs, and here in the morning mail is a letter from one of them, passed on to us by the recipient, that seems to put the whole matter in a three-paragraph nutshell. This is it:

> DEAR MRS. H——,
>
> Thank you for your remittance of $1.65 received on December 14th. You did not pay the charge for the October book, returning an invoice showing that the October book had been paid; however, the invoice that you returned to us was the one that had been sent to you with the shipment of the October book in 1954. At that time your account had been prepaid for a year. The prepayment was used up with the April, 1955, selection; however, on April 21st you did send us $1.65 so we carried it on your account as a credit and applied it against your June book.
>
> You sent us a remittance on August 9th for your August selection, but the charge for your October book was open at the time we mailed your December book and therefore you were billed for both of the books at that time. We have applied your December 14th payment to the October book and, unless you care to remit in the meantime, we will bill you for the December book when we send the February selection.
>
> We hope this clarifies the matter but if we can be of any further assistance, please let us know.
>
> Cordially yours,
> J—— B——
> *Membership Secretary*

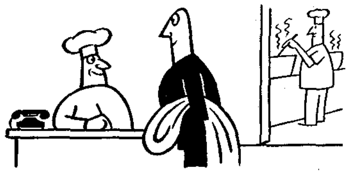
Money! That's what ails the great book clubs, and maybe literature in general.

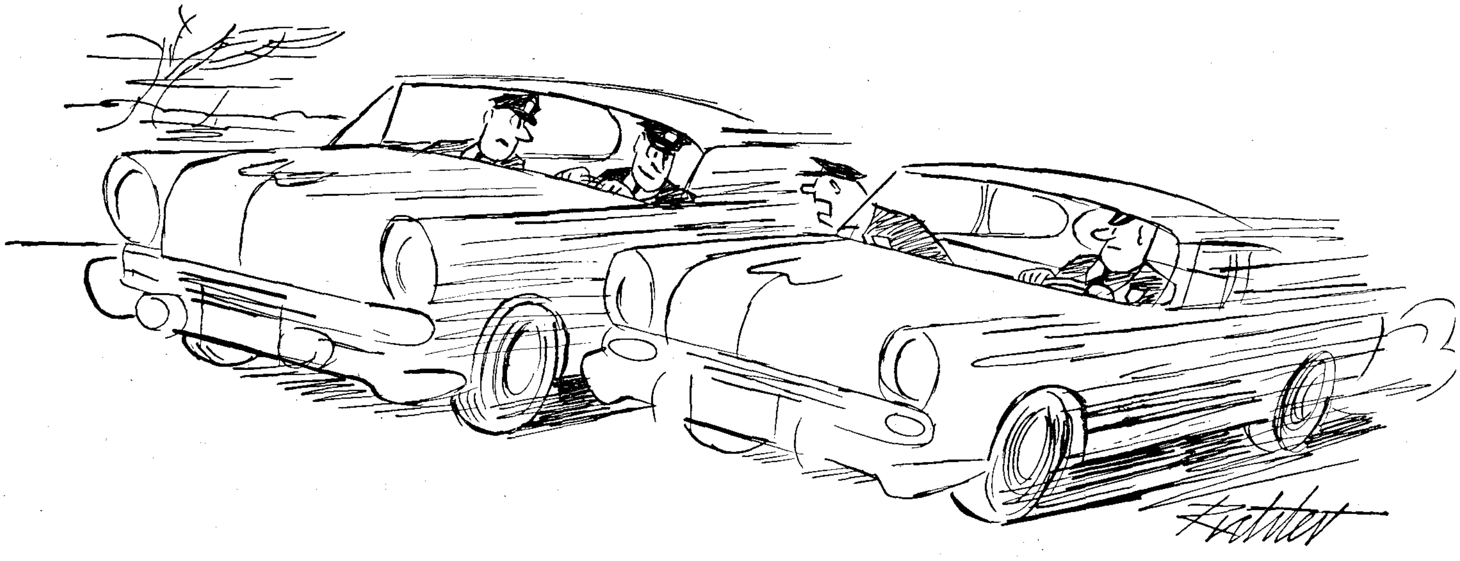
WAITING to interview a lady renting agent about an apartment we want to substitute for the one we now occupy, we overheard her saying to a soft-voiced young woman who, like us, was bent on moving at winter's end, "I have one on Park in the Sixties, just what you're looking for—five rooms, professional and living, for only four hundred and fifty dollars, and there's a wood-burning fireplace—but, damn it, the building won't take a psychiatrist as a tenant." "Oh dear!" said the homeseeker. The two of them went on with their dreary search through the dirty little white cards, the doctor's lady and the renting agent, looking for the place that can be lived in and worked in, the place that has an open fire in the room set aside for living, and perhaps has enough space all around for the tenants and their visitors to breathe. It was the first time we'd been made aware that this nervous city, with all its rules having to do with the promotion of bodily health, is going in for regulations that bar the healers of the psyche. "Oh, lots of buildings don't want psychiatrists," the agent told us after the doctor's lady had left to trudge the streets some more and look over the selected buildings where her husband's presence would be tolerated even when he was engaged in trying to enable people to live, and possibly to love. A city that sat back and said hardly a word while buildings like the Ritz, the Brevoort, the Lafayette, and the Mark Twain House were torn down at a time when they had only begun to approach their golden years (the Ritz, youngest of the lot, was still all silver and diamonds when the wreckers moved in), a city that also seems to favor the notion of a university's taking over a lovely old public square originally laid out to accommodate the ignorant and the self-taught as well as the educated—well, damn it, it seems to us that it would be better if such a city tried to make it easier, not harder, for multitudes of psychiatrists to settle down here and get to work. Buildings that have wood-burning fireplaces should welcome psychiatrists, not snub them, because it is all too plain that such buildings are themselves in need of protection against the destructive impulses of the anti-living, the anti-loving. As for us, if we succeed in finding the new apartment we're looking for, we'll use every influence we can bring to bear toward getting a psychiatrist into the one we are vacating, even if he and his lady have to be smuggled into the place under a load of wood. The wood could then be handily used in the fireplace there.



Chef

WE went over to the Hotel Ambassador the other day for a chat with M. Clément Grangier, the hotel's chef and the man who recently supervised, in Rio de Janeiro, the inaugural banquet and the inaugural buffet in honor of Juscelino Kubitschek, the new Brazilian President. We found M. Grangier in spotlessly white-walled subterranean headquarters just off the Ambassador kitchens. Outside, all was bustle, steaming caldrons, and shiny copper pots. Within, all was firmness and calm—much like the bridge of a ship. M. Grangier, himself spotlessly white in chef's garb, turned out to be a heavy-set man of medium height, in his early fifties, with a broad, friendly face and an air of absolute authority. He was seated at his desk. "The buffet and banquet were magnificent," he said, without hesitation. "The distinction between them is important. A hundred and forty in all were served at the banquet, including President Kubitschek, *notre* Vice-President Richard Nixon,





"Pull over to the curb! Oh, pardon us, fellows."

• •

and the diplomatic corps. This was sitdown, in a large hall of the Palacio Itamaraty. *Le buffet!* Seven thousand persons, the doors of the Palacio opened to all who could enter. This was standup. In all, buffet and banquet, we used ten thousand plates, twenty-three thousand pieces of silverware, four hundred lobsters, six thousand bottles of soft drinks, fifty cases of fine French champagne, eight hundred and eighty pounds of butter, and a great deal more of this and that. For the cold buffet—Lobster Bellevue, Roast Turkey à la Brésilienne, Roast Beef en Exposition, Galantine of Capon, Chaud-Froid de Dinde, Chaud-Froid de Faisan, and salads, salads, salads, including Salade Russe, Salade Olivier, Salade Tropicale, Salade Caprice à la Reine, Salade Choux Rouges aux Noix. For dessert—"

We interrupted to ask M. Grangier what went into Salade Caprice à la Reine.

"Eggs with nuts, lettuce, and Russian dressing," he said, without pausing. "For dessert, Parfaits de Biscuit, Moka, Fraises, et Chocolat, and for the hot buffet, Shrimps, Rice Pilaff, and Filet de Bœuf Stroganoff. I have mentioned only some of the dishes, you understand."

A white-coated *sous-chef* tiptoed onto the bridge and deposited an envelope marked "Confidential" on the captain's desk. M. Grangier thrust it aside. "The banquet," he said. "Ah, the banquet! Fresh Astrakhan Caviar, Madrilène in Jelly, Cheese Straws, Lobster à l'Américaine, Rice Pilaff, Roast Pheasant aux Mignons de Foie Gras, Salade Vogue, Parfait aux Pommes en Corbeilles. And Café. The pheasant we use are enormous birds, bred by an Englishman in Connecticut, who kills many of them quite late at night. They weigh six pounds. I serve them *en plumage. Très difficile.* I cook them with white-wine sauce and hot truffles, and put them in square dishes. We shipped the pheasant down by air—no need for freezing. I also took along many American lobsters for the Lobster à l'Américaine, and for the buffet I used many local *langoustes*. They have no claws. I got to Rio four days before the event, but I had prepared the menu weeks ahead. I also shipped many jumbo California turkeys. The turkeys were almost a disaster. We prepared in three kitchens, aside from the Palacio kitchen, in all parts of Rio. My, it was hot!" M. Grangier wiped his brow. "The populace was excited," he said. "They were out in the streets, many of them headed for the buffet, and the traffic was tangled. You can imagine! We put the turkeys in a huge truck at one of the kitchens and dispatched them to the Palacio. Stuck in traffic. All those turkeys stuck in traffic in the middle of Rio! We called out the police, the fire, the marine, and the *motocyclettes*. The turkeys arrived in time, but *just*. I was everywhere—at the three kitchens, in the main kitchen, tasting, supervising, everywhere. During the sit-down, I wandered through the dining room. President Kubitschek complimented me. Vice-President Nixon said, 'Very thank you.' At the Ambassador, we prepare the food for Varig Airlines, which runs to Brazil, and Baron Stuckart, of Varig, invited me to supervise the event. I took along three assistant chefs: René Le Cren, who is my associate chef here, and sauce cook; Robert Schwab, in charge of cold meats and decorations; and Alfonse Alioth, roast cook. I had thirty helping in the kitchens in Rio. It was hot. Eighteen years ago, I cooked a banquet for Vargas in Brazil. I worked for the French Line then."

M. Grangier paused, but only momentarily. "I was born in Périgueux," he said. "At fifteen, I was apprenticed to a chef in Bordeaux. I studied in Paris with Prosper Montagne. Then I went to the French Line with Gaston Magrin. I have been chef on the Normandie, the De Grasse, and at the Greenbrier. Here, there are sixty-five persons under me in the kitchen. Right now, we specialize in venison and hare. I live in Jackson Heights, with my wife and three children—a girl five, a boy three, a boy fourteen months. The three-year-old keeps calling out, 'Cook, cook!' I think he is a chef. At home, I like boiled beef with horseradish sauce, and chicken in the pot with noodles. *Chicken in the pot with noodles . . .*" M. Grangier's eyes became dreamy, and his voice trailed away.

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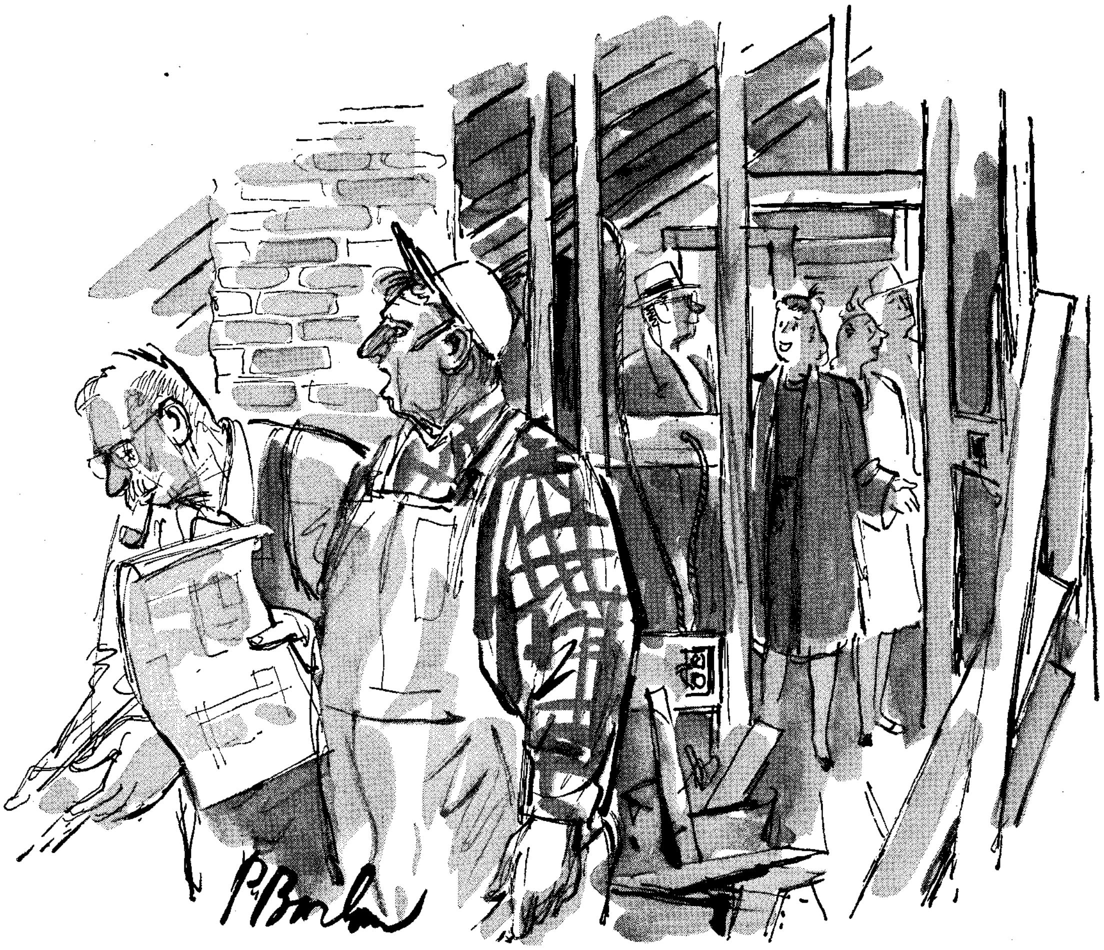
THEOLOGICAL INTELLIGENCE: From the Articles of Incorporation, Bylaws, and Standing Rules of the Birmingham, Michigan, Society of Women Painters: "What is legally termed 'An Act of God.' This shall be determined by the Executive Board."

Fast Walking

RIGHT after President Eisenhower's heart attack last September, prices on the New York Stock Exchange underwent their biggest one-day drop since 1929, and last week, when the Chief Executive announced that he felt well enough to run for a second term, the market, after a one-hour rally, dropped again. You will get no interpretation of these mysterious and paradoxical portents from us; instead, we offer an eyewitness account of the brief rally. We chose the Stock Exchange as a suitably barometric spot to be in last Wednesday morning, the time when, according to persistent rumors, Ike would give his decision at his press conference in Washington. The conference was scheduled to begin at ten-thirty, so we arrived at the Exchange shortly after the ten-o'clock opening bell, joining about two dozen newspaper, radio, and television men, a battery of Exchange public-relations men, a sizable group of early-teen-age schoolgirls, and about a hundred unclassifiable persons, all of whom were jammed onto the visitors' gallery overlooking the trading floor. We stared for a few moments at the floor, where a great many men were walking around briskly; at a lighted screen above it, across which combinations of letters and figures were dancing, even more briskly; and at a board at one side of the floor, which said, in lighted letters, "TAPE DELAY 2." Presently, we fell in with an Exchange man named Richard L. Callanan, who straightened us out on all sorts of things. "Market opened active and higher, on the strength of expectations that he'll say yes," said Callanan. "That tape-delay sign means the ticker is running two minutes behind in recording transactions, because they're moving too fast for it. You get a tape delay on any exceptionally active day. The men on the floor with white lapel tags are members who deal in round lots, of a hundred shares or more; red tags are specialists' clerks, two-tone tags are odd-lot dealers, yellow tags are telephone clerks. White, gray, or black jackets, Exchange employees. Carnation in the lapel doesn't mean anything except that the member feels euphoric."

Mr. Callanan told us that to keep floor traders from having an unfair advantage, no radios, news tickers, or other sources of spot news are permitted on the floor, and that therefore the only way word of the President's decision, if any, could reach the floor was by telephone calls from brokerage offices to the various clerks posted at booths along the walls. The telephone clerks, he explained, are not allowed to leave their booths and go onto the floor; on getting an order to buy or sell, or any other message, a clerk signals his firm's floor member either by wigwagging to him or by pressing a button that causes a metal tag bearing the member's number to flop down into view on two large boards, called annunciators, at opposite ends of the floor. "If Ike decides, either way, you can be sure there will be a lot of members hurrying to their phone clerks to pick up orders," Callanan said. "The governors' rules prohibit running on the floor, but there will probably be some fast walking."

Thus briefed, we took up a post in the thick of the throng on the gallery, near where one of the Exchange's girl guides was ruthlessly delivering what was evidently her usual spiel ("... searching investigation of each listed company's integrity and financial responsibility"). Some of the visitors were listening, but most were concentrating on the floor and the tape. "If he says he hasn't made up his mind yet, I'm going to be pretty mad," observed a man near us. At ten-twenty-five—the time appeared minute by minute, outlined in lights on another screen above the trading floor—the visitors' gallery was still filling up, activity on the floor was about the same, the tape delay was still two minutes, and, according to the tape, SK was selling at 10⅝ and FLJ at 9½. We didn't know what SK and FLJ meant and Mr. Callanan wasn't in sight, so we decided to make our bellwether GM, which we knew meant General Motors. At ten-thirty, there was a perceptible increase in the tempo of the milling around on the floor. Our neighbor said, "Possibly right now he's saying, 'Good morning, boys. Frankly, I don't feel too well today.' " At ten-thirty-three, the tape dropped behind three minutes, and GM was selling at 45½. At ten-thirty-five, a sense of foreboding settled over the Exchange. The schoolgirls, either impatient or due at their next class, trooped out of the visitors' gallery. At ten-thirty-eight, three-minute tape delay, milling pace unchanged, GM steady at 45½. At ten-thirty-nine, a stray ray of sunshine slipped in the window on New Street and struck the floor near



"It turns out this room is going to be his sanctum sanctorum, whatever the hell that is."

Post 8, where Phillips Petroleum is bought and sold, but no sunshine slipped in from Washington.

At ten-forty, a member standing near Post 5, almost directly under us, scratched his head, perhaps significantly. At ten-forty-two, the brokers' numbers on the annunciators clattered up and down for a moment at an interestingly increased clip, but then they became calm again. At ten-forty-five, the tape delay was back at two minutes, and GM was at 45⅜, off ⅛. "What did I tell you?" said our neighbor. "He doesn't feel well." At ten-forty-nine, there were so few calls for brokers that the annunciators were practically quiet. At ten-fifty, GM was down to 45¼, the tape delay was down to one minute, and we were getting sleepy.

At ten-fifty-two, bang! Every telephone clerk must have received and delivered the same message at the same time, because a solid yelp arose from all parts of the floor. Members began moving around at a gait that the governors may call fast walking but *we* call running. At Post 2, where U.S. Steel is traded, a group of six or seven members began bidding feverishly, raising their arms and shouting. Near Post 4, a white-haired member broke his pencil point and looked around frantically for somebody to lend him a new pencil. The annunciators were covered with flopping numbers. A clerk at Post 5 yawned ostentatiously.

At ten-fifty-four, the sun went under, darkening the aspect of Post 8, but the furious trading continued and the tape delay went up to three minutes. At ten-fifty-seven, GM was at 45¾, at ten-fifty-nine it went to 45⅞, and at eleven-two to 46. Tape delay, five minutes. With some help from our neighbor, we figured out that U.S. Steel was now at 58, up ⅞ from the previous day's close; General Electric at 59¼, up ⅝; and Chrysler at 76, up ⅝. "All that money riding on Ike!" said our neighbor.

Juvenilia

THE works of literary small fry still pour in upon us. The latest is the product of a ten-year-old girl in New Rochelle. Asked by her teacher to do a review of any book she chose from her library at home, the little one came up with: "This is a book called 'Bawdy Ballads & Lusty Lyrics.' It was written by different writers. I started it 2/18/56 and finished it 2/18/56. This book was written in 1935 and is written in the English manner. They spell honor, honour and color, colour, and it has a large vocabulary of words too. Well, anyhow, one short poem I liked went like this—

I let him kiss me once,
I let him kiss me twice;
I know that I done wrong—
But O, My Gawd, he smelled so nice.

"Another one I liked was one that said,

"Come, come," said Tom's father, "at your time of life,
There's no longer excuse for thus playing the rake—
It is time that you think, boy, of taking a wife."
"Why, so it is, Father—whose wife shall I take?"

"I liked this book because it is well written and quite humorous. Both boys and girls would enjoy it."

Learned

FOR the past three weeks, by far the most conspicuous performers on "The $64,000 Question" have been a couple of fantastically learned brothers from Hartford named William and James Egan. The Egans have been conspicuous not only for the range of their erudition—they seem as familiar with comic strips, jazz, and movies as with Sanskrit, epistemology, and Joyce—but for their size. Both are several inches over six feet tall, and they boast a combined weight of six hundred and twenty pounds. Standing beside them, Hal March, the "Question" master of ceremonies, resembles an ingenious quarter-scale toy. Heretofore, contestants on the program were taken singly; the reason for the Egans' joint appearance was their conviction that, between them, they could answer questions in any or all of the eleven categories open to them—Great Art and Artists, Movies, Ancient History, Sherlock Holmes, Food and Cooking, Shakespeare, Spelling, Boxing, Jazz, English Literature, and Popular Music. Lincoln, the only other category, had already been spoken for; otherwise the Egans would have been glad to tackle that one, too.

The giant brothers made their TV début on Tuesday, February 21st. After exchanging a few wary quips with March (March, to William Egan: "Are you single?" Egan, glancing down over his rotundity: "If you can call it single"), they proceeded to gobble up the first night's questions like so many appetizing trifles. Speedily, they gave the name of the nineteenth-century French artist known for his lithographs of night life in Paris;[1] the name of the first of Shaw's plays to be made into a movie;[2] the name of the man who took over Egypt after the death of Alexander the Great;[3] the name of Sherlock Holmes' elder brother;[4] the major ingredients of cider, perry, and mead;[5] and the name of the girl Romeo loved before he fell in love with Juliet.[6] Next, they spelled the sentence "Innumerable mammals instinctively estivate in subterranean cavities," and then they wound up by giving the name of the boxer who won, lost, and rewon a world title within a space of twelve months, the name of his opponent in the three bouts, the weight class they fought in, and the name of the city where the bouts were held.[7] This brought them to the eight-thousand-dollar "plateau," as March calls it, where, no matter what might happen afterward, they were sure of a consolatory powder-blue Cadillac convertible.

Shortly before the Egans' second appearance, on February 28th, we stopped in at the studio and had a talk with them. Both were remarkably calm. "The truth is I haven't a nerve in my body," William Egan said, striking a chest as broad as the lid of a baby grand.

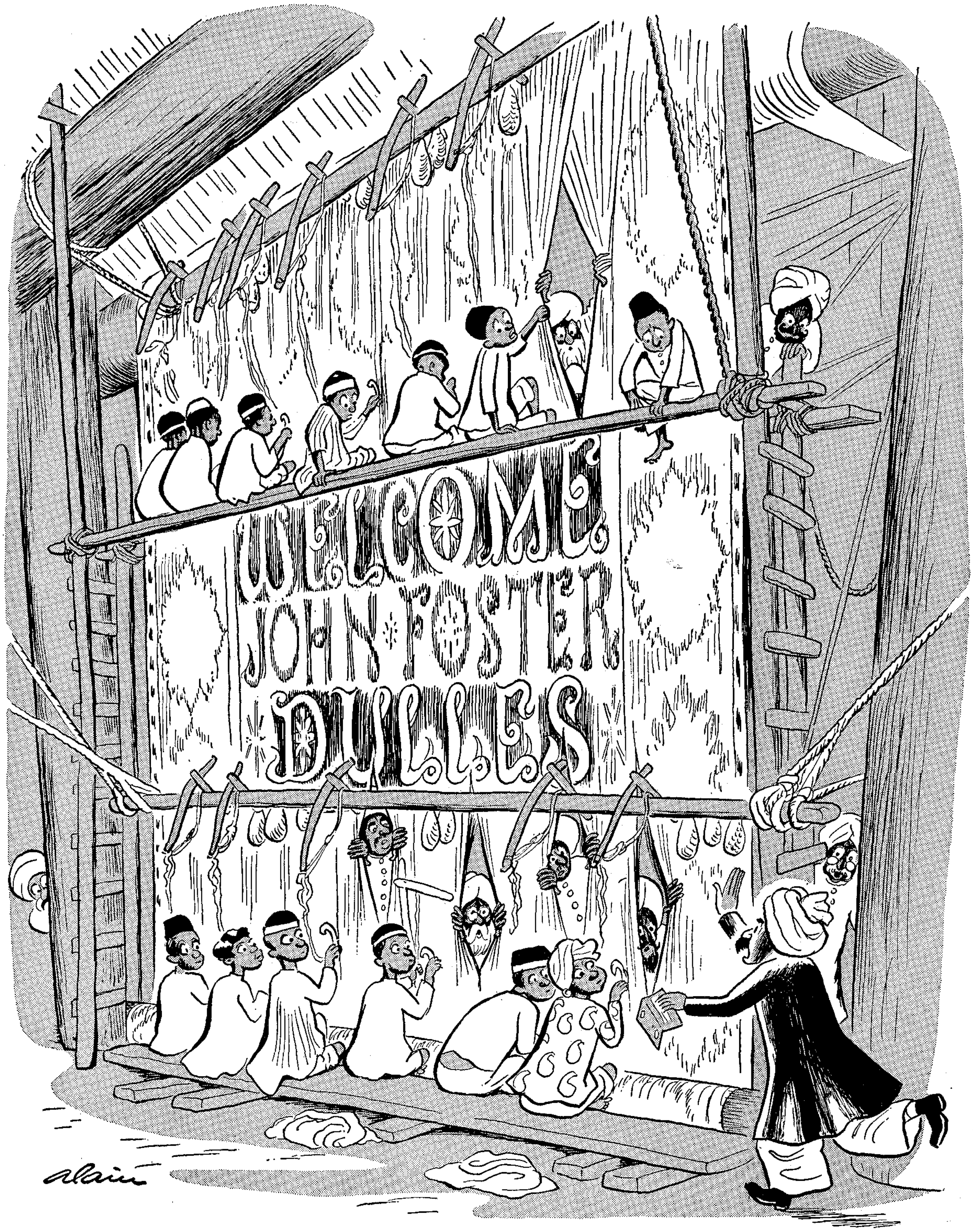
"Maybe not, but tell about the dream you had," said James Egan.

"That was a funny one," William said, looking sad. "Right after we were invited to go on the show, I had a dream in which Hal March was asking me questions in front of millions of people. I felt pretty confident, the way I do now, and when Hal said the last question would have to do with identifying utensils in common use in offices and homes, I felt still better. Then Hal asked me if I was ready to answer, and I said I was. He said, 'For sixty-four thousand dollars, what is a Roxbury duct?' The darned thing sounds so plausible and means absolutely nothing."

We learned that the Egans are natives of Hartford and graduates of Trinity College there. Both are lawyers. William, who is forty-three, works in the State of Connecticut Tax Division; James, who is forty, is a police-court prosecutor and a lecturer in Ro-

[1] Toulouse-Lautrec.
[2] "Pygmalion."
[3] Ptolemy.
[4] Mycroft.
[5] Apples, pears, honey.
[6] Rosaline.
[7] Barney Ross, Jimmie McLarnin, welterweight, New York.

man law at Trinity. William likes to look at TV and read stout works of philosophy at the same time, or as close to the same time as his eyes will permit, while James rarely looks at TV. "This is all Bill's idea," he told us. "Whatever money we win we'll split fifty-fifty. Hal March keeps saying, 'You've nothing to lose, you know,' and Bill and I keep answering, 'Nothing but our self-respect.' "



"Hold it! He's changed his itinerary."

We joined the studio audience, and a few minutes later, in a blaze of fluorescent light, the Egans came down a rickety plywood ramp to confront Hal March. After the usual banter, during which William quoted from the "Inferno" and James rendered a few lines of a Sanskrit epic poem, the brothers acknowledged that they were ready to face the sixteen-thousand-dollar question, the category being Jazz. The isolation booth was wheeled forward, six hundred and twenty pounds of Eganflesh were wedged tightly inside it ("We feel like Tweedledum and Tweedledee," said William, in a choked voice), and Hal March put the following multiple, and slightly incoherent, question to them: "King Oliver, who started his career in New Orleans, was one of the giants of the world of jazz. His recordings have influenced the entire development of jazz music. For sixteen thousand dollars, tell me, first, immediately before leaving New Orleans, Oliver played in the band of a great trombonist. Name him. Second, moving north, Oliver became recognized as the outstanding jazz stylist of a particular city. What city? Third, while in that city Oliver brought up a young musician from New Orleans to join his band. They collaborated on a composition later issued on records as 'Sugar Foot Stomp.' Who was that musician? Finally, what was the original title of the piece called 'Sugar Foot Stomp'?" March then repeated the parts of the question, and without a moment's hesitation James Egan answered that the name of the great trombonist was Kid Ory, the city was Chicago, the young musician from New Orleans was Louis Armstrong, and the original title of the piece was "Dipper Mouth Blues."

"You're right for sixteen thousand dollars!" Hal March yelled, and Tweedledum and Tweedledee stepped from the booth beaming.

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OVERHEARD shoptalk in a cigar store on Sixth Avenue: "I send the shipment back. He asks why. I say, 'What you sent me wasn't shoddy. When I order shoddy, I want to get *shoddy*.' "

THE TENDER AGE

HOW pleasant to have travelled the world as you have, Mr. Renvil! Six months here, a year there—always moving on! We parsons are tied to our parishes like watchdogs to their kennels, barking once a week, as best we can, to keep away the Eternal Prowler. Well, Mr. Dodd, I should not mind being tied to such a spot as this. I should like it very much; one gets weary of wandering. I am hoping to be able to stay here permanently; I hope it will turn out that way.

Go back to your chair, Patricia. Mr. Renvil did not come here to be bothered by little girls. He came here to have tea with your father and me. Oh please Mummy, let me sit with Mr. Renvil.

Pattikins, you heard your mother; sit in your place and show how well-behaved you can be. Oh, but really, Mr. Dodd, please don't disturb your little daughter on my account.

Her mother likes her to obey; I am perhaps a little lax in that respect. Let me see—what were we saying? Oh yes, you really think of staying here for good? That will be very nice for us, I'm sure. It's a lonely part of the country. There are very few people of our sort; very few farmers for that matter—very few cottagers, even. It will be very nice for me, Mr. Dodd, if I am able to stay. I have long wanted to make my home somewhere, but something has always come over me, call it a sudden urge if you like, and in a moment my plans are changed and I am off.

Moving on! Moving on! Well you have certainly seen the world, no doubt about that! All sorts of places, all sorts of people! When you were in tropical parts, I suppose you saw savages; they have always interested me. Even cannibals perhaps? Savages, yes, indeed. Savages one sees everywhere, and not only in the tropics. As to cannibals and cannibalism, I can't pretend to be an authority on that sort of thing. But I have had enough of the tropics, and of foreign countries altogether. The English countryside is unbeatable, especially the southwest. Your hills and woods here are the very best of it. A garden like this is my idea of heaven. It is here I should like to stay.

Patty, I have told you once, you must not climb on Mr. Renvil. Mr. Renvil did not come here to be climbed and clambered upon. How do you know Mr. Renvil likes little girls? Not everyone likes them, especially when they are ill-behaved. Oh, but I do, Mrs. Dodd. I'm sure no one likes little girls better than I do. I think they are absolutely delicious, absolutely delightful.

I think, Mary, you are making too much fuss. Our guest has told us he has no objection. Let us do him the courtesy of taking his word for it. Patty has taken a great fancy to you, Mr. Renvil. She is not often so eager to sit on anyone's knee. It seems to me, George, you are putting Mr. Renvil quite on the spot, as they say. Do you expect him to come out with it to your face that he finds the child a nuisance? I'm sure he is too polite for that.

I might be, Mrs. Dodd, if it were necessary, but in this case it is not. I think little girls are delectable creatures, especially when they are six or seven. Now, Mr. Renvil, we are blunt people hereabouts. Brutally frank, as some might put it. And I couldn't help noticing last time you came to see us—or was it the first time, after you met my husband on the road? I think it must have been the first time; I don't think Patty was home last Tuesday. Well, whenever it was, she had already begun to clamber upon you, and it seemed to me you were anxious to be rid of her. When she came climbing and squeezing and nuzzling, I'm sure I saw you flinch away. I felt you were quite flustered and upset.

My dear, I really believe you are imagining things, and perhaps embarrassing our visitor. If Mr. Renvil feels anything of that sort I'm sure he will be candid enough to say so, and Patty can go and play with her toys. Yes, dear, but some people hesitate to say they dislike children; it is so often said to be the sign of a bad heart.

I'm sure Mr. Renvil is above such a vulgar prejudice, and I hope he will give us credit for being above it ourselves. Novelists and the people who write for the cinema find it easy to identify the villain of the piece by giving him an aversion to children and animals. They have him kick a dog or slap a child, and this, in turn, strengthens the popular misconception. There was some sort of writer once staying in the village, Mr. Renvil, and he explained it all to us. It was most interesting. Children, dogs, and, I think, cats. Not so much cats, dear, because so many people have rather a horror of them. Lord Nelson did, for one, and all sorts of famous people. Dr. Johnson, though, loved his cat.

Dr. Johnson was a great friend of the Church, and now you tell me he was a cat-lover. Perhaps I should be grateful on the first count, but I have never much liked the worthy Doctor, and I shall not change my opinion because of his fondness for cats. I hope you are not a great admirer, Mr. Renvil. I hope you don't think me guilty of lese majesty. Oh no, Mr. Dodd, not in the very least, I assure you. I myself could never feel very warmly about Dr. Johnson. A tremendous mind, no doubt, but he is not one of those great figures I could imagine myself meeting and liking if we were contemporaries. I was greatly put off when first I read of his eating habits. When I think of a man gorging and gulping like some ravenous cannibal, some ravenous animal, with his face bent over almost into his food, and the veins swelling out on his forehead, it makes me positively shudder, as if someone were walking over my grave. Excuse me, Mrs. Dodd, if my description is unpleasantly vivid. I am quoting almost exactly what I read.

Oh, I don't shudder so easily, Mr. Renvil. I am not one of your sensitive persons! I am thick-skinned. I am the practical, down-to-earth member of the family. But tell me frankly, and once and for all—are not sticky little fingers, and huggings and nuzzlings, rather unpleasant to you? Because I really thought I saw you shudder, just as you describe, the first time Patty came climbing on your knee. Well, I am not a family man; I am unmarried, as you know. That may make me a little awkward. But as it happens I have the very greatest fondness for little girls. Little girls of six or seven—to me at that stage they are just at perfection. They are formed already, and still so fresh and tender, and they have such charming ways. They have not yet reached the lanky stage or the scrawny stage. They positively melt in one's heart.

And little boys? Do you like little boys equally? We put Patty first, of course, but we have often wished she had a little brother. I like little boys, Mrs. Dodd, but they are so very tough in these days, with all the comic strips and the cowboy pictures. A little girl like this one on my knee—I don't think I could ask for more than just such a little girl.

WELL, Patty, it seems that Mr. Renvil does not mind you too much. So I suppose you may stay where you are until he puts you down. I know Mr. Renvil likes me, Mummy. I knew it all the time. The very first day he came to tea he whispered in my ear. He whispered he could eat me up.

"Do you think I enjoy drowning my sorrows?"

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I think I know what misled you, Mrs. Dodd. I have some sort of little nervous twitch every now and then. I sometimes give a little start and shudder. Why, yes, I just noticed. I think no one would notice unless they were watching as I was—watching, I mean, to see if Patty was bothering you. I think highly strung people, people of talent, often have a little nothing of that sort. Like Lord Nelson and his aversion to cats. Mr. Dodd has a cousin who is extremely gifted musically; it is thought he could have played at concerts had he really taken it up. He sometimes starts almost out of his chair.

Do you like pussycats, Mr. Renvil? Would you rather have a little girl or a pussycat? Oh, a little girl, Patricia. I don't like cats at all.

Would you rather have a little girl than a bunny rabbit? Why, yes, indeed. Rabbit is quite nice, but I would rather have a little girl.

There used to be lots of bunny rabbits but they all died because of a wicked disease. I think there is one who lives in the big wood on the top of the hill, but Daddy won't take me there. Now, Patty, you are always whining and wheedling to go to the wood. Daddy has the parish to look after, and Daddy has his sermon to write, and he has told you there are no rabbits there anyway.

Shall you keep the house you are living in at present if you decide to stay, Mr. Renvil? I hardly think so. I shall probably look around for something a little larger. One never knows, of course; one's plans may change at a moment's notice. But I do sincerely hope that nothing will prevent my settling here.

No more sudden urges, eh? Well, we shall be glad if you can avoid them. The wanderlust, I suppose you would call it? A hunger to be moving on, moving on. I suppose so, Mr. Dodd. It's a matter of fate, I suppose. I think you might describe it as a sort of hunger.

Mr. Renvil, if you had a little girl would you take her to the wood? Yes, my dear, I very well might. I am not clever enough to write sermons, so I have more time than your father. It would be very nice to take a little girl to the wood.

AH, the church clock, striking six! The sunset gun, I think they call it in India or somewhere. We have finished tea long ago. Can I persuade you to take a glass of sherry, Mr. Renvil? An apéritif, as they say in France? No thank you, Mrs. Dodd; I have no need of it. It is high time I was on my way. I am walking this evening, and if I am not home by seven I shall hear murmuring in the kitchen, quite loud, and very gloomy in tone. I am most grateful for your kindness, Mr. Dodd. Thank you both so much. And I will try, indeed I will, to control any sudden urge. Patricia, may I kiss you goodbye?

Mummy can I walk up the road with Mr. Renvil? Can I walk with him as far as the wood? I could just peep inside and see a great, big bunny rabbit. Now, Patty, Patty, Pattikins! I think Mr. Renvil has been more than nice to you already. It is time to stop asking things and bothering him.

It would be a pleasure to me, Mrs. Dodd. You have no idea what a pleasure it would be to me. But it must be at least half a mile to where the woods begin, and half a mile back again. I'm sure those plump little legs would not carry her more than half as far. And I could hardly see you walking back all alone, my dear. Oh yes I could, Mr. Renvil. I go all by myself to the village, and that is farther than the wood. I walk there and back all by myself, all alone. Don't I Daddy? Don't I Mummy? Please Mr. Renvil, ask Mummy to let me go with you to the wood!

Now, Patty, that is whining and wheedling and nuzzling up all in one. Mr. Renvil doesn't know what to do with little girls who cling. You are strangling him; you are taking his breath away. Mr. Renvil can hardly breathe. Mary, my dear, I think we are having altogether too much fuss over Patty this evening. The child can walk back by herself; Mr. Renvil has said she will be no trouble to him. It is daylight still; we have no bandits or wolves in this part of the world. She can be back in half an hour or so, in ample time for her supper. She will be off your hands when you are busy, just when she is most trouble to you.

Well, very well, if you really don't mind, Mr. Renvil. All I hope is that Patty is not too much for you. Don't let her give you one of your sudden urges, just as we are hoping you will settle here. Oh, as to that, Mrs. Dodd, it is a matter of fate, a matter of fate. No man can avoid his destiny.

Come, my little dear, we will walk together to the wood, and if there is time enough we will take a tiny peep inside it. Can we really, Mr. Renvil? We'll see a great big rabbit. Goodbye, Mummy! Goodbye, Daddy!

Goodbye, Patty! Goodbye, Pattikins! Goodbye, Mr. Renvil!

—John Collier

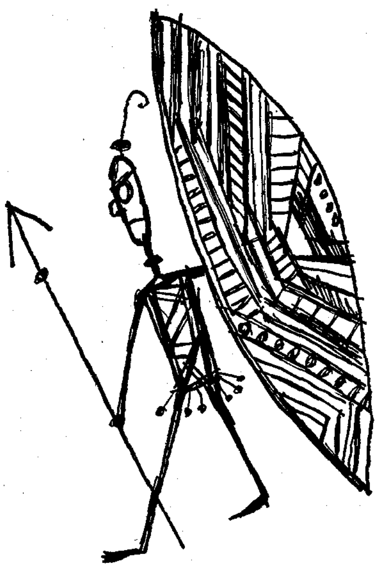
A SEASON'S ROMANCE

"I CAN'T imagine why I rush around so, taking in things. No doubt this frenzy of mine can be laid at the door of the critics, since I follow their lead like a witless lamb. When I think I may miss 'the greatest "Aïda" of the century,' it makes me absolutely frantic, even though I am always saying I am not particularly fond of opera as a form. Perhaps I just love *going* to the opera." Thus Mrs. Lily Wayland, with her cool and yet incorrigibly flirtatious smile, addressed her cocktail guests. The occasion was a small party for her daughter, Adele, who would soon be sailing to Europe for a year of study. Adele looked like a débutante, and everyone, even her mother, thought it engaging and a little absurd that she had just recently earned her doctorate at New York University.

"Your great love of singing seems to come upon you just when Mrs. Ives sends you her every-other-Monday box tickets." Thus Adele Wayland, as if for the instruction of her friends, corrected her mother while fastidiously maintaining a cozy and bantering tone. Mother and daughter trimmed their dialogue with irony and contradiction, and liked to be "amiably cross" with each other. There was no hostility in this; it was, on the contrary, affection, admiration, and common interests well understood and accepted that allowed them the pleasure of their corrections and reversals.

"I admit I can't abide to miss 'the greatest "Aïda" of the century' when Mrs. Ives sends me an expensive ticket. I wouldn't dream of forgoing the Kabuki Dancers when I am taken there, all paid for, in the Boardmans' limousine." And then Mrs. Wayland widened her eyes and said, "Isn't it wicked to be so trivial, so poor, and yet so luxury-mad—so fond of the best seat, so proud of someone else's plushy car? A chauffeur is to me an overwhelming creature. I somehow cannot think ill of anyone with the money to hire such a person. I could love an ape if he were driven about by a man in a cap and leggings."

Mrs. Wayland and her daughter were handsome, intelligent, and spoken of as "a little different." About this phrase, Mrs. Wayland would shudder and say, "That makes me feel like a fabric that's been on the markdown counter too long." Both mother and daughter could be identified in an interesting whisper when they entered the room. Mrs. Wayland had been an actress, the informing voice would say. Adele Wayland was "awfully bright," a student of the fine arts. Mrs. Wayland had married for love and given up her career; her husband had been gay and handsome; with Lily's help, he ran through the money he had inherited from his father, and he died in an airplane crash while he was acting as his own pilot. "I was of the breed of Cornelia Otis Skinner and Ruth Draper," Mrs. Wayland would say in her throaty voice, "although I didn't do monologues. I was well bred, well trained, intelligent, began my interest in the theatre at Smith College—that kind of thing. Such bulky *equipment* is not what I personally care for in the theatre. For greatness, a little dirt, a hint of the gutter, the grand slut—that's the real thing. Hunger, violence, vice, outrageousness. My vices are of the bourgeois order. I love comfort, rich sauces, lots of money, and utter adoration!"



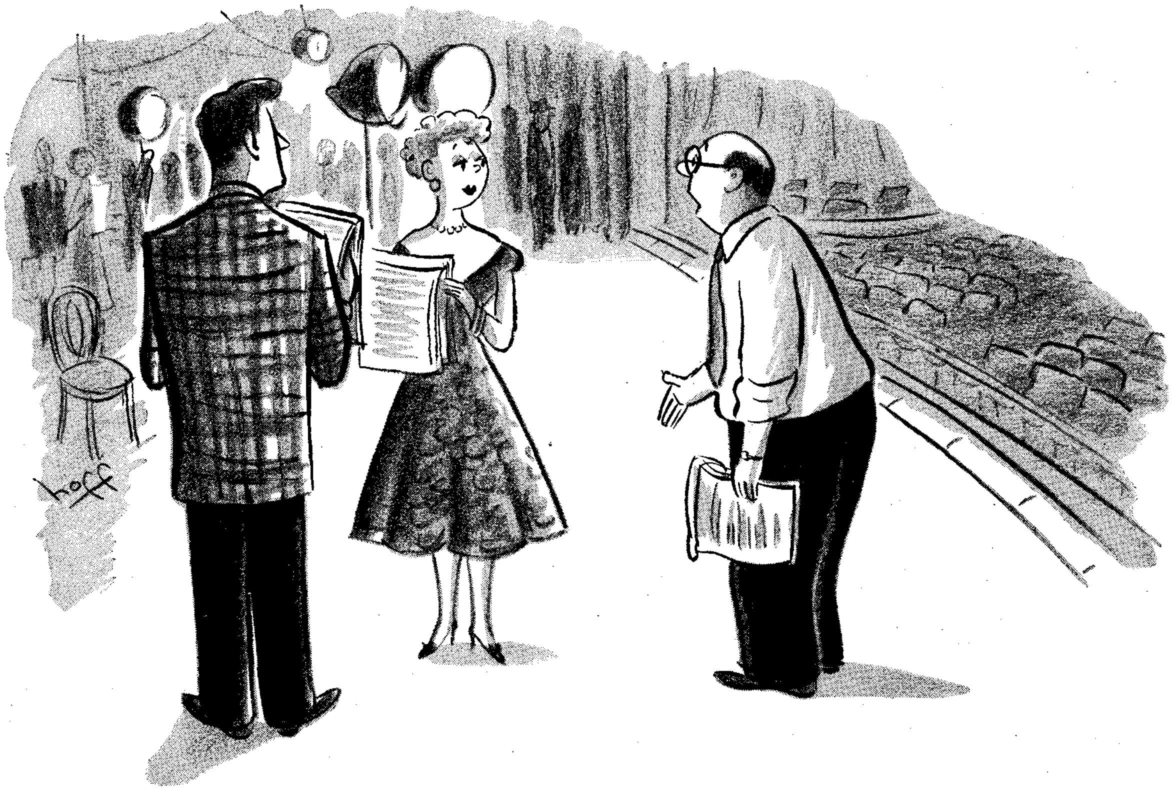
Yes, Lily Wayland had abandoned the stage, but she had tried for years to take it up again, and always, incomprehensibly, without success. She made the dreadful effort every year. Each fall, accompanied by her insolent, charming airs, she would flippantly, but with a good deal of inward desperation, try to get a part in a play. Somehow, though, her clever insolence fatigued others; her plausible, mocking air was oddly unprofessional; she seemed, in spite of everything, an amateur.

Mother and daughter had always lived in New York. They had had "very little money" for such a long time that it was difficult to imagine them in any other condition. Adele went to Smith College, as her mother had, but Lily had gone there with a good allowance and a trunk of new clothes and Adele went on a scholarship. Adele worked very hard, pushed herself to exhaustion, had high standards, and, like her mother, was a bit insolent and amateurish, in spite of her labors. After Smith College, Adele took an advanced degree in fine arts at New York University. "You are terribly good-looking, lamb," her mother told her once. "The fact that you feel the need for *advanced degrees* is shocking—one of those bad side effects of a good thing, just as skin rashes pop out after penicillin."

"I don't feel the need as a spiritual thing but merely to get a job," Adele protested.

"And after your tremendous work and training, your salary will most likely never be great. Pity. I should love you to have scads of money." Lily Wayland missed the theatrical wages that somehow should have been hers and were not. When she thought of work, she thought of fascinating pay checks—of "a five-hundred-per-week minimum."

Lily was very much liked by her friends. They were always doing things for her: Esther Collingwood took her abroad for a glorious winter; Jeannette Dodge Muir insisted that Lily spend her summers in the lovely Muir house at Nantucket; Madeline Patterson gave her fur coats in excellent condition, and suits from Hattie Carnegie. Adele Wayland was just as handsome as her mother. She was slim, had fine legs, wore pumps with high heels, and had soft brown hair, trimmed once a month by an expensive hairdresser but otherwise washed and coaxed by her own hand. Her face was pale and her eyes were large; in her beauty there was a haggard aspect, as of some splendid



"Try to remember, Miss DeVore, you're a frightened country girl, puzzled by the meaning of Richard's remarks. Now let's run through it again—this time without the smirk."

thing suffering from overwork. Indeed, Adele's life could accurately be termed "hard." She and her mother were inscrutable facts of social history, a mongrel blend of genuine deprivation and genuine loftiness of manner, training, and expectation. Adele's education had been won by the fiercest exertions. Since her fourteenth year, she had annually endured, like a politician standing for reëlection, the anxious petitioning for a scholarship, the exhausting months of hope and despair while she waited for the announcement that would decide her fate, tell her what to expect the following September. And when, at last, her scholarship was safely awarded and the school year began, she had to labor unceasingly for grades, for favor, for recommendations, for honors. She competed, she wrote outlines for projects, she chose fields and learned languages, she made herself liked by faculty wives, she searched hungrily for sinecures—extra jobs where you could catch a nap and still get paid by the hour. Even her vacations were a contest—just one more application form to be filled in. She went about getting invited to the summer home of some prosperous schoolmate with all the conscientiousness and studiousness at her command.

During her years at New York University, Adele had had quite a few beaux and one painful love affair. She was beautiful, but she was also intense and harassed. She preferred married men; they were terribly kind and nice to her, looking upon her as a charming and unexpected dividend. The men had their wives, and Adele had her dissertation on Van Eyck, a project to which she was committed, and with which she was helplessly and anxiously involved, just as the men were with their wives. When her married lover, Harry, spoke of getting a divorce, Adele was miserable and, with great pain to herself, had to give up the affair. She was much too tired to bear the moral anguish of a divorce; there was no room in her heart for the emotional greatness poor Harry suddenly demanded of her.

Adele wished to become known by her own efforts. She dreamed of important jobs, of reviewing for the papers and journals, of writing original monographs. And yet, even as she held these dreams, she was aware of the steady diminution of her ambitions and hopes. She had given so much in her early years that the spurt of wild energy she would need in order to do something distinguished after her years of schooling was simply not there. She feared that she had used herself up in the preparation and had no freshness left for the genuine moment. And here she was at last, her doctorate in her hand, with a fellowship for a year abroad to continue her study of Flemish altar painting.

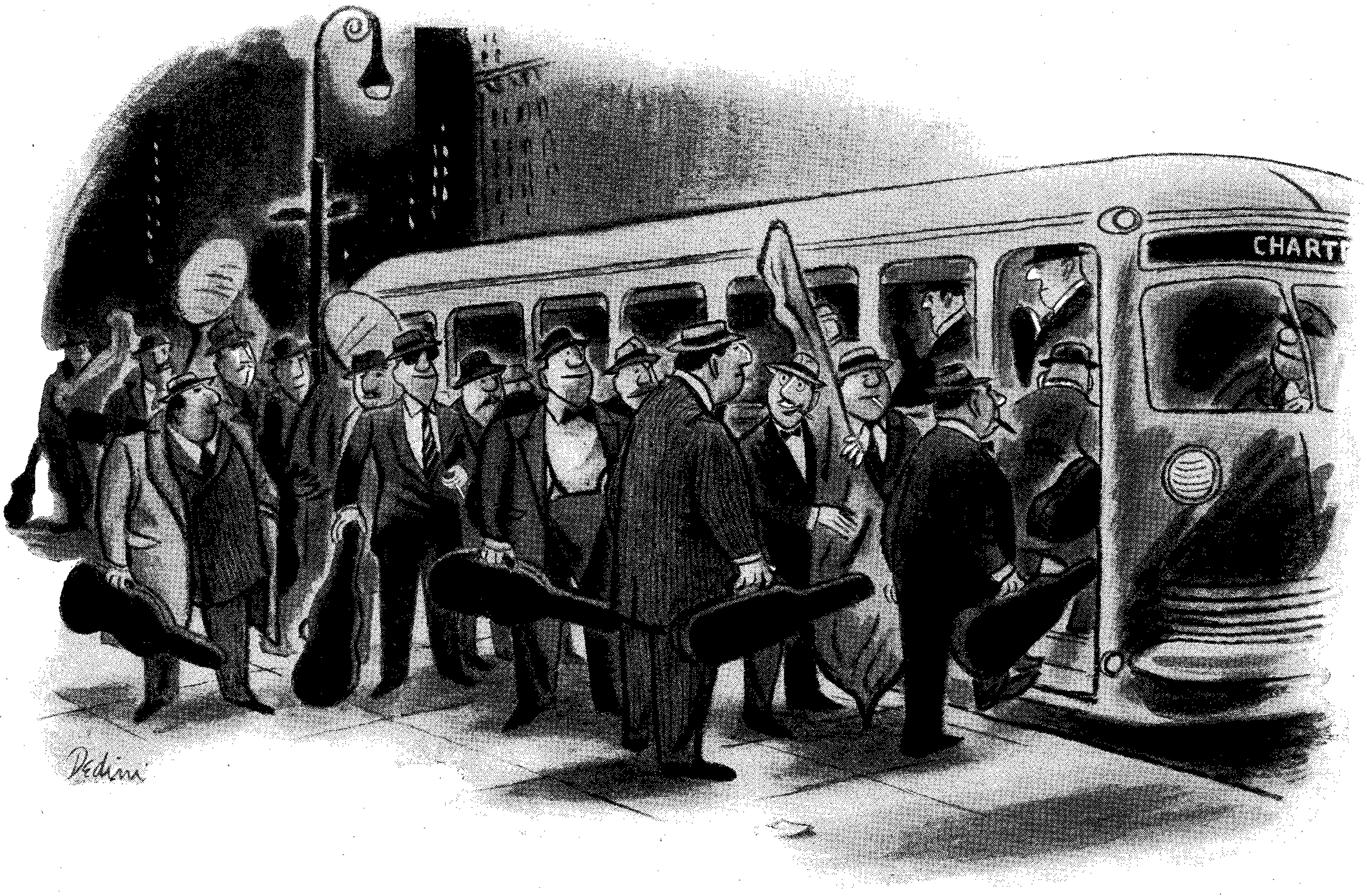
When her mother's friend Madeline Patterson learned of the trip abroad, she expressed the belief that Adele might, in Europe, aim at the most chic and wealthy international set.

"Are you mad?" Adele said. "I'll be in Flanders, in Ghent, studying in the churches."

"In Ghent!" Madeline said with a shiver. "My dear, I'm afraid there are no fascinating playboys there."

Adele set out for Europe in a low state. Now that her formal studies were completed, she did not feel relieved but as if she had to bear in some mysterious way the accumulated fatigue of her school years. She seemed to be sagging under the weight of her enormous efforts, her degrees and fellowships, her thesis on Van Eyck, her nightmares before her oral examination, her dozens and dozens of requests for recommendation. Everything she knew, everything she was, seemed to have been bought with her very blood. It seemed to her impossible that she was only twenty-four. In this worn-down mood of the first days on the boat, Adele met Matt McGraw. At that moment, everything except lying about on the sun deck was beyond her; there was no future, no New York, no work, and no ambition. Even her mother, happily resting at Jeannette Muir's place in Nantucket, was forgotten.

Matt was a pleasant, brassy man, twice divorced, with one child by each former wife, a fifteen-year period of heavy drinking on his record, four years of Alcoholics Anonymous to his credit, and six or seven different advertising firms as his former employers. He was forty-three, of a character, and even of an appearance, somewhat perplexing, because of the mixture of the ordinary and the unstable. While he looked to be hearty, energetic, and typical, this appearance was much questioned by the fact that he had previously been a drink-



"Boy! This must figure to be the biggest job the boss ever pulled off."

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er. He was loud, generous, and rather complacent, and yet he had all the uncertainty and disorganization of his history to account for. The past year had been a successful one for his agency. Matt had money in the bank and went about all pink-cheeked, plump, and loudly optimistic, his very flesh revealing his personal and the national prosperity. "My alimony's paid, my boys didn't want to see their old dad nearly as much as they wanted to go to camp, and so I'm pleasuring myself with the delights of foreign travel."

Adele winced just a bit at Matt's conversation, but still she did not want to be cold to him. Her inclination was to smile and to sit back comfortably in her deck chair. I suppose he's awful, but he is good fun and I don't care, she concluded with some wistfulness. There were many men on the boat more attractive than Matt and hardly any women more beautiful than Adele, but she didn't want to talk to anyone she would need to be clever and fascinating for. She found herself smiling at Matt's jokes, hardly minding his loud barroom manner or his fearlessness about a repeated gag. In the bar, Matt would order an Old-Fashioned for Adele and an orangeade for himself, and take happy and audible recognition of the mistake the waiter invariably made when he placed the drinks before them. Matt liked a world of familiar mistakes and well-worn refrains; without a touch of apology he gave "Bottoms up" toasts and uttered "See you in the funny papers" good nights.

After spending an evening with Matt, Adele would go to her cabin and sleep deeply and peacefully. When she awakened in the morning, she would think of him and smile a bit patronizingly and then remember how pleasant it would be to have Matt on hand in Paris, how wonderful not to be alone. She could put off calling up the list of names she carried in her purse; they were names of people she didn't know but from whom some unspecified yet necessary "help" might be expected—help in getting around, help in meeting other useful people, getting free dinners, and making good connections.

Matt was loud and noticeable, and yet there was an unmistakable humbleness about him. Very often a deep and humble admiration for some rare person or place could be seen upon his mobile pink features. There was also in his nature a well of sentimentality, very deep, very urban, very knowing, in its fashion; this sentimentality mixed like a bland oil with the vinegar of his breezy but harmless vulgarity. It was of a peculiar sort; it came from the new world Matt inhabited, and was the same kind of tender feeling one might expect to find in a talented film director, in an actress, in newspaper people. Matt was no Dodsworth or Babbitt; he was a creation all fresh and new and recently seasoned. If one mentioned Bach to him, he was not hostile or bored; instead, a look of imminent tears would spread over his face. Perhaps he could not have named a loved piece of music or remembered a great experience connected with the work of Bach; nevertheless, an immeasurable respect for the composer's name and his immense and lasting fame would seize Matt and move him profoundly, like a glimpse of eternity. "Ah, terrific, terrific," he would say in a whisper, his voice choking.

Matt was booked for the Crillon in Paris. The costly obvious had a power, like the power of drugs, over his spirit; compelled, elated, he moved helplessly under the shadow of this overwhelming need. "Even when I'm spending my own dough, I end up at expense-account joints. Occupational disease . . . None of those Left Bank attics for your Uncle Mattie." He liked, with an abandon mystifying but marvellous to behold, to do everything at once, lay it on, and display without shame his greed for experience and his appalling generosity.

On their first evening in Paris, Matt decided they would dine at La Tour d'Argent. But this was not sufficient. On the way to the restaurant, a large bottle of Shalimar was produced, which Adele acknowledged with a superior smile. (She was to learn that Matt could not resist making offerings of this sort, but he made them with a fierce and unforgettable joy, with a noble recklessness, with pleading, or with a somewhat humble and sighing simplicity.) Adele that night was powerless to alter her superior smile of acceptance, for it was only in this manner that she could accept what she felt such a sudden and unaccountable desire to have. And then Matt laughed and said, "I don't want to lose my standing as a Madison Avenue parvenu. The largest bottle of perfume I could find and the one restaurant every hick in Paducah has heard about."

"You are very clever, Matt," Adele said, touching his hand.

The next evening, he taxied to her Left Bank hotel with a red satin evening coat from Dior under his arm. Ashamed, greedy, horrified as she was, *Adele took great pleasure in the coat* and wore it that very night, over her black cotton dress from Lord & Taylor. "How mean of you to tempt me with gifts! It isn't fair to show me up so miserably as a gold-digger. And the worst of it is that you aren't rich. I haven't even that excuse."

"I ain't rich, but I'm awful sweet," Matt said, pecking her cheek.

Even though he was plump, and rather breathless after rushing about Paris all day, Matt was genuinely energetic in spirit. He seemed never to need sleep, never to grow weary of crowds and public places, of making plans, of giving and giving. He observed mealtimes as promptly and elaborately as a dowager, and for less formal hours he took Adele to cocktail rooms chosen from his black address book, just as if he were still roaming about the East Side of New York with one of his clients. And sometimes, late in the evening, when he had taken Adele back to his room at the Crillon, he would look at her, his pale eyes blinking rapidly, and say, "What luck, what wonderful luck for an old dog like me to be here with you—with a lovely, wonderful girl!"

"It is I who have had the luck," Adele replied to this one night, in a quiet, sad voice. "How nice you've been."

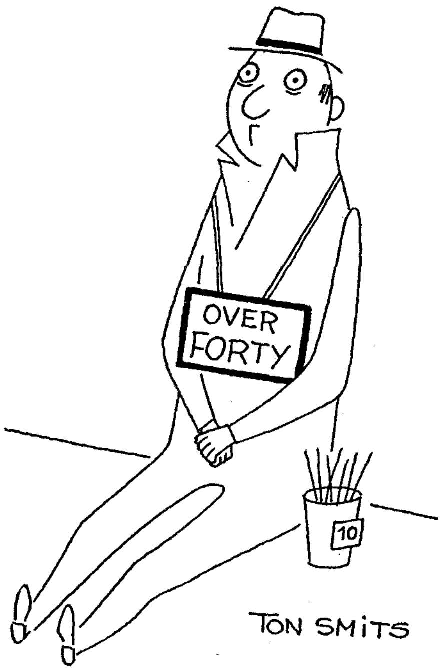
"I've fallen like the proverbial ton of bricks. You know that, don't you?"

"I don't know *what* I know," Adele said, putting her hand over her eyes.

When he suggested they hire a car and drive to Monte Carlo for a week, she said, "No, I can't, I can't! But of course I will! How I long to see Monte Carlo and how I hate myself for it!"

"Don't hate yourself, honey," Matt said. "After you've seen all the swank places from here to Siam, you can outgrow them and go in for quiet little unspoiled treasures."

They had a glorious time in Monte Carlo, staying in a suite at the Hôtel de Paris, playing roulette at the Casino, and ordering champagne for Adele at midnight. As they whipped along in their Citroën, Adele would sometimes think with a flash of terror, What am I doing? Where am I? Who am I? She did not feel at all like the beautiful, promising scholar she was, like the daughter of her mother, like the sum of her achievements; instead, she felt at one with all the blondes wearing white sheaths and mink stoles who were also whizzing along the highways of the Riviera, accompanied by men from advertising agencies who wore, as Matt did, nylon shirts, brown straw hats with plaid bands, and, for the beach, bathing trunks with sunflower designs. Matt did not dress well; everything he bought to adorn himself was of a thrifty, indifferent quality. He liked to spend money on other people, and on luxuries, like the Crillon, that offered the promise of excitement. It was characteristic of Matt that when he was alone in New York, he often dined on a toasted tunafish sandwich in a drugstore.



It was not always easy for Adele to decide what Matt felt. He made use of an irony as puzzling and necessary as her mother's. He might say, puffing out his chest in imitation of some unidentifiable comic, "In my few weeks on foreign soil, think of the stars of radio, screen, and television it has been my privilege to see in the flesh—Gene Tierney, Faye Emerson, Diana Lynn, and Zachary Scott!" And then he would laugh on and on until his face turned red, but without clearly indicating just what he was laughing at.

Adele shivered when she remembered that her great hope for the summer had been that she might meet Bernard Berenson. It was grimly distressing for her when Matt said, "You look as good in your bathing suit as all the belles at Cannes, and those gals don't begin to know as much about the Old Masters as you." Her heart ached at the mention of the Old Masters, and a look of desolation came over her face. But the pain passed and she found that she took a perverse delight in appearing—indeed, in *being*—precisely the sort of girl who naturally would be Matt's mistress. It was pleasant, somehow, to feel that this role was right for her, rather than monstrously accidental, or faintly comic. She wore a slim orange linen dress that displayed her sunburned shoulders, and she imagined there was the same imbecilic pout on her heavily creamed lips as on the lips of her vacationing "colleagues." Sometimes she and Matt sat for an hour without speaking. On one of these occasions, he finally said, "Cat got your tongue, sweet? If you don't come out with something soon, people will think we are married."

Adele allowed Matt to make all the decisions. They swam and sunned and ate and gambled; they walked and looked and sat and sipped. She did not mind being a typical money-flush American tourist, and Matt's dollars had for her the sheer power and fascination they had for hotel owners, porters, and headwaiters. And what a relief that the dollars were simply themselves—items of pure utility. This glorious money was not to be spent with the hope of exclusiveness; instead, the dollars were to be poured into the expected vessels—the well-known tills of the democratic, fully advertised "best" hotels and restaurants. The generosity with which Matt expressed himself aroused in Adele a combination of shame and slavishness, a strange union of emotions that were dramatic and thrilling in themselves, like the emotions a fastidious, intelligent woman might secretly feel for a powerfully attractive policeman, or a soldier met by chance, or the young man on the grocery truck. And, too, Matt was obstinately gentle and protective. She was extraordinarily happy.

"Did you really drink too much? I like to think you are just boasting, pretending to excesses. It seems impossible that you were a tremendous drinker," Adele once said to him.

"I was. Indeed I was. I have known tortures and been a torturer. I have been at the very bottom," Matt said, blushing for the dangers he had passed, almost as if he felt too modest to claim them in all their extremity.

"And did your second wife drink, too?"

"Yes, she did—and does. Like a fish, I believe it is expressed."

"How strange! I cannot imagine it at all. You don't seem the type. You seem made for happiness, I must say, but perhaps that is superficial."

"Happiness superficial?"

"No, my thinking you are made for it." And then Adele noticed that Matt's plump little hands were trembling, as if she had made some spectacular declaration of love for him.

"Poor Matt," she said suddenly, moved by the thought of his complacence and his humbleness purchased with suffering. Matt was complacent about his victorious struggle over weakness, humble from memory of that weakness.

He had only five weeks in Europe and then had to fly home to his office. Adele, with a falling sensation, went back to Paris—to her cheap restaurants and her student friends, to dull engagements with people on her "list," to serious young Americans planning great things for themselves. She had a miserable winter, spent mostly in Brussels, with lonely trips to Ghent, Bruges, and the museums in Holland. She worked hard, because this discipline was now a part of her nature, but she was cold and dreary, and found both herself and her life disappointing. With a nearly unbearable stab of anguish, she realized she had nothing new to say about Van Eyck or about Flemish altar painting. No effort could temper that discouraging realization. Again she felt close to tears a great deal of the time, and she tried to run away from her distress by spending three weeks in London. Here she saw people her own age—school friends, scholars with no money—and began to have some hope that she could manage for herself. She looked up more names on her list, and each captured person was nice, but the coldness and dreariness and loneliness of the winter were stronger than anything else and they prevailed. Wherever she went, her slim beauty astonished people, but this was mere admiration and counted for little when what she wanted was freedom, excitement, companionship, decisions taken off her shoulders. It was humiliating; nevertheless she looked forward to her return to New York and to a job.

During the winter, Matt wrote to her. More than once, he sent her mad cables from bars, where he, cold sober, went with his clients and managed to do all the wild, exaggerated things he used to do when drunk. He sent her nylon stockings; he wrote her love letters, which were unaccountably shy and inexpressive, beginning with a "Dear" and ending abruptly with "Love, Matt." The propriety and epistolary decorum of Matt's Illinois Methodist forebears came out when he was obliged to send a love letter across the ocean. Adele, on the other hand, wrote him some rather emotional letters, filled with all the aches of her loneliness. In Matt's presence her language had not been marked by ardor, but now that he was away—far away—caution, shyness, and even her good sense vanished, and she wrote whatever came into her head.

In her letters to her mother, Adele had mentioned Matt, but always with a show of cynicism. That seemed to be the proper way to speak to her mother about such a person as Matt. It was easier for Adele to be ashamed of her disloyalty than to display, for her mother's eye, mushiness and sentimentality. She wrote, "Here in Belgium I feel as spleenish as Baudelaire did about this country and its people. I could even wish, in my fallen state, for the company of my huckster dude friend Matt."

WHEN Adele's year abroad was over, she returned to New York looking pale and sadly shabby. She returned with boxes and boxes of books, and with the sorrow of her desolate winter still clinging to her. Her mother and Matt were waiting at the dock. She was swept up immediately into Matt's gushing generosity, lifted from the crowded third-class lounge into the dizziness of an irregular, free-spending city life. Matt, looking plump, rosy-

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THE BUSES HEADED FOR SCRANTON

The buses headed for Scranton travel in pairs.
The lead bus is the bolder,
With the taut appearance of one who greatly dares;
The driver glances constantly over his shoulder.

The buses headed for Scranton are sturdy craft,
Heavy-chested and chunky;
They have ample vision sideways and fore and aft;
The passengers brave, the pilots artful and spunky.

Children creep hand in hand up gloomy stairs;
The buses headed for Scranton travel in pairs.

They tell of a bus that headed for Scranton alone;
It dwindled into the West.
It was later found near a gasoline pump—moss-grown,
Deserted, abandoned, like the Mary Celeste.

Valises snuggled trimly upon the racks,
Lunches in tidy packets,
Twelve *Daily Newses* in neat, pathetic stacks,
Thermoses, Chiclets, and books with paper jackets.

Some say the travellers saw the Wendigo,
Or were eaten by bears.
I know not the horrid answer, I only know
That the buses headed for Scranton travel in pairs.

—OGDEN NASH

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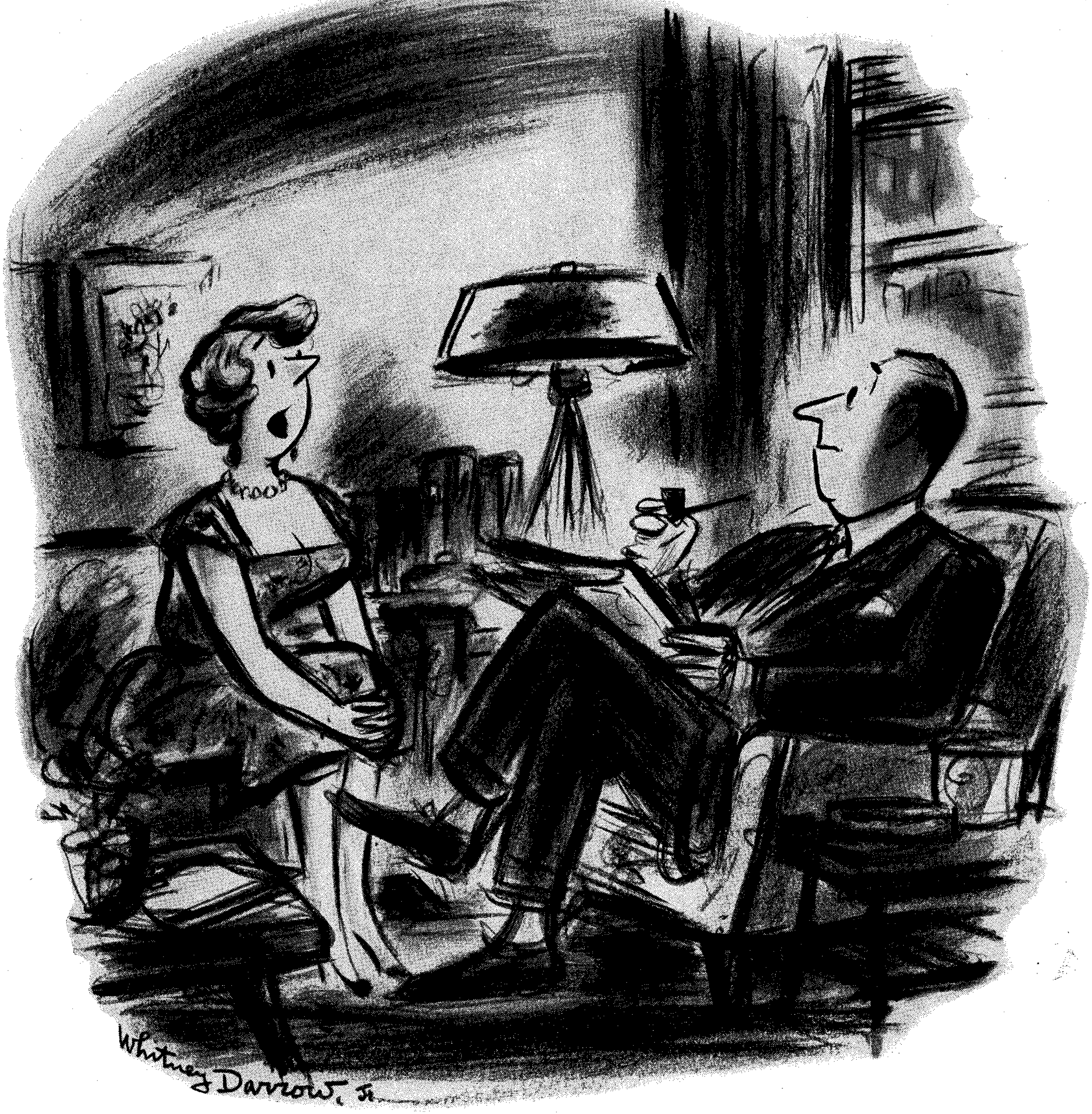
Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"Henry, I've fallen in love with our marriage counsellor."

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faced, and brightly evident, had been about his work for an hour before the boat was due to arrive: porters had been bribed; a taxi-driver had been tipped and told to come back at the precise moment when, according to Matt's calculations, a cab would be needed; a small bouquet of white roses had miraculously stayed damp and fresh while Matt managed and bribed and tipped and waited. The free and somewhat comic expenditure of cash was, with him, a special kind of attractiveness. In his presence there were always eagerness and rush and the jingling of coin; everything was funny—people laughed, Matt laughed. Prodigal and cozy, benevolently smiling, familiar and yet magical in his powers, he was like some comfortable, homely, prayer-answering god of the hearth and table. He was, it soon came out, making more money than ever.

Lily Wayland, whom Matt was meeting for the first time, made a great impression on him. Her throaty voice and distinguished smile had gracefully survived a hard winter. She had not known that Matt would be there to meet Adele, but she smiled and enjoyed his gallantries and efforts quite as gratefully as her daughter did. With her nose buried in Adele's rose bouquet, she could not resist saying, "Our thanks, Baron Ochs, our cavalier!," trusting, with reason, that Matt would not recognize the reference to the fat, lusty villain in the Strauss opera.

Matt bowed happily and whizzed the ladies off to their apartment, where he insisted he would leave them for the afternoon, because they must have "everything and its grandmother to talk over together." They were, however, quick to accept his invitation for dinner.

"It seems a little second-rate to be rushing out the first night you're home, darling," Lily said to Adele after he had left. "And the man—to me, at least—is nearly a stranger. Still, I couldn't even try to resist. Gracious, how splendid not to have to cook your triumphal meal!"

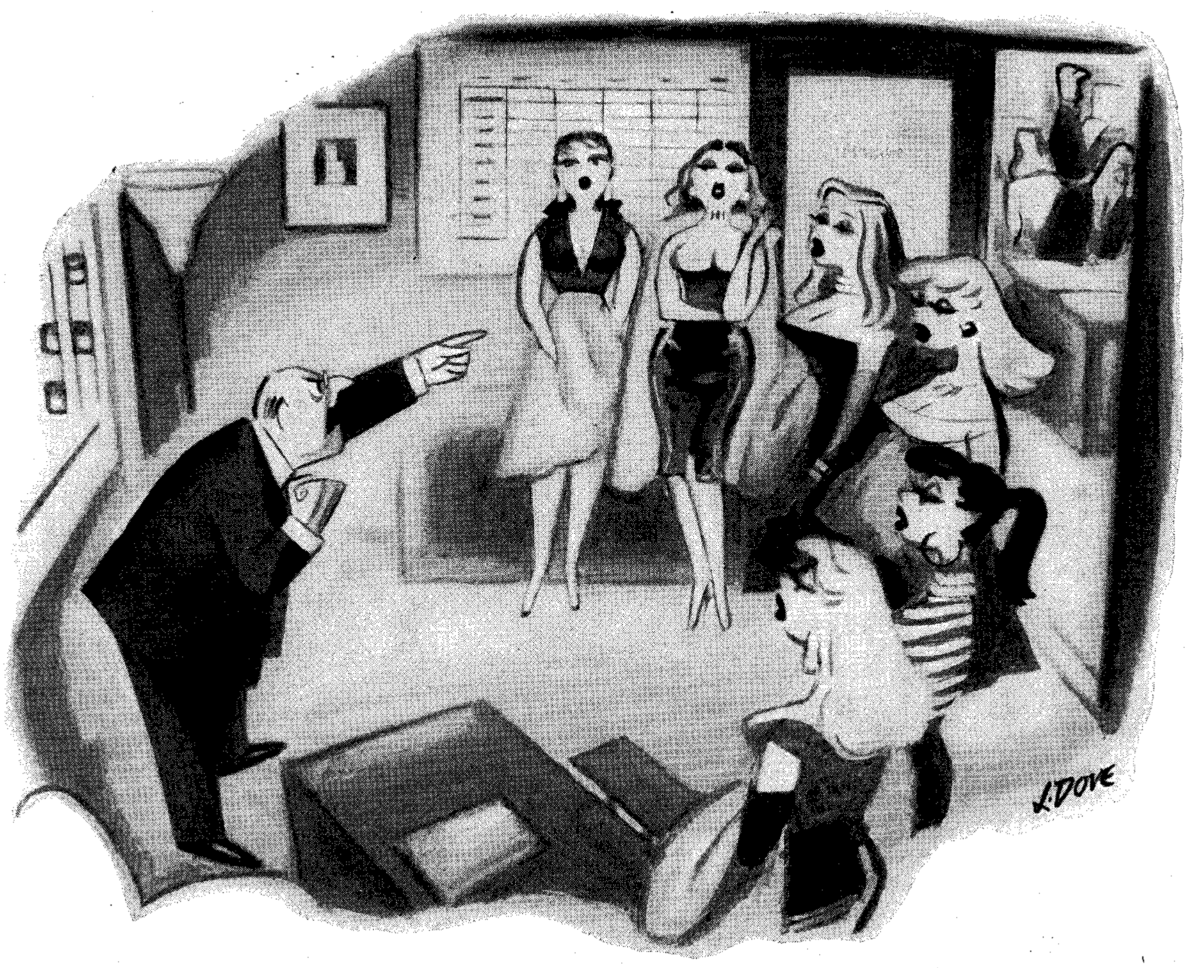
"Yes, Mother," Adele said. "I'm ashamed to admit how much I hope he takes us to some smart place."

"Yes, something costly and filled with important people to look upon and gossip about."

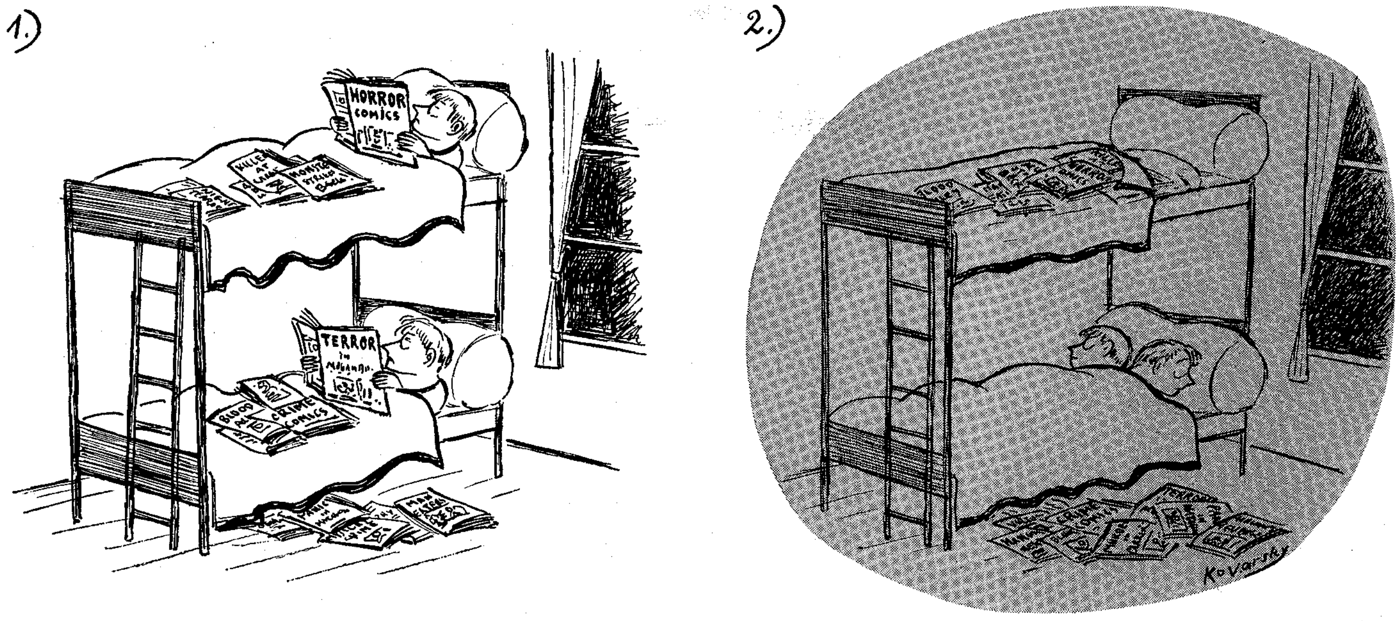
During the afternoon, Adele lazily went about unpacking, all the while astonishingly aware of the way she was longing for the time when Matt, with his eternally waiting taxi, would rush up to the apartment, lift her out of her independence, and lead her gaily from one place to another. It was delightful to think of being handed about, paid for, displayed once more. Had Matt been a really wealthy man, some guilt and complication might have attached to all this, but no matter how high his earnings might go, no one could really think of Matt as anything except childishly free-spending and high-tipping. No great moral issues presented themselves; he was the lower orders on a perpetual spree, rather than an instance of privilege. Matt was the man who "had plenty of dough;" he was not to be described as "rich" or "wealthy."

IN September, Adele began a job with the Metropolitan Museum. It was not the important appointment she had dreamed of in her college days; it did not pay very well, and yet she could at least feel—or try to—that her connection with the great Museum justified her years of labor and study. Things would have been happier had she been able to think of her new work as the end she sought, but this was not the case. All during the working day, she experienced anxiety about her career and shame about the extraordinary and undeniable decline of her professional ambition. Nervously she would vow to set aside three evenings a week and all day Sunday for her writing on Flemish altar painting—but just to think of Flemish altar painting filled her with distress. She scolded herself because the pieces were not *already* written; she sighed with regret for the extra work she had failed to do during her precious year abroad. She could not endure the thought that her lovely life was to be just this—just working in the Museum five days a week. The work was pleasant, but she had not asked for a pleasant job; she had asked herself for some sort of unique achievement and situation. She even began to take stock of her beauty, to admit it, to criticize herself for wasting that talent, along with her others. She was indeed beautiful, and if this was to be all—the present agreeable job—she might better not have gone to college in the first place. If, somehow, destiny meant to deprive her of personal greatness, she was certainly fit to marry greatness, fit to live on the public stage, to adorn a serious and exalted life. This vision and these demands were not merely her own; they were her heritage from her mother and father. True, her father, Dickie Wayland, had not "done anything," but he had been well known as a charmer, sought out as a famous, even an "important," ne'er-do-well.

Adele, however, did not write her articles three nights a week and on Sunday. Instead, she went home from work, took a bath, creamed her face, lay down on the bed with her eyes closed, in preparation not for art history but for an evening engagement. With terrible impatience and gratitude she waited for Matt to call for her at seven-thirty. Always they went out. They dined; they went to the theatre, to movies, and to amusing bars for a nightcap. Rarely, she went back with Matt to the grubby apartment he lived in, near First Avenue. More often, she went home, slept soundly, and awakened with her mind already set upon the coming evening, only hoping to endure the coming day. Lily Wayland sometimes went out to dinner or to the theatre with them. When she protested that she should not accept Matt's generosity, he would fall on his knees and say in a fake Southern accent, "Miss Lily, we all adores you!" He did adore Lily; he sent her funny postcards signed with ridiculous names,



"That's all, girls. Now get out there and bring in those proxies!"



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he brought flowers, gloves, a scarf. Lily accepted his gifts with her hoarse, indolent laugh, and said, "I'm a rotten peach already, so spoil me more!"

Alone with Adele, Lily once reflected, "That man is frightfully goodhearted. I feel a little uncertain about it, a little guilty. Are we taking advantage of him, do you suppose?"

"I hope not!" Adele said, hastening to leave the subject. She did not, as the months passed, like to discuss Matt with her mother. The temptation to be frank and ironical about him had vanished; she did not want to talk about him in any manner now.

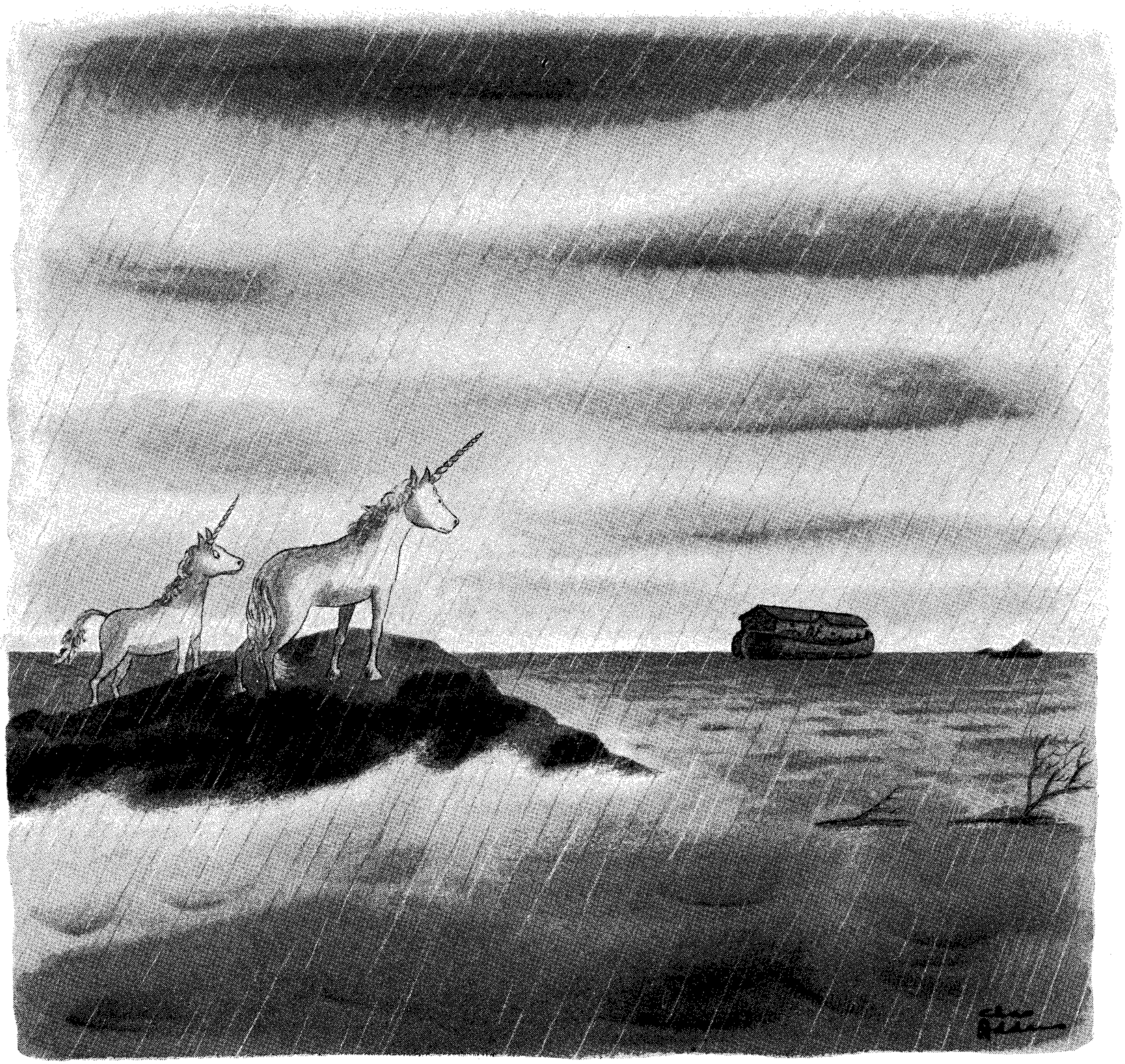
And it always seemed that just when they wanted Matt, there he was, at the door, doffing his cheap hat, looking absurd, bowing and calling out, "Dear ladies! I do not know which I love best, the dear widow or my beautiful work of art."

Adele did not ask herself openly where her romance with Matt would end. She even tried to prevent herself from wondering about it, and fortunately she had little time to wonder, because she was either working or dressing for the evening or falling asleep exhausted and strangely happy. During these months, she continued to have other engagements from time to time. She went to exhibitions on Saturday afternoons with her old friends. Occasionally, she went along with them to bottle parties in the Village at some painter's studio, or to cold-water-flat cocktail parties where thirty people got very drunk in one tiny room. At these times, she was always quiet and friendly, but withdrawn, and experiencing faint feelings of depression and self-criticism. These parties and friends brought back the terrors and hopes of her school years; a fever of competitiveness would rise in her briefly, along with a terrible reluctance to begin her labors once more. Sitting on an uncomfortable chair in a painter's studio, she would be forced to accept herself as one who worked madly only to fall apart on the very threshold of her goal—one who sank just as land was in sight. As she looked about the disordered studio, her art history was threatening to her inward peace, and yet fearful still in its hold upon her. But when she was with Matt, her art history did not challenge her; instead, it took its rightful place as an accomplishment to be proud of, a lucky circumstance, a gift from heaven. It was like her beautiful legs and her clever mother. Matt imagined that her learning, of itself, brought Adele the satisfaction she had sought when she so industriously, and at such cost to herself, acquired it.

THE romance, of course, did, at last, start to give pain rather than pleasure. "Sooner or later, there is trouble in paradise," Lily Wayland observed. The bitter moment came suddenly, and its grimness lay in the fact that a decision had to be made. Matt's office wanted him to go to Dallas. They planned to make him director of a new branch there, and he planned, without hesitation, to accept. "There are acres and acres of cash in Texas," he said. Not only did he mean to go to his new office, he was much pleased by the thought of it, and he seemed to assume that Adele would go with him.

Adele did not want to go to Texas—not at all. She could not! From the very first moment, she knew it was impossible. If they went to Dallas, she felt—even though Matt had said nothing about it—that they would have to marry; they would rent an apartment, buy furniture, make friends, go to the country club on Saturday evening. But she didn't want furniture, a Thunderbird, a fur cape to wear to suburban cocktail parties. Her eyes filled with tears when Matt told her of the change in his life. "I cannot do it!" she said immediately. She could not imagine them in their own house. In New York, Matt was possible. His soul had some of the gritty grandeur of the city itself; like a nomad, restlessly seeking, he roamed the midtown plains with all the knowingness of an animal that has found its natural grazing spot. The beauty of Matt's life was defined by taxis, expense accounts, even by his dingy little flat on East Fifty-second Street. There Matt, the only Matt Adele could imagine, made his cheap bachelor home, which was like his cheap bachelor clothes. In his apartment, his dusty one-and-a-half, there were Coke bottles and streaky highball glasses on the coffee table; the old-fashioned air-conditioner, long since past using, rusted on the window sill; his towels collected under the washbasin until his once-a-week cleaning woman took them to the Chinese laundry. This was where Matt slept, but his true home was a restaurant, or even, one might say, a taxicab. Not to be going to first nights, small East Side movie houses, bars with good "society pianists," was unimaginable. Matt, puffy and blond, with his alimony, his sharp-nosed sons who went to military school—*this* Matt, watering the lawn on a Texas Sunday!

One night, Matt admitted, with the



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persuasiveness of grief in his voice, that he had hated the idea of having Adele for his mistress. He admired her too much, thought her too beautiful and her mother too extraordinary. Phrases like "well bred" and "nice people" came to his lips. "I have felt very guilty, Baby," he said. "Naturally, I've enjoyed it, for such is the nature of the beast, as they say in the movies, but, honestly, I don't think that sort of thing is nearly good enough for you. I don't want to sound like some damn-fool Billy Graham, and yet the truth is, so help me, that it seems a little on the low side, this not being married."

"No, I can't! I can't!" Adele said desperately. "I don't suppose you will understand it, but I really must stay at the Museum. I couldn't do my work outside the city. Forgive me, Matt!"

"I hate to be beaten by the Old Masters," Matt said jauntily, but unable to conceal his bottomless disappointment. He tried again, he begged, he hoped for a while. Then he went off to Dallas alone.

ADELE and Lily stayed on in New York. Once more they began to invite guests to their apartment for a nice French-casserole-and-green-salad supper, once more they spent the weekends altering dresses, talking ironically, and trying to get brilliant invitations for the following summer. Adele would think of writing a book, or discuss the buying of a new dress, or smile when her mother walked about in costly French shoes given to her by Madeline Patterson, which, she said, "were not wildly comfortable."

Sometimes Lily would say to her daughter, "Dallas . . . I suppose for your particular talents it would have been quite the end." And then she would sigh. Adele could make no answer. She would just lie back disconsolately on the sofa and listen to the radio, or simply rest her eyes. Her mother, sitting across the room with a highball glass in her hand, would shake her head and say, " '*Povera Butterfly*.' "

—ELIZABETH HARDWICK

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The Rev. Dr. George M. Docherty, pastor of Washington's New York Avenue Presbyterian Church, was admitted to the Medical College of Virginia in Richmond last night. He is suffering from trouble trouble.—*Washington Star.*

We know, we know.

PROFILES

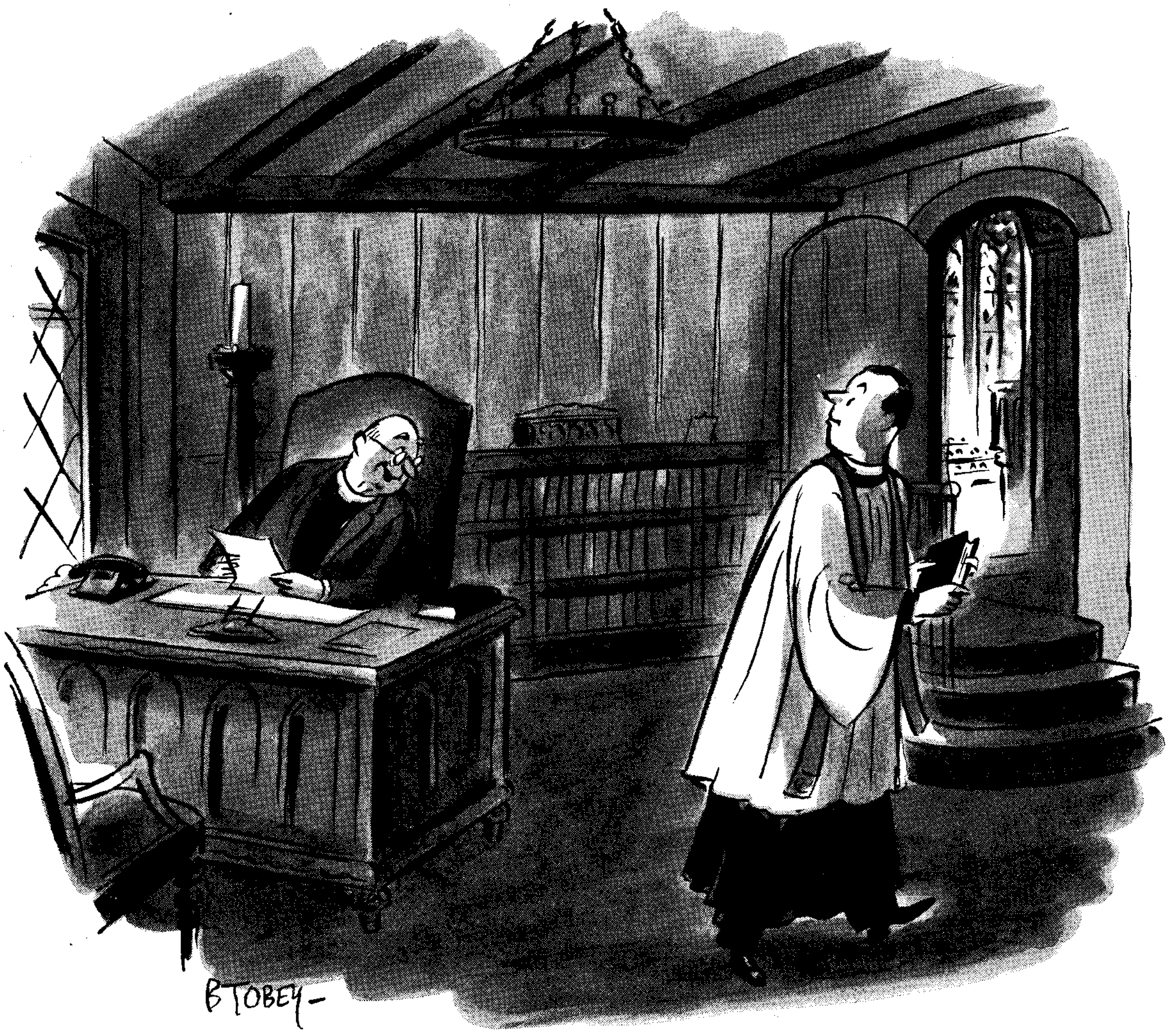
EAR-DRIVEN—II

EMORY COOK, the six-foot, blue-eyed president of Sounds of Our Times, a small record-manufacturing company in Stamford, Connecticut, that he founded six years ago and that makes up in profits for what it lacks in size, is an amateur psychiatrist whose favorite patient is himself. A sound engineer whose persistent, if frequently unorthodox, efforts to raise the nation's sonic standards have made him one of the best-known figures in the rapidly expanding circle of high-fidelity, or hi-fi, enthusiasts, he has managed, during occasional introspective sessions, to reach the conclusion that he would never have embraced his present career if his family had not been so doggedly outdoor-minded. Despite several fairly strenuous excursions he has made to remote spots in search of suitable sounds to record, he looks upon his profession as essentially sedentary and believes that he drifted into it as an unconscious protest against the adult fresh-air activities he witnessed as a child. Among Cook's numerous offending relatives were foresters, farmers, sheep raisers, a mother who was an indefatigable berrypicker, and, to top it off, an aunt who majored in animal husbandry at Cornell. To be sure, his father, Harry, was a lawyer—in Albany, where Cook was born—but, according to his son, he was "an outdoor lawyer," who was forever trying to escape from the confines of his calling by devoting his late afternoons and weekends to gardening, collecting butterflies, searching for fossils, and, back in the family living room after dark, reminiscing about his days in the open as an end on the Union College football team. "Mine was a case of an early trauma," says Cook, now a moody, restless man of forty-three. "I never wanted to grow up to be a baseball player or a trolley-car conductor. Right from the start, I knew that whatever I was going to do would have to be done indoors." Cook thinks there is no telling how far his father might have gone in the legal profession if it had not been for his aversion to roofs and walls; even with half his mind on fauna, flora, and fossils, the elder Cook developed one of the most thriving practices in the Albany area, with a clientele that included Charles P. Steinmetz, the scientific whiz at General Electric, and this enabled him to bring up his son, an only child, in an atmosphere of upper-middle-class comfort. The family lived in a spacious pre-Revolutionary house, which Cook's mother, the former Lavinia Cole, of Pawling, carpeted amply with Chinese rugs and furnished in Colonial style. "It was all too damn comfortable, and left me with the usual feelings of guilt," Cook says. To make matters worse, he adds, at the age of six he was given the opportunity to take lessons in playing the piano and the flute, and self-indulgently taught himself to play the guitar. He loved all three instruments—so much, in fact, that after a few years of happy study he felt obliged to give them up. "Masochism," he explains.

Whatever the youngster's motivations, he forsook the music room for the cellar, where, thoroughly insulated from the great outdoors, he began spending his after-school hours assembling and disassembling radio sets and other electrical equipment; once, he constructed a burglar alarm as a gift for his parents, who were unimpressed. "I made up my mind I was going to be some kind of engineer," Cook says. "That was something that neither my father nor my mother had ever suggested, so it appealed to me. I was rebelling against them, you see." As a matter of fact, his parents were less concerned at the time with what sort of career he was to follow than with a disturbing suspicion that he was growing deaf. "Sometimes they'd have to repeat things to me until they were blue in the face, and people still do, although obviously I'm anything but deaf," says Cook, whose extraordinarily keen sense of hearing and zealous pursuit of purity in sound have prompted one of his associates to describe him as "ear-driven." "The trouble is my ear is so damn selective that it may pick out any one of a number of sounds around me instead of the sound I ought to be listening to. Half the time, I have to read lips. If I take a hearing test, I'm apt to hear the air brakes of a bus down in the street, and not the ticking of the watch that the doctor is gradually drawing farther and farther away from me. I used to try to explain this to the doctors, but I've given up. Well, it's a world in which we all have to take hearing tests from time to time—for college physicals, the Army, life insurance, and so on—so years ago I stood around while a couple of my friends took them, and got to know just when it's safe to tell the doctor that I can't hear his watch any more."

Emory Cook

COOK attended the Albany Academy, a private school, and in 1925 entered Phillips Exeter, where he distinguished himself as an indoor athlete, making the ping-pong and fencing teams. Upon graduating, in 1930, he enrolled at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology as a student of engineering, but his interest in that subject did not extend to its academic aspects and manifested itself only by impelling him to put together what he believes were unquestionably the finest radio and phonograph to be found in Boston at that time, a feat he accomplished after prowling the shops of Washington Street—the Cortlandt Street of Boston—in search of parts. It hardly came as a surprise to him when he flunked out at the end of his first year. He kicked around at loose ends for a few months, and then, over his mother's objections (his father had died in 1926), enlisted in the Army, which assigned him to the Air Force at Wheeler Field, in Hawaii. "That silver cord had to be severed sometime," he says of his decision to make this abrupt break with home. He put in two and a half vegetative years as a private in Headquarters and in Supply, during which he now and then relieved the monotony by persuading an Army pilot to let him go along as a passenger on a training flight. On one of these flights, the pilot was so badly hung over that he collapsed soon after the takeoff, and Cook, who had never so much as han-



"Pour it on!"

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dled the controls of a plane on the ground, made a successful crash landing in a pineapple field. "It was the sort of incident that separates the men from the boys," Cook said not long ago, nodding portentously.

In 1935, back in the States after completing his hitch, Cook resumed the academic life, this time at Cornell. Here, once again, his primary interest was extracurricular—helping operate the radio transmitter at station WESG, in Ithaca. In order to get the job, for which he was paid sixty cents an hour, he had to obtain a federal license certifying that he was a radiotelephone operator, first class. This necessitated his passing a highly technical two-day written examination, in the course of which he must have had to rely more heavily on his juvenile cellar researches than on his M.I.T. training; in any event, he received his license at twenty-two—a very tender age for such an achievement. All during his sophomore, junior, and senior years, from seven in the morning until nine at night, except when he was attending classes, he monitored the transmitter; that is, he kept an ear cocked to the WESG wave length, listening for warning signals that the station had strayed from its allotted frequency and, whenever it did so, fiddling with dials to correct the situation. WESG was both his library and his dormitory, for he did his studying while monitoring and slept on a cot at the station. "At first, the constant sound of the programs nearly drove me crazy, but as the months and years went by, it came to be a kind of roommate for me," he says. "Gradually, I found I could study better at the station than anywhere else. I'd sit at a table boning up on calculus, and every now and then I'd stop to listen consciously to the sound, and it would give me a feeling of peace. I was living in two worlds at once—the world of the ear and the ordinary world, which for me at the time was a world of classrooms and textbooks. For months after I got out of college, I missed the monitoring desperately. I'd have to have a radio going if I wanted to get something done. When there was no radio around, it was sort of like being in one of those so-called dead rooms at the Bell Laboratories that are padded five feet thick with sound-absorbent material. Worse than a bank vault. It's like dying, being in a dead room."

Cook graduated from Cornell in 1938, with a degree in electrical engineering, and began his professional career, not very auspiciously, as a janitor in the Niagara Hudson Power Corporation's substation at Pleasant Valley, New York—a hamlet that, recalling the long hours he spent there dejectedly swabbing floors, he describes as "an unpleasant, unvalleyed spot on the road to the Berkshires." His pay was twenty-eight dollars a week, but after six months of the grind things began to look up when he was promoted to the job of operator and given a four-dollar raise. No amount of promotion could alleviate the desolation of Pleasant Valley, however, and by the time he had spent a year and a half there he was quite prepared to take a pay cut in order to renew his contact with society. The New York offices of the Columbia Broadcasting System provided both the cut and the contact by hiring him, at a salary of twenty-five dollars a week, as an apprentice in its general-engineering division, where designs for improving the company's studio equipment originated. Cook proved a misfit right from the start, and after a brief spell he was transferred to the construction-engineering division, where general engineering's designs were executed. He got along no better there. "Emory just didn't belong in a big company," says Gus Jose, who was employed in the construction-engineering division in those days, and tried to take the young newcomer in hand. "He simply could not understand why so many bosses had to give their O.K. before he could act on the ideas he kept having, and he'd walk around the shop swearing to anyone who'd listen that within five years he'd be in business for himself." Cook put in

Sports Car—Family Size!

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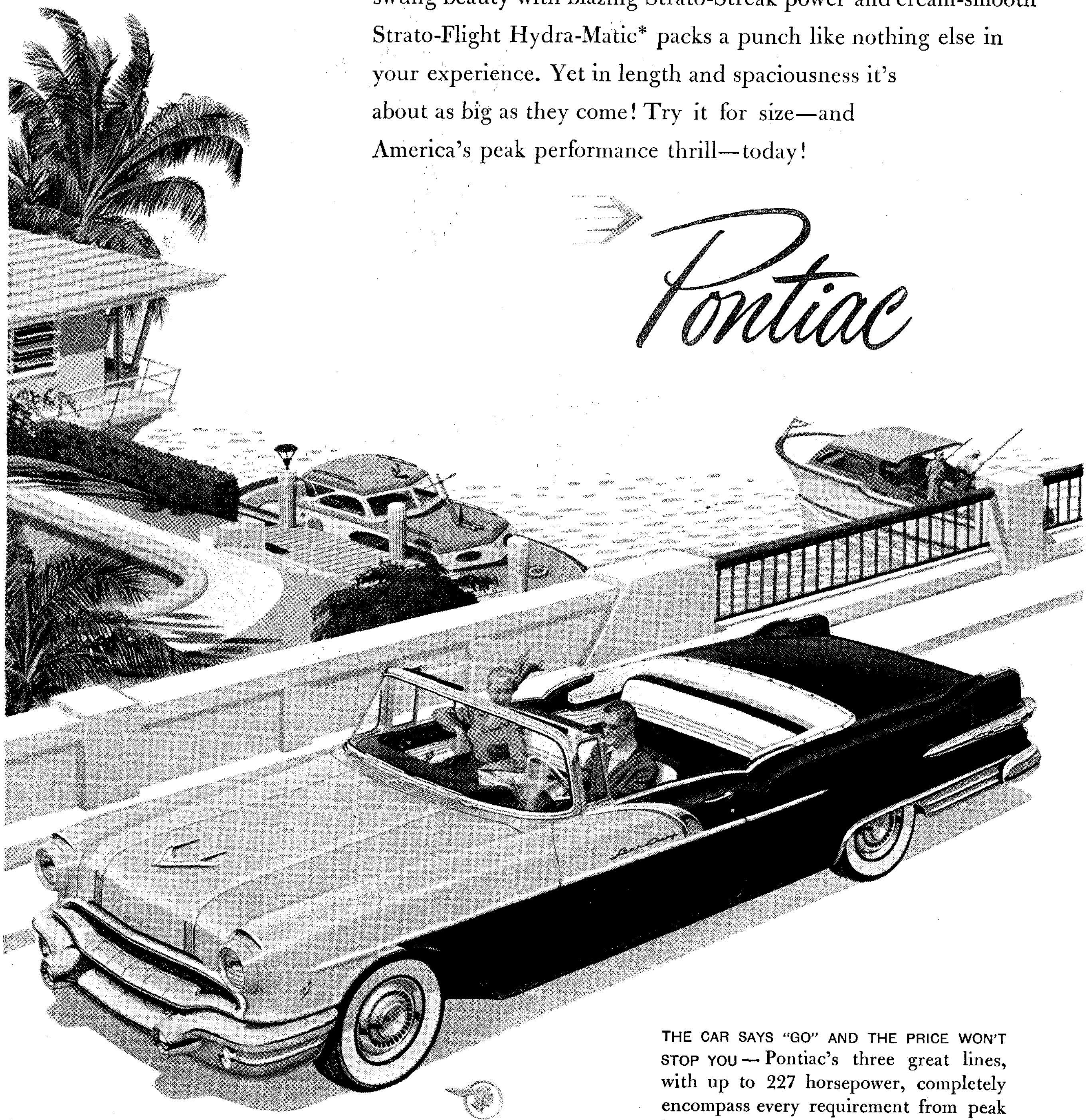

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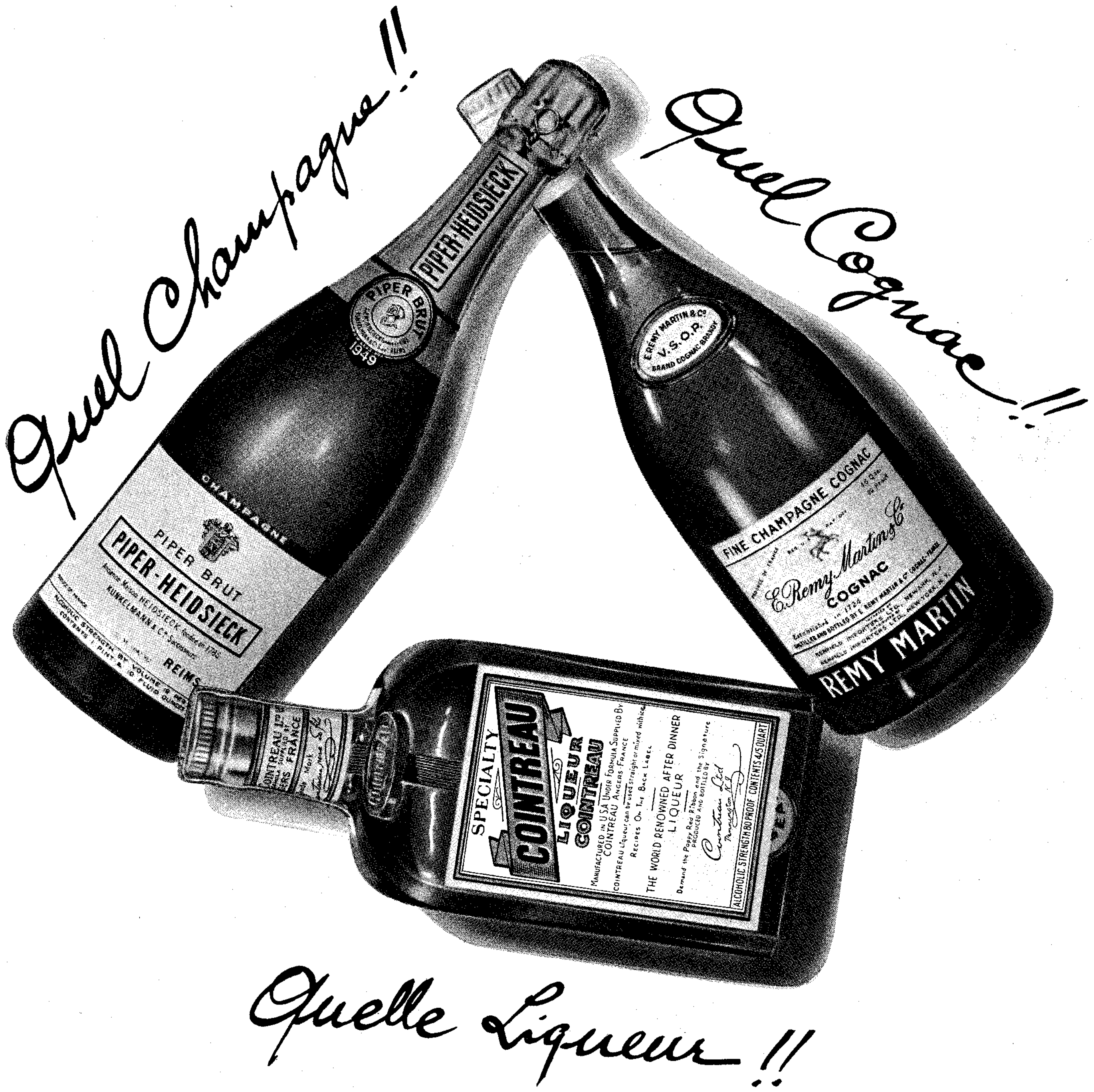
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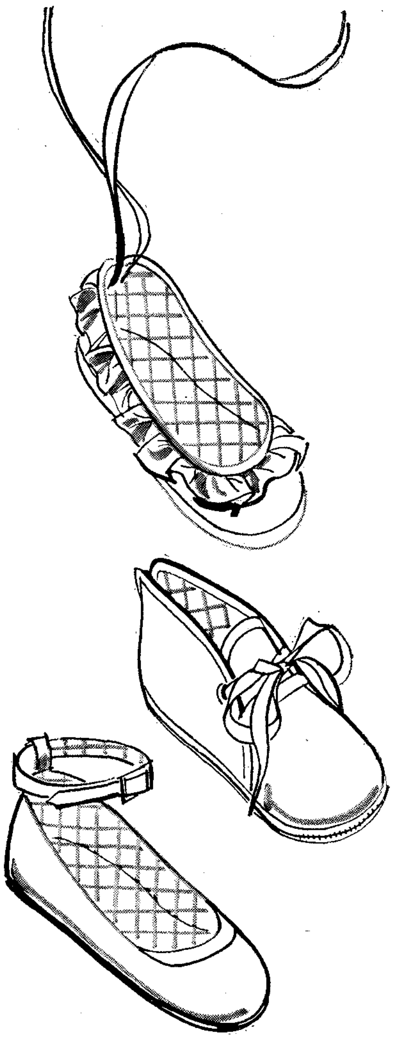
a miserable year at C.B.S., and then, shortly after the attack on Pearl Harbor; switched to Western Electric, which, deep in war work, assigned him to the Navy as a civilian field engineer specializing in radar instruction. His task, which took him aboard some four hundred destroyers and frequently involved hazardous voyages, was to persuade Navy gunners to stop relying on the range finders to which they had long been accustomed and, instead, to supply the appropriate mathematical data to the computers of their new radar-controlled artillery. In the course of this work, Cook invented a radar-trainer device, comparable to the Link Trainer for plane pilots, that came to be known as the Mark I Fire-Control Radar Trainer and that earned him a citation in a Navy Commendation, which stated, in part, "The Trainer was enthusiastically received by the Service and is, insofar as destroyer Fire-Control Radar is concerned, one of the most valuable aids ever developed. . . . The above results . . . are largely due to your initiative, ingenuity, and rare foresight."

BY the time the war ended, Cook was a man with responsibilities and only the vaguest idea as to how he was going to shoulder them. In 1942, he had married Flavia Dunlavey, a government secretary whom he met in New York while he was still with C.B.S., and the following year he had become the father of a son, Stephen. Thanks to a small killing he had made in the stock market, he owned a small house in Floral Park, Long Island, but there were substantial mortgage payments to be made on it. His mother had been left in comfortable circumstances by her husband, and this gave Cook an intimation, always reassuring to the head of a household, that no matter how bad things got, his dependents weren't likely to starve; on the other hand, he could see that they weren't going to live very well unless he settled down to some sort of orderly career. The obvious answer was Western Electric, by which he was still employed, but now that the war was over, staying on there would mean spending years in a lowly post in a vast corporate hierarchy, and his memories of his wretched months at C.B.S. were still vivid enough to convince him that he would never make good working for a big company of any kind. The sole prospect that seemed at all promising—and its promise was extremely nebulous—lay in what he had theretofore regarded merely as a hobby. During the war, whenever he had been able to get back to Floral Park for a weekend he had reverted to his old Albany habit of tinkering in a cellar workshop, but his interest had advanced with the times from radios to electrical recording devices. On Sunday afternoons, he experimented with a series of these, recording the broadcasts of the New York Philharmonic and then listening critically to the playbacks. They appalled him. Some recording instruments were better than others, he noted, but none of them could be counted on to give a uniformly acceptable performance. Whatever it was that made them so unreliable, Cook now decided, was worth looking into. He discussed the matter with some sound engineers of his acquaintance, but their reactions, from his point of view, were far wide of the mark; they looked upon the problem as one of distortions and frequency spectrums, or ranges of tone, whereas he was thinking in much more analytical terms. "My friends didn't seem to grasp the fact that the reproduction of sound must be a blend of two sciences—engineering *and* acoustics," he recalls. "They didn't dissect the sound of a record. If they had, they would have realized there is that added dimension of acoustics. Or perhaps I should say if they had been able to dissect it, because I was gradually becoming aware that things didn't sound the same to me as they did to most people. To me it was a matter of balanced acoustics. Take the recording of an orchestra, for instance. I'd found that it was perfectly possible to reproduce the music on a record so that it was nearly perfect from the technical point of view—very little distortion and a wide frequency spectrum—but it still sounded lousy acoustically, as if the orchestra had been jammed into a telephone booth. I was looking for a vivid, exciting performance that would give you the feeling it had been recorded in its proper setting. I was talking about having a guitar sound as if it was being played in a patio, not in a studio."

Cook resigned from Western Electric in December, 1945, and, after several weeks of full-time research, decided that faulty reproduction was caused by the cutting head—the instrument that feeds sound onto a master record by controlling the vibrations of the stylus, or cutting needle. The best cutting heads then in use, called feedback cutters, were available in two models, both of them owned by Western Electric, which held the patents on the designs; instead of producing them in quantity and selling them, Western Electric was attempting to guarantee itself a continuing income by retaining



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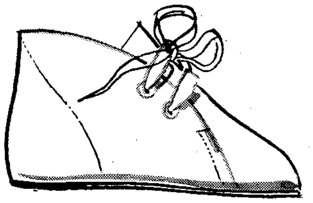

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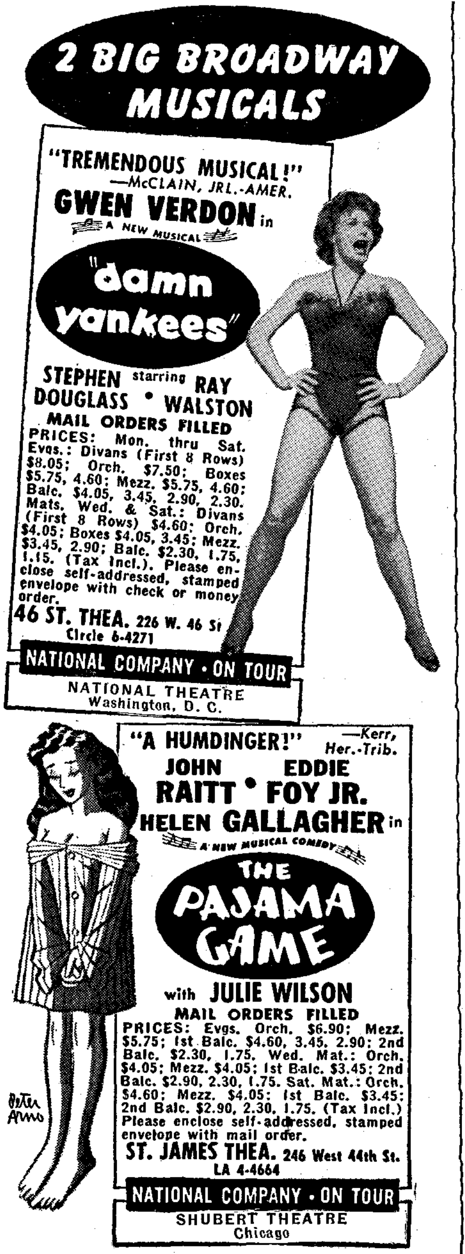
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possession of its feed-back cutters and allowing record-makers to use them on a rental basis only. Cook had a hunch that record-makers would respond eagerly to an opportunity to buy, rather than rent, and accordingly he set about designing a feed-back cutter of his own—a laborious and delicate undertaking that entailed, among other things, arranging two hundred feet of wire finer than human hair according to a precise pattern around a metal core no bigger than a pencil. In the spring of 1946, he completed a feed-back cutter that satisfied him, patented it, and began canvassing record companies with the proposal that he make duplicates of his model for them at seven hundred dollars apiece. But just as he was about to land his first customer, the better part of his market was wiped out by the sudden postwar switch to magnetic tape, which, because of the relative simplicity and compactness of the equipment required for its use, soon became the standard means of making original recordings. While cutting heads were still needed to transmit those recordings from tape to master records, their role in the industry had diminished to such a point that in the spring of 1947 Cook decided he would have to look for some more dependable means of making a living.

Fortunately, just as this blow fell, Cook received a consoling offer from another quarter—radio station WMGM and its sister company, M-G-M Records, which used the station's studios for making recordings. A couple of months earlier, with the help of his feed-back cutting head, he had turned out some master records for the M-G-M people, and the results had so impressed officials of the radio station that they presently commissioned him to design and equip three recording rooms. It was a big job, and a broadening one, for it involved familiarizing himself with the very latest sound-reproduction devices of all sorts and made it clear to him that the cutting head was not alone to blame for mediocre recordings; microphones, for example, had not been included in his cellar experiments, but now that he found himself working with them, the existing models struck him as far from adequate. Cook devised a number of important modifications for sound equipment and incorporated them into the WMGM recording rooms, for which the station rewarded him with a contract as a consulting engineer, an arrangement that continued in effect until 1953. This left him ample time to conduct further

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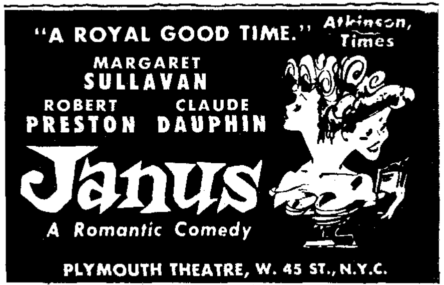
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Bob Trumbull has been reporting the news from Asia for more than 20 years. He started in 1933, fresh out of the University of Washington at Seattle, on the Honolulu Advertiser. Two years later he was city editor. In 1941, right after Pearl Harbor, he joined The New York Times. Four years later he covered the Japanese surrender aboard the U.S.S. Missouri.

Between Pearl Harbor and the Missouri, however, Bob Trumbull had seen rugged action. He had made combat landings in the Gilberts, the Marshalls, the Marianas, on Iwo Jima. He had covered 13 battles from the decks of U. S. warships. He had landed in Japan with the first U.S. Marines.

He had also found time to write two books. "The Raft" was an expansion of his story in The New York Times of the 34-day ordeal of three Navy fliers on a rubber raft in the Pacific. "Silversides" is the story of a U. S. sub.

War's end brought him neither peace nor rest. He covered the first war crimes trial in history, General Tomoyuki Yamashita's. He was the first reporter to visit Japanese bases closed to foreigners since the Thirties. He was the last reporter to interview Ho Chi Minh, Communist Viet-Minh leader, just before the Indo-China war.

He was in Karachi at noon the day Pakistan became a nation. He was at Delhi that night to see India become a nation. His current volume, "As I See India," is based on eight years as Times correspondent there.

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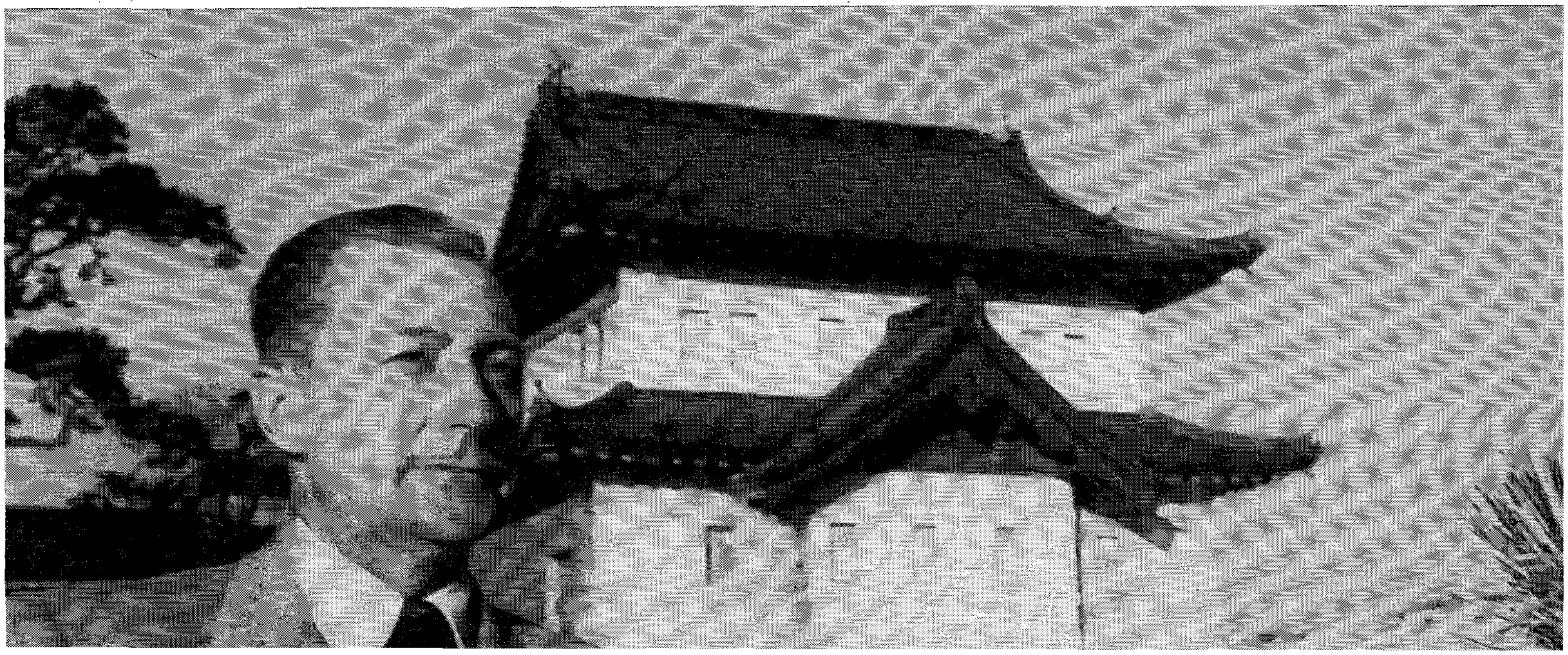

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experiments in his cellar, and one of these led directly to his future career. Equipping himself with an assortment of the most up-to-date microphones, amplifiers, and other electronic contrivances, including an oscillator, a device that produces tones of any desired frequency, he found that he could record frequency spectrums ranging up to twenty thousand cycles per second—20 kc., to the trade—or five thousand cycles higher than any tone previously recorded. To most people, tones of twenty thousand cycles are inaudible, but Cook, with his exceptionally sensitive ear, could hear them. Using his new equipment and techniques, he made a few sample records of piano and organ recitals (the organ of the Cathedral of the Incarnation, in nearby Garden City, provided the music for one of them), not because he thought anybody would particularly want them but just in order to show what could be accomplished with the right tools. In 1949, at the Audio Fair, an annual event held in the Hotel New Yorker, Cook rented part of a small suite, in which to play his samples, his hope being that record-makers and advanced students of hi-fi would be sufficiently impressed by them to place orders for the equipment that had produced them. A simple sign over the entrance to the suite read, "20 kc. Records," and its effect was startling. "It was as if an exhibitor at an aviation show were to hang out a sign reading, '3,000-Mile-per-Hour Plane,'" John Urban, a former editor of *Musical America*, has said. The big question, of course, was: Could 20 kc. be heard by the ordinary person? The answer, if it can be called that, seems to have been that Cook's records, at least, could be heard—and he contends that the 20-kc. tones on them were audible to the rank and file, because they were presented in combination with tones of lower frequencies. Some other sound engineers are skeptical; they think it was only the lower frequencies that were generally audible, and they give the impression that the situation was somewhat comparable to the one in the fable of the emperor's clothes. In any event, hundreds of audiophiles, as the hi-fi buffs who are the mainstay of the industry are known, crowded into Cook's suite and listened raptly to whatever it was they heard. They didn't ask about his equipment, though. They wanted the records themselves, and with such urgency that Cook could easily see where his immediate future lay. In 1950, he founded Sounds of Our Times, a one-man

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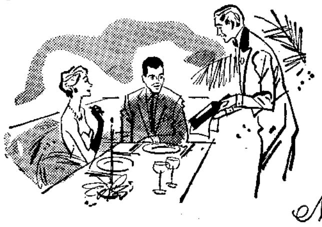

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record-making outfit with offices wherever its president happened to be.

Cook couldn't afford the performers and studios needed for the production of standard recorded fare, but he was a resourceful shoestringer. Learning that a New Jersey man and his wife owned a large collection of nineteenth-century music boxes, he called on the couple shortly before the Christmas season of his first year in business and prevailed upon them to let him make a recording of the melodies played by their choicest instruments. Opportunely calling this "The Christmas Music Box," he got M-G-M to turn out some three thousand pressings of it for him, and, shifting quickly from the role of producer to that of salesman, he managed to sell most of them. Encouraged, he next called up a Gaelic social society, whose name he came across in the Manhattan telephone directory, and asked if anyone there could put him in touch with a good bagpipe player. He was referred to Sean McGonigal, of Kearny, New Jersey, a sign painter and the pipe major of St. Columcille's United Gaelic Pipe Band, made up of musicians from all over the metropolitan area. McGonigal and his cohorts willingly performed for a recording, called "Kilts on Parade," which also sold fairly well. It was Cook's third commercial offering, however—a non-musical and highly original collection of railroad sounds, entitled "Rail Dynamics"—that definitely established him in the business. He introduced it at the Audio Fair of 1951, where it was greeted as a radical new departure in record-making, and it stands today as a breathtaking pioneer example of the now conventional "documentary" record.

Cook's record was the sensation of the Fair. "For three days, the hall outside his exhibit room in the Hotel New Yorker was jammed solid with fevered audiomaniacs, blenching with ecstasy at the tremendous whooshes and roars of Cook's locomotives," the magazine *High Fidelity* reported. "The records sold out as fast as they could be pressed." Jose, who had tried to help Cook adjust himself to life at C.B.S., and was still working there, lent a copy of "Rail Dynamics" to a conductor on the Long Island Rail Road train on which he commuted from his home in Hempstead, and three days later the conductor informed him that thirty of his fellow-trainmen wanted to order copies. All over the country, dealers in high-fidelity equipment played the record to demonstrate the superior quality of their merchandise, but they encountered the same reaction Cook had encountered at the 1949 Audio Fair. People wanted the record, not the equipment. At last, Cook was going places. "I realized it was a mighty competitive field I'd got myself into—this record business," he says. "Back in the days when I was working on my cutting head, I felt very insecure and dreaded the thought of competition. But somehow it didn't bother me now. Maybe all I'd needed right along was a bit of success." The bit was showing definite signs of becoming a lot, and in 1952 he hired a staff of three and established a headquarters for his company in a building—specifically, and perhaps significantly, in its cellar—a block from the railroad tracks in Stamford. He also incorporated the firm as Cook Laboratories, a name that he now uses interchangeably with Sounds of Our Times but that has never been as popular among the admirers of his records as its highly descriptive alternative.

It is Cook's theory—possibly a rather tenuous one—that his inspiration to record "Rail Dynamics" can be traced back to the enjoyable hours he once spent with the piano, flute, and guitar. "Most recording engineers are frustrated musicians," he told a writer from *High Fidelity* who interviewed him a year or so ago. "They want to put themselves into the records they make . . . to 'create' something they can identify later, with pride, and say, 'This is me!' " In one sense, at least, Cook put himself into "Rail Dynamics" to an alarming degree, for he gathered his sounds by perching perilously atop trestles and at tunnel entrances, hanging far outside the windows of speeding trains, and skipping about among switches, spurs, and third rails. (His theatre of operations was the

New York Central line between Peekskill and New York.) He had to do his gathering late at night, in order to minimize the risk of polluting his record with alien noises like automobile horns and factory whistles, and more than one station agent who spotted his shadowy figure as he made his way across the tracks, trailing the cable of his microphone, tried to shoo him away. "They were convinced I was out to dynamite the line," Cook says. "I'd flash my gasoline credit card and tell them I'd been O.K.'d by New York. Sometimes it worked, sometimes it didn't."

Cook and his wife were divorced in 1950, and six months later he married Mildred Emody, a secretary at WMGM. In 1951, they moved from Floral Park to a house he bought in Pound Ridge, New York, because he mistakenly thought its acoustics would be ideal for the making and playing of records. What he particularly liked about the house, a reconverted barn, was its living room, which had a balcony nine feet high at one end and a ceiling that rose to a peak twenty-five feet above the floor. Here he installed, directly under the balcony and reaching all the way up to it, a mammoth speaker enclosure—a two-inch-thick plywood shell, mounted on a concrete slab, that he fitted out with two fifteen-inch woofers (low-frequency horns, or loudspeakers), eight tweeters (high-frequency horns), and a mid-range horn. Cook's hopes for the place were dashed when he played back the first recording he made there—of a performance on the harp by Edward Vito, who now plays with the Symphony of the Air. To his dismay, it was immediately evident that the room's wooden walls and ceiling were far too sound-absorbent. "Dead, dead, dead," he muttered to Vito disconsolately. The following week, he and the harpist made a triumphant recording of the same music in the chapel of a Harlem undertaking establishment, whose stone walls, he had been tipped off by a friend, gave sounds a superlatively vibrant quality. As a matter of fact, Cook has made out very well, acoustically, in religious auditoriums, having also done notable recordings of an organ recital in a Mexican cathedral and a calliope recital in the Presbyterian Church of Stamford.

In 1952, Cook and his second wife separated, and two years later he sold his Pound Ridge place and moved to a two-room apartment in a frame house in Stamford. Possibly as a reaction to his

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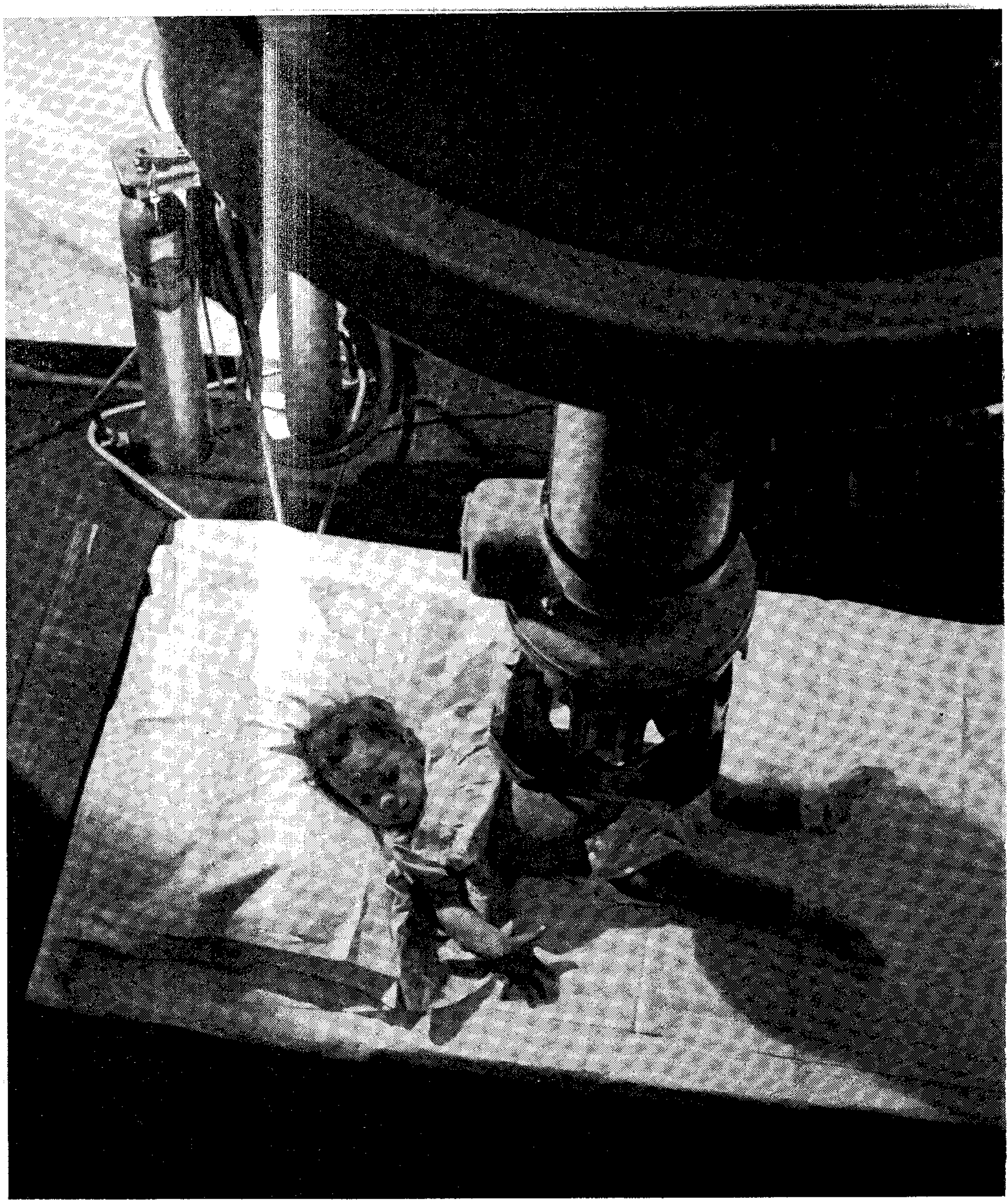

So small to be so sick . . . .

JAMES HANSEN, LOOK, JANUARY 27, 1

MILTON GREENE, LOOK, NOVEMBER 15, 1955

An echo of Circe
from storied Rome

LOOK

. . . the exciting story of people . . .

what they do, what they feel, what they want,

what they think . . . an ever-changing story

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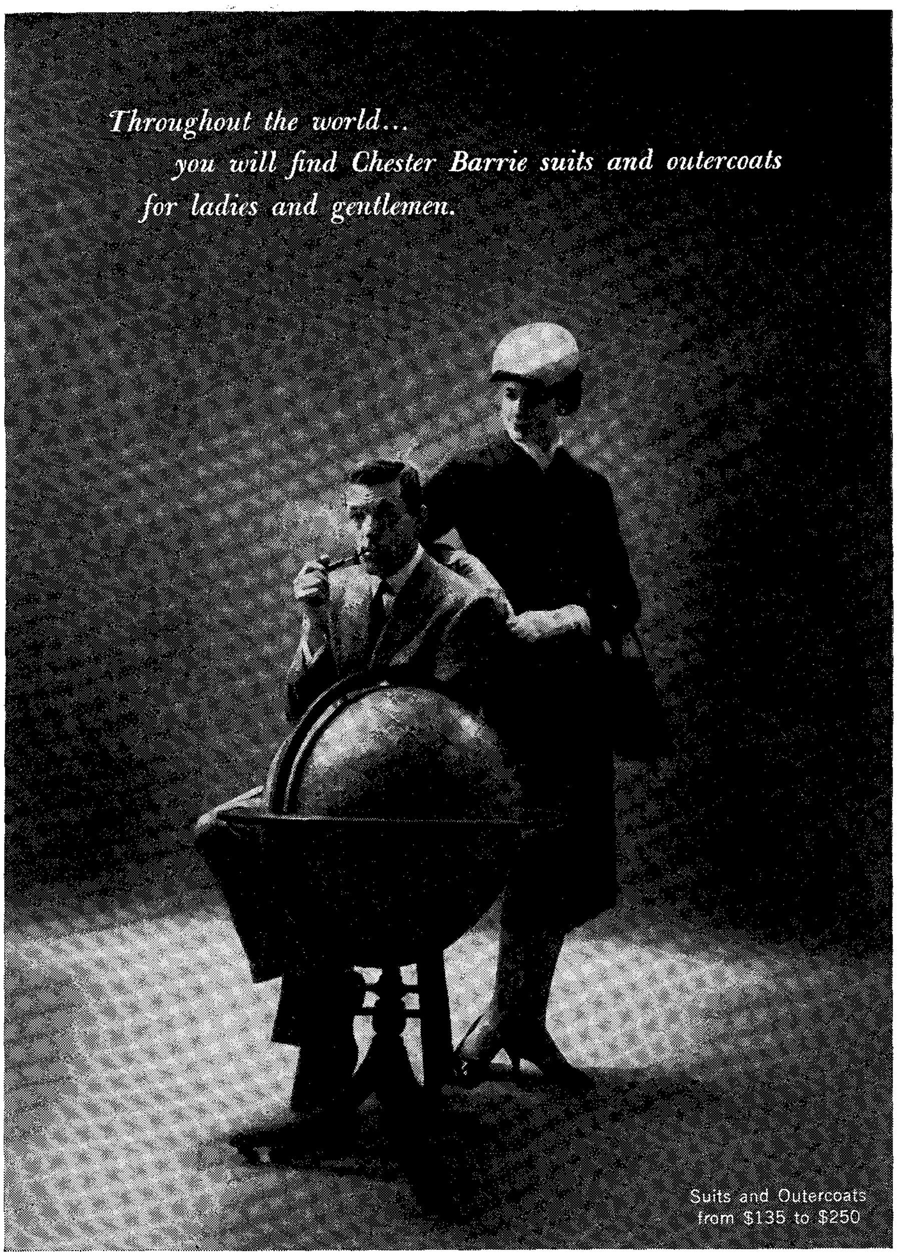
experience with the balconied barn, he no longer attempts to make recordings at home. He doesn't even have a phonograph in the apartment, or so much as a single record. He comes close to not having a wardrobe there, either, for he is so constantly preoccupied by his work that he seldom gives a thought to his appearance. He owns just one suit, which makes the chances slim of his ever being seen with his trousers pressed. He owns two shirts, both dacron; on any given day, one of them is on his back and the other is drying on the rod of his shower. He owns no hat, no umbrella, and no raincoat. Picking out a tie in the morning is no problem for Cook. He has only one—of red-and-green plaid wool—and though he sometimes wears it, it rarely stays on long, because at the first twinge of mental exertion he absentmindedly slips it off. In sharp contrast to his clothes is a 1954 baby-blue Cadillac coupé in which he gets around. When he was asked recently by a friend how he reconciles such an elegant vehicle with the monastic simplicity of his attire, he replied, "I've always liked fine equipment."

WHILE Cook's relationship with big corporations has now changed from that of employee to that of rival, he continues to loathe them, and he is gratified by his success in keeping Sounds of Our Times small. The company does a gross business of around a million dollars a year, yet its staff numbers only thirty. Sixteen of his employees work in a small factory, just outside Stamford, where since last fall Cook has been manufacturing records by a process he has named microfusion; made out of powdered vinyl, instead of the customary solid vinyl, these have reduced distortion so effectively that impartial authorities have declared them to be the nearest thing to the perfect long-playing record that anyone has so far devised. Of the fourteen other employees, four are assigned to an abandoned post office, also just outside Stamford, that Cook uses as a warehouse and shipping department, and the rest, together with Cook, work in the company's headquarters—a five-room Colonial-style brick house at 101 Second Street, to which the business moved from its cellar location in 1954. The house is one of a row of six identical one-family dwellings that are part of a development known as Mayflower Gardens and are otherwise inhabited mostly by would-be tranquil suburban families, who sometimes wish the zoning regulations were more stringent and who call



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Blue Grass Hair Spray

Holds hair in place with a gossamer touch!

Blue Grass Hair Spray
ELIZABETH ARDEN

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To make every wave behave—day after day after day—Elizabeth Arden creates a new super-fine, non-sticky hair spray that combines gossamer lightness with splendid holding qualities.

Just a gentle tap of the pressurized container and the *finest, lightest* spray holds every strand in place! Your hair stays *set*, soft and lovely for days on end. And, Elizabeth Arden Hair Spray has the delightful fragrance of Blue Grass, halo-ing your hair every moment it's on.

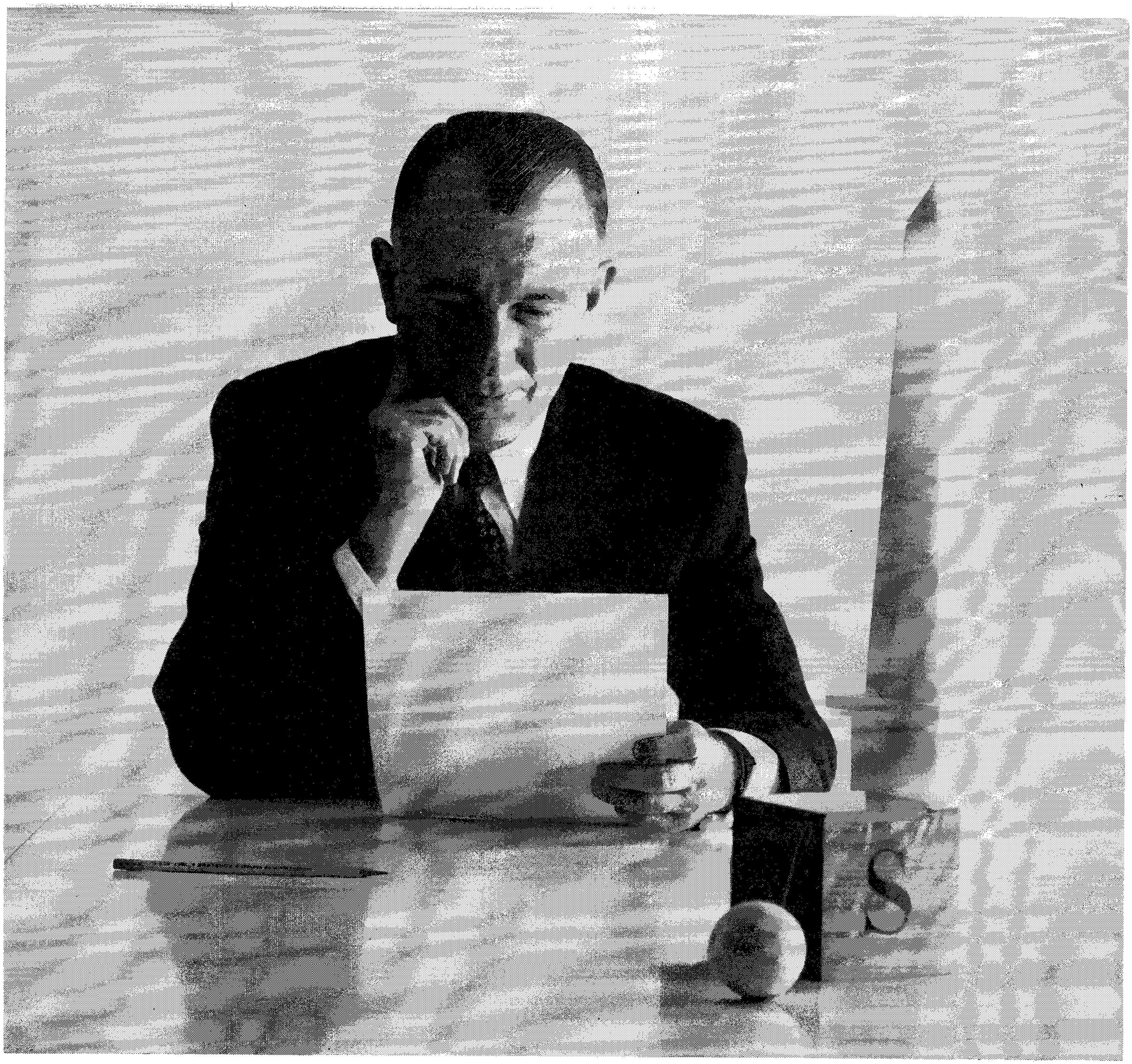
Elizabeth Arden

the police whenever the sounds of our times emanating from No. 101 become unduly strident. Everyone at headquarters is on a first-name basis with everyone else, including Cook, and, keying their style of dress to that of the boss, the men rarely wear ties and the women often turn up in slacks. Cook's secretary, Barbara Morgan, works in the living room, together with three other secretaries, and near her desk is a hot plate, enabling her to provide all hands with coffee from morning to night. The dining room is the office of the bookkeeper, and the kitchen, its original purpose just barely discernible, is Cook's laboratory—a shambles, by housewifely standards, of lathes, turntables, and tape recorders, plus a control console. Upstairs in the master bedroom is Jose, who left C.B.S. a little over a year ago to become Cook's sales manager. He is assisted there by two secretaries, and he needs them, for he is a busy man. Sounds of Our Times has come a long way since the days when Cook was trying to interest dealers in his music-box and bagpipe records. Two thousand dealers now handle Cook's records, and although in the wary, play-them-close-to-the-vest world of the record-makers it is impossible to be precise about relative standings, there is a reasonably reliable basis for believing that, of the three hundred companies engaged in the business in this country, Sounds of Our Times ranks among the first twenty in the number of records sold.

Adjoining Jose's office is the children's bedroom, where the president of Sounds of Our Times has his desk and a small library of books on chemistry, physics, and engineering. He shares the room with Robert Bollard, a composer and former concert pianist, who for the past ten years has been music director of the Neighborhood Playhouse, on East Fifty-fourth Street, and since 1953 has been Cook's second-in-command. Bollard is a patient, reflective man in his middle thirties, who first met Cook back in 1947, when the two men collaborated briefly in making some records for children, and through long association he has come to accept the often eccentric whims of his chief as normal, everyday behavior. Once, during the summer of 1953, when Bollard and his wife were spending some time as Cook's house guests at Pound Ridge, they returned from a trip to New York at two in the morning. They tiptoed to their bedroom, but they had scarcely closed the door when Cook tapped on it. "You still up, Bob?" he asked. "How about catching some frog croaks?" Rather than dampen his host's enthusiasm, the weary Bollard agreed, and for the rest of the night he and Cook, toting along a tape recorder, crept through the bogs surrounding every likely pond within a fifteen-mile radius of the house, stealing as close as they could to their stentorian performers without bringing on attacks of stage-fright. "At dawn, when we played the stuff back, Emory was furious," Bollard recalls. "We'd got our best croaks along a back road near the Rockrimmon Country Club, in Stamford, but the club was having a dance and the orchestra was all over the tape along with the frogs." Some months later, Bollard again found Cook's ways something of a trial, when he accompanied him on an expedition to record the sounds of Broadway on a Saturday night. The two men drove in to New York and, on reaching Times Square, Cook stopped the car well out in the middle of Broadway, where, he said, they would get the most comprehensive impression of the sounds. Inevitably, the car almost at once became the center of a fearful traffic jam, and—inevitably, too—a policeman soon bustled over to ask what the hell went on. Cook replied merely by smiling enigmatically, whereupon the officer gave him a truly unrestrained piece of his mind. Just as it became evident that Cook was about to receive a summons, he apologized briefly, stepped on the accelerator, and drove off. "Now, what was that all about?" Bollard asked as the hubbub died away behind them. "Why didn't you at least tell him what we were trying to do?"

"What for?" Cook said. "Our tape's got the best damn bawling-out a traffic cop's ever delivered. We may use it as the climax of a record someday."

Cook's social life is casual, and limited mostly to people with whom he feels at ease talking shop. The kind of evening at home he likes best consists of nothing more elaborate than whiling away a few hours playing cribbage and swapping jokes with Jose or some other close friend. These sessions have a way of ending at two or three in the morning with Cook suddenly throwing down his cards and announcing to his companion that they must both hop in his car and hurry over to the laboratory to try out an idea he has just had about a delicate readjustment in a new amplifier. "An outsider might think Emory was putting on a mad-genius act, but he isn't," says Don



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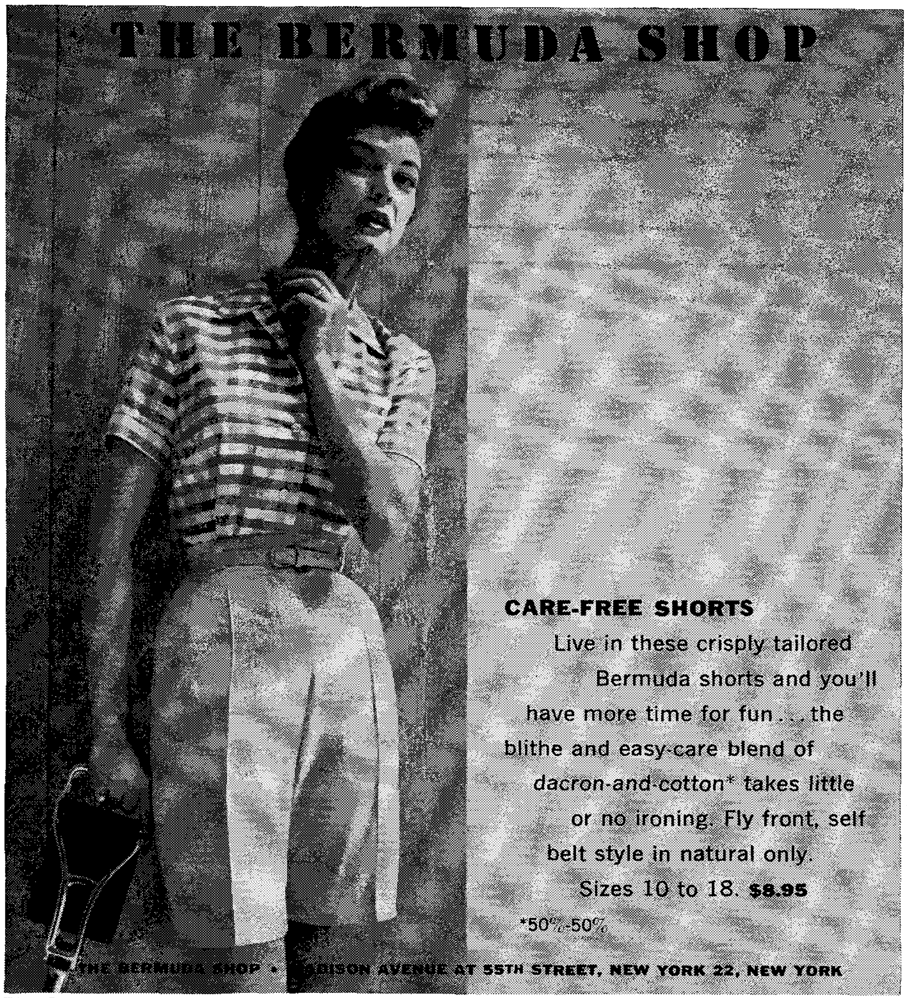

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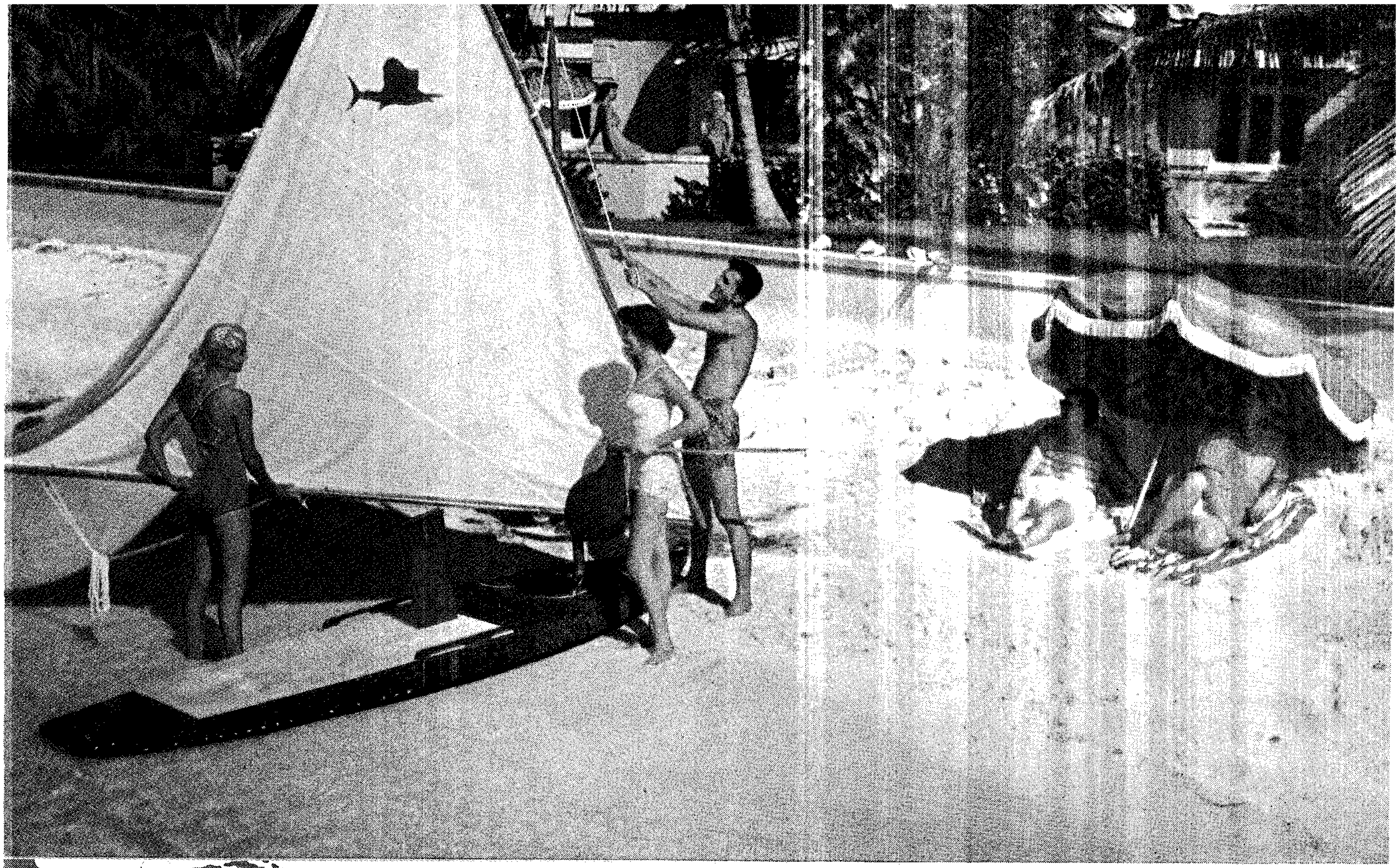
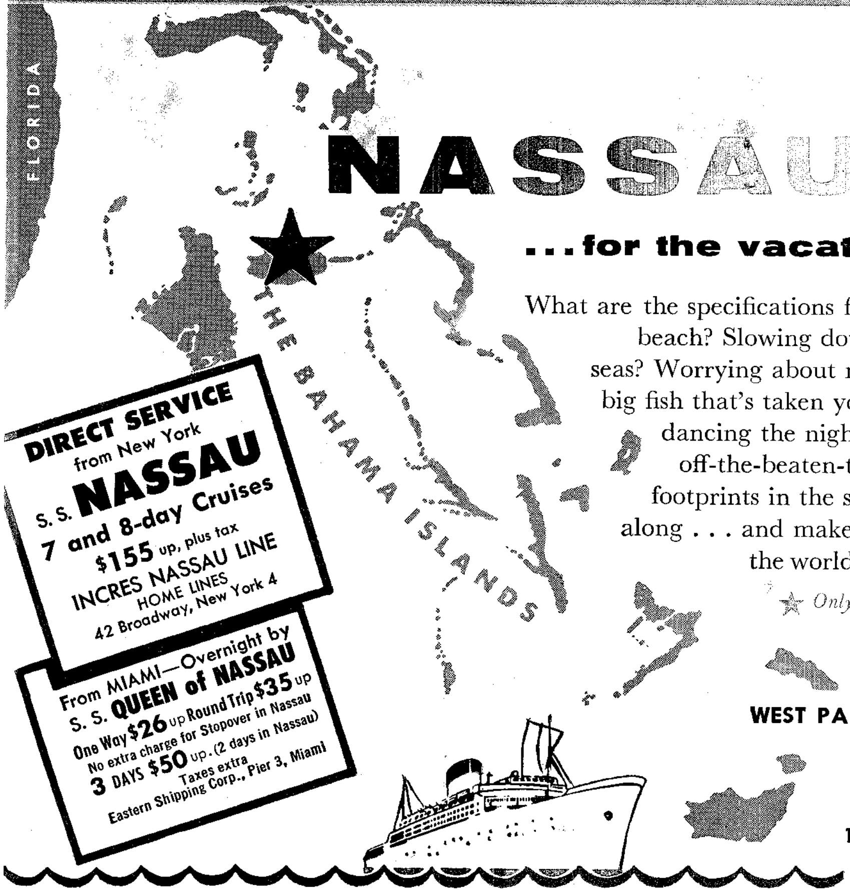
Plunkett, the New York studio manager for Capitol Records, who has witnessed several of these nocturnal seizures. "It's just that he isn't a restful guy to be with, perhaps because he *is* a genius." On the infrequent occasions when Cook has a number of guests in for a party, he is likely to strike those who are unfamiliar with his ways as remote almost to the point of rudeness, but friends who know him well realize that this apparent coolness stems from nothing more than an inability to shake off some sonic problem that is worrying him, or, in the words of one of them, "a certain frequency that he heard ten days ago and that's still resounding in his ear like a stuck automobile horn." If it is called to Cook's attention that he is acting aloof, he looks bewildered and starts apologizing profusely. "That's one of the nice things about Emory," says Mrs. Bollard. "When you point out to him that he's being rude, he snaps right out of it." Carter Harman, the music editor of *Time* and a good friend of Cook's, puts it another way. "If you're in a jam, Emory will rush to your rescue," he says. "But as long as everything's fine, you're doing well if you can catch his eye."

Once in a while, Cook enters into the spirit of a party without prodding, but this happens only if all his guests are sonic-minded and the conversation is strictly confined to matters like how the sudden introduction of an eleven-inch record would affect the industry, or how to go about producing a record that might serve as a sort of auditory Rorschach test in psychiatric treatment, or what to try next in the case of such sounds as rainfall, the rustling of leaves, and the crackling of logs in a fireplace, which have yet to be recorded satisfactorily. It was at a gathering of this sort three years ago in Pound Ridge that Cook thought up one of the more arresting titles in his catalogue—"Speed the Parting Guest"—and made a series of tentative recordings for it. Sometime after midnight, emphasizing that present company was excepted, he announced that he felt like putting together a medley of sounds that would make lingering guests wish they were home in bed, whereupon the party turned into an impromptu recording session. To start things off, Cook and his guests recorded a loudly ticking clock; then, having created the proper inhospitable atmosphere, they went on to put together a potpourri of unnerving sounds that included the rasping of a file on a tin can, the squeal of a piece of chalk pressed at





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And you, too, will appreciate the crush-proof cigarette case . . . the superb tobaccos . . . the luxurious flavor . . . and above all, the exclusive Mouthpiece that keeps the filter deeply recessed away from your lips. With Parliaments, *only the flavor touches your lips!*

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ONLY THE FLAVOR . . . TOUCHES YOUR LIPS

the wrong angle against a blackboard, the backfiring of a balky car, and the cascading of water from an overflowing bathtub. The last sound they recorded was the sucking of a pump at the bottom of an all but empty well. "As anyone knows who's heard a pump like that, it has a nauseating gurgling character all its own, and it made Emory laugh so hard he could hardly hoist his microphone up from the bottom of the well when he was through," Mrs. Bollard, who was a relatively detached bystander, said afterward. "He even forgot about the mosquitoes, and they were fierce that night." Cook later decided that the greater part of this uproar would fit more appropriately into a record he called "The Compleat In Fidelytie," a parody of the whole trend toward the glorification of odd sounds, which he himself has largely brought about, and assembled another collection of churlish noises for "Speed the Parting Guest."

The ebullient, spur-of-the-moment recording by the guests at the Pound Ridge party is by no means characteristic of Cook's approach to making a record. To be sure, like a candid-camera fan ever alert to snap a fleeting street scene, he is always ready with his tape recorder to take down peculiar sounds on the spot, if that seems most feasible. Once, for instance, while he and a friend were on their way to keep an engagement in a distant city, he drove past the entrance to what a sign proclaimed was "The World's Largest Chicken Farm." Cook pondered this for a couple of miles, and then stopped the car, turned around, and started back up the road, explaining to his companion, "As long as we're in the vicinity of the world's largest chicken farm, we'd better make a record of what it sounds like." Ordinarily, however, Cook makes a record only after giving a good deal of earnest thought to the aesthetic and technical aspects of the sound involved. He will travel hundreds of miles in order to record a sound in an authentic setting. When he decided to make a record of New Orleans jazz, he felt that it should consist of jazz played by New Orleans musicians in New Orleans, and, accordingly, he packed his alternate shirt and his tape recorder in the latter's black leather case, tucked a toothbrush into his vest pocket, and drove down there. He found just what he wanted in a small night club, which—as he meticulously noted on the jacket of the resulting record, entitled "Moans and Blues"—was at "116 Royal Street, one flight up." The star of his record was

men on the go...
stay on the go
in wright
arch preserver shoes

The end of the busiest day finds you feeling fitter and fresher when you wear Wright Arch Preserver Shoes. Thanks to Wright's Famous Four Features, you walk in *active comfort.* Standing is less strain. Living is easier, more fun. *It's a comfortable fact:* you'll feel the blissful difference in Wright Arch Preservers. And are they handsome? Just take a look at the Milano shown here. The continental influence in a smart wing tip. In brown or black.

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PARIS, LONDON, PALM BEACH

Lizzie Miles, an old-time singer, and she was accompanied by a pianist named Red Camp and the Tony Almerico band. The performance was entirely spontaneous; after the musicians had self-consciously gone through their paces in a formal recording session before Cook's microphone, they broke out into a wild jam session just for the fun of it, unaware that after making quite a show of turning the microphone off he had surreptitiously turned it on again. The members of the orchestra, as Cook later informed the readers of the *Audio Bucket*, an informal publication he gets out from time to time and sends to dealers and customers, "were sitting around relaxing, partly on the bandstand, some sprinkled among front-row tables and chairs. The indefatigable Camp started improvising; guitar and bass joined in, then clarinet, trombone, and others from wherever they happened to be." When, at length, Lizzie Miles impulsively got into the act, she stole the show by "wailing with a deep-voiced, directly passionate sound and beat," in the words of a critic for the jazz magazine *Down Beat.*

Despite its name, Cook's firm has concerned itself to a considerable extent with sounds of earlier times—a preoccupation that can perhaps be traced back to the music-box recording that started its president on his way. Cook has a special interest in nostalgic sounds, because he believes that, of all the senses, hearing is the one best-adapted to intensifying one's memories of the past. His catalogue includes listings of a recording of a carousel, a barrel-house-piano item described as providing "shotgun rhythms from the temperance era," and a group of tunes played on an organ that, he once wrote, "brings back memories of the intermission organ concert, when the console was unveiled in gold and white in the spotlight's beam, often coupled with vaudeville acts or as a method of accompanying the bouncing ball that led the audience in song." Cook's thinking takes a mystically abstract turn as he projects his concept of nostalgia back not only to the individual's youth but to the very origins of life. Tied up with this concept is his belief, arrived at while he was making a record called "Voice of the Sea," that ocean waves invariably follow one another at intervals of seven seconds—a belief, incidentally, that is not wholly substantiated by science. "You're listening to the universal rhythm when you listen to surf," he says. "They're hypnotic—those seven seconds that elapse between each two pounding waves all over the

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But if you think your tax bill is high, ponder this: the hotels of the nation pay out about $200,000,000 a year in *local* taxes alone, not counting federal collections. This is commonly known as "contributing significantly to the general economy and well-being of the country."

Another contribution by hotels: those wonderful Martex towels. Their extra luxury contributes importantly to the well-being of guests, and never disrupts the economy of the hotel because the extra Martex luxury costs nothing extra!

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65 Worth Street, New York 13, New York

world. Perhaps seven-second intervals of some sound other than surf might remind you of the sea, but they wouldn't have the same force as the sea itself. The sea is in our bones. The sea is in our past. We come from it."

Right now, Cook is entranced with the possibilities of recording another sound that he expects will fit in beautifully with his theory of long-range nostalgia. He has heard that up in Nova Scotia there is a cave in which the acoustics are unique; it seems that water dripping from its ceiling lands with an almost deafening series of plops. Cook wants to record these. "It could tap the racial unconscious," he says, his voice tremulous at the prospect of getting the plops down on tape. "This isn't just ordinary nostalgia we'll be dealing with. This is straight atavism. From the cave to the present and back again. It may be the psychological scoop of the century!"

—Daniel Lang

(*This is the second of two articles on Mr. Cook.*)

•

CLEAR DAYS ON THE CALIFORNIA SCENE

[*Cordell Hicks, on the society page of the Los Angeles Times*]

A young woman making her debut in Santa Barbara encounters an experience something like being presented at court. This is not because of the "mechanics" of her debut but rather because she was presented to society in Santa Barbara, California's imperial city, whose prestige, social and otherwise, is acknowledged and bowed to over the world.

The true Santa Barbaran, by reputation and in fact, lives in the center of a society that is known and envied internationally. And only in rare instances does it become decadent. This wholesomeness and unaffected acceptance of position, family and great wealth is engendered, we like to think, because to live by the limitless Pacific is man's nearest experience to the mysteries of eternity.

•

Dearborn, Mich. (UP)—Dearborn High School teachers have replaced "one, two, three" with "zilch, zumis and gerf" in an effort to see if students can be given a better foundation in arithmetic in a shorter time.

The purpose is to help students understand that symbols are more important than words. Otto Olsen, principal, explains it this way:

"Old-fashioned problems beginning, 'If John had six apples' were difficult for students to understand. The new method gives such problems as, 'If Rameses had six sloogles and his friend had three quins, how many more sloogles would Rameses have than . . .'"—*Reading (Pa.) Eagle.*

You mean gerf quins, don't you?

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Troubled Livestock

ROBERT TAYLOR, who used to be such a noble sort, turns up in "The Last Hunt" as an unmitigated heel. His favorite pastime is killing Indians and buffaloes, and he is not beyond making a slavey of a pretty little squaw he encounters while prowling around the bush country of South Dakota. I had no idea that Mr. Taylor would ever develop sinister characteristics in a movie, but he does so here, and we'll just have to face it. What we have to face besides is a most sanguinary film, in which buffaloes are slaughtered all over the CinemaScopic landscape. Their destruction comes about when Mr. Taylor, a gunman, hooks up with Stewart Granger, a cattleman who is sore at a herd of bison for stampeding and killing all his stock. Mr. Taylor believes that the only good buffalo, like the only good Indian, is a dead one, but Mr. Granger is convinced that the herd should be culled with some regard for the survival of the species. Not that Mr. Granger is a softy; he demonstrates his manliness early in the proceedings by beating up a lot of drunks who bother him while he's downing a shot of redeye.

The differences between Mr. Taylor and Mr. Granger come to a head when, in the course of the feud with the buffaloes, Mr. Taylor makes a side excursion to eliminate a thieving redskin and returns with a toothsome Indian maiden (Debra Paget) and a foundling papoose she has picked up somewhere. Mr. Taylor's attitude toward the young lady is contemptuous, but he doesn't molest her, even though she shares his primitive billet. Mr. Granger is not aware of how chaste Mr. Taylor's conduct is, and I don't think you will be, either, unless you sit this one through to the end. Anyhow, after watching Mr. Taylor and Miss Paget tenting together for a while, Mr. Granger, who has fallen for the squaw, decides that he must rescue her from the coarse company of his colleague. Meanwhile, buffaloes are being knocked off ad lib, the hunters being assisted by a one-legged dipsomaniac (Lloyd Nolan) and a half-breed (Russ Tamblyn). The aberrations of the plot are endless, but at length virtue triumphs, and the views of the buffaloes in their final moments have a grim documentary quality. I was rather alarmed by the rate at which they were being destroyed until I learned that the South Dakota group depicted here has to be thinned out periodically by government operatives, so that there will be grass enough on the range to go around.

HAVING written a movie called "Doctor in the House," which was a fairly funny account of life among the undergraduates of a British medical school, the physician and novelist Richard Gordon has come up with a sort of sequel called "Doctor at Sea." I'm not sure, though, that Dr. Gordon is quite as successful with a full-fledged medico as he was with the younger crowd. There's a good deal of slapstick in "Doctor at Sea," and some of it is comical, but the picture as a whole is just a bit too broad to be plausible. It has to do with a practitioner (Dirk Bogarde) who is scared out of his wits that a fellow-physician's daughter will maneuver him into marriage. To prevent this calamity, he takes to the briny, and is presently bounding about off South America on a ship manned by a highly eccentric crew and numbering among its passengers such delectable trifles as Brigitte Bardot and Brenda de Banzie. In the course of things, Mr. Bogarde manages to perform an appendectomy with some rather primitive equipment and to cultivate Miss Bardot while Miss de Banzie is cultivating the captain of the vessel (James Robertson Justice). Despite a lot of romantic backing and filling throughout, there are laughs enough to make the film tolerable. —JOHN McCARTEN

•

DEPARTMENT OF DELICACY

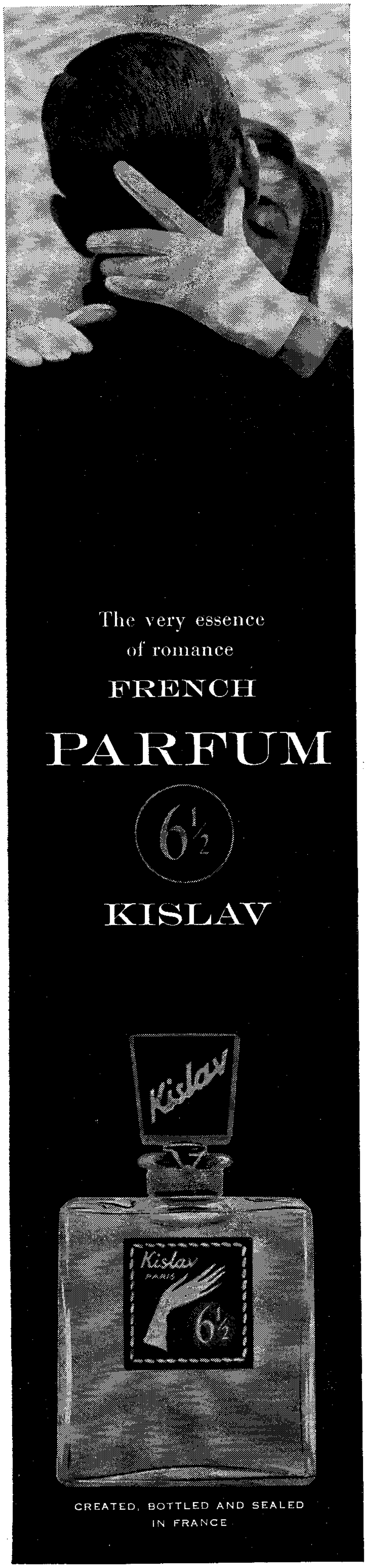
[*From the Sharpsburg* (*Pa.*) *Herald*]

The North Hills Newcomers Club has postponed its Valentine's Dance till later in the spring. The monthly meeting, which takes place Tuesday, Feb. 14, will be "Husband's Night." The program is titled "Alcoholics Anonymous."

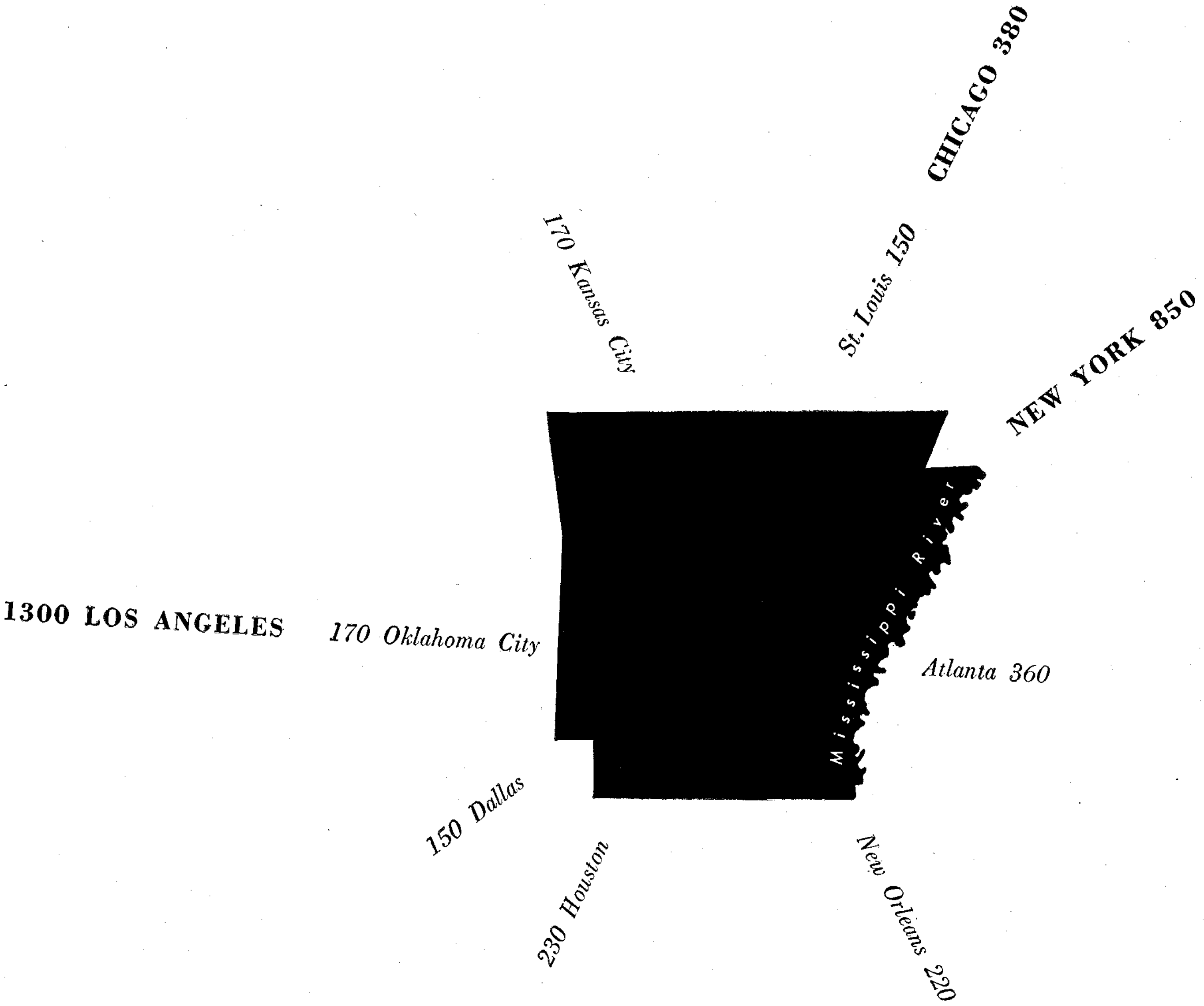
•

DANGER! Experiments 12-2 and 12-19 as printed originally in the December issue are dangerous. Destroy that page and replace with this page.—*Journal of Chemical Education.*

O.K., but we'll never forget when that shiny ball came out of the test tube.



The Arkansas Industrial Development Commission, State Capitol, Little Rock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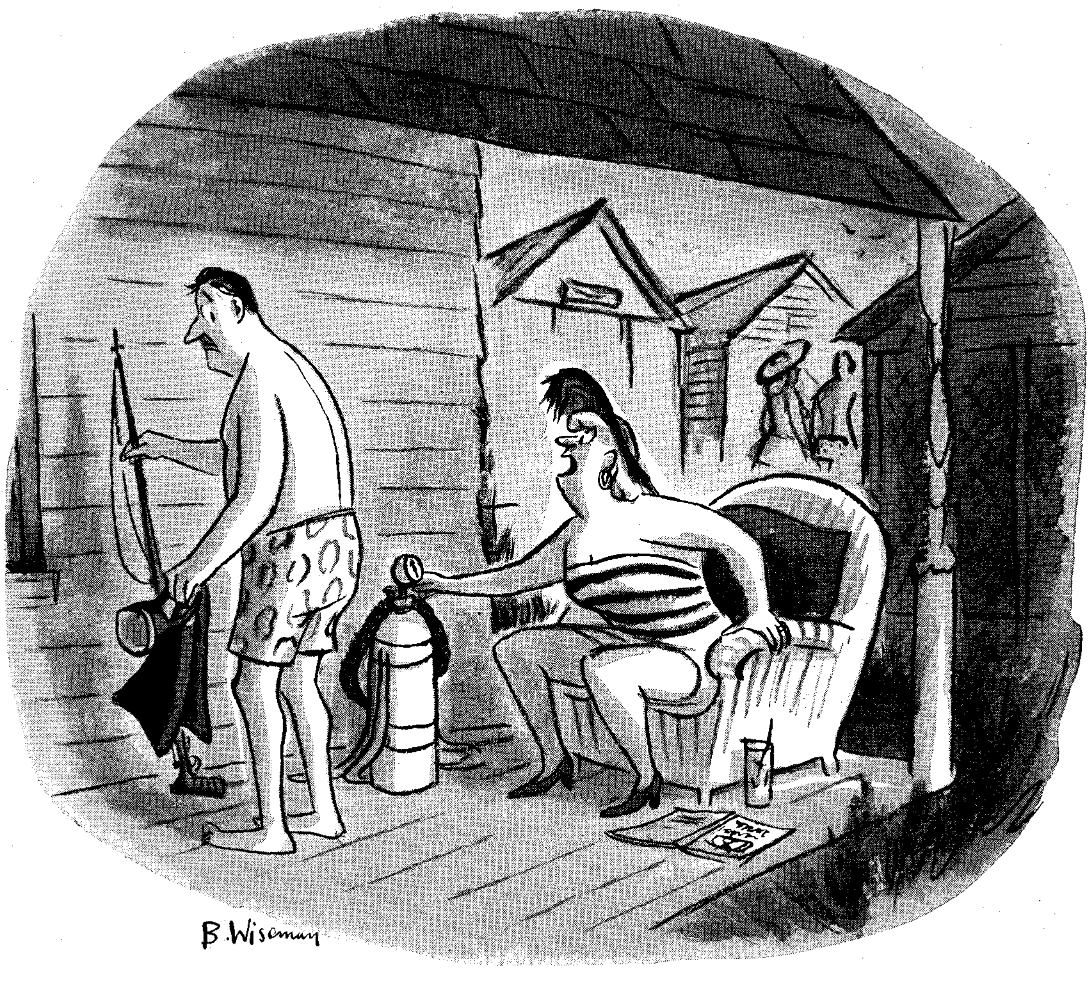
THIS IS ARKANSAS

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

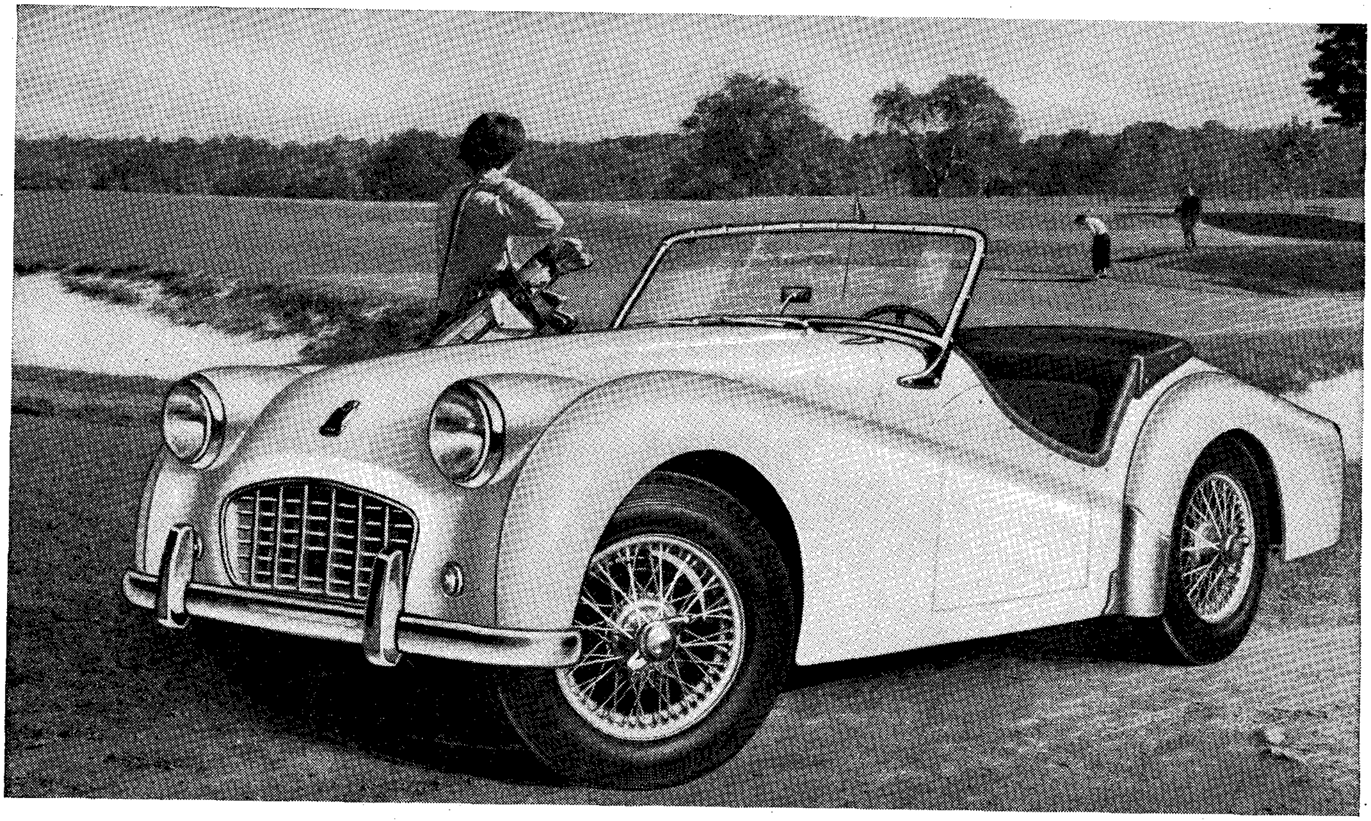
FEBRUARY 29

BY the time it finally came, the President's announcement surprised no one. Twenty-four hours before the historic news conference, Robert Montgomery, the Presidential adviser on elocution and stage presence, could be seen strolling through the anterooms in the business end of the White House—an area growing constantly denser with reporters and photographers—wearing the thin, flickering, lovable-satanic smile he registered success and satisfaction with back in the days when he made a specialty of lovable-satanic roles. It was inconceivable that his countenance could have been so bright, his step so airy, or his presence so conspicuous if he had come down from New York to set things up for a farewell address. Most people took the President fully at his word when he said that he had been debating the question of a second term as recently as yesterday morning, but for the past two weeks it had been the prevailing opinion that there would be no farewell address. Ever since February 14th, when Dr. Paul Dudley White told a gathering of reporters that, in the light of the case histories of nineteen patients he happened to know about, Mr. Eisenhower could lead "an active life . . . in the Presidency" for another five or ten years, it had been difficult to see how the President could avoid this morning's announcement. Up to the moment when Dr. White stated the matter in those categorical terms, though, the prevailing—in fact, the almost unanimous—opinion was that Mr. Eisenhower would not and could not run. (So widespread was this erroneous view that early this afternoon Mr. Frank Holeman, the president of the National Press Club, adjourned a luncheon meeting with the observation that an early break would give the assembled political observers an opportunity to go out and pay off their bets.) But once the eminent cardiologist had spoken, the President appeared to have no choice in the matter. It is true that at the press conference he held just a few days before Dr. White's—at a time when, presumably, he had already been apprised of the medical findings—he said that he would have to give more weight to his own feelings than to the words of his physicians. Their first responsibility was to him, as a patient; his was to the country, as a President. Clearly, he could not have meant that if his doctors had told him he was in poor shape, he would have felt free to ignore their advice and run anyway; he could only have meant that even though the doctors rated his health as excellent at that moment, he would have to determine for himself, first, whether he felt up to the strains of the office and, second, what his concept of duty demanded of him. Had Dr. White then appeared before the press and said merely that the clinical reports were most encouraging, the President would have been free to say that he had consulted inner voices and decided to retire. But once Dr. White had staked his considerable reputation on the assertion that the President had at least five good years—enough, in other words, to see him through the balance of this term and through another full one—the President was in a position that would have made him seem at once selfish and unscientific if he had determined to deprive the country of his leadership. He would have been flying in the face of respected medical opinion as much as he would have if, with a heavily adverse doctors' report, he had decided to run in spite of it. Whether he would have withdrawn if Dr. White had not boxed him in is, of course, a matter of conjecture. It is possible to say only that the conjectures most frequently encountered here up to two weeks ago were that he would decide against running. Not even in the Republican National Committee or in the White House itself was there any real confidence that he would agree to head the ticket this year. If the future appraises Mr. Eisenhower's leadership as enthusiastically as Leonard Hall and Sherman Adams do, a monument might be erected somewhere hereabouts to the memory of Dr. Paul Dudley White, a central figure in the history of this epoch.

In the President's television address this evening, he said that before his heart attack he had been undecided about



"How come you were away so long and your air pressure's still the same?"



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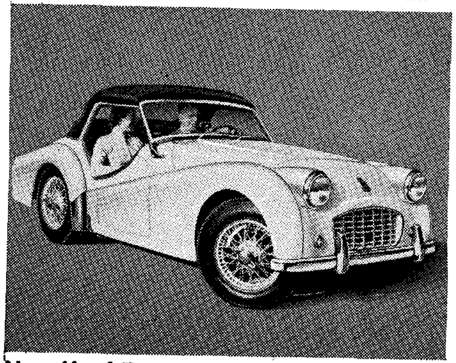
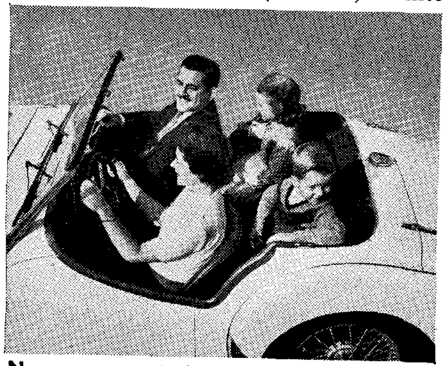
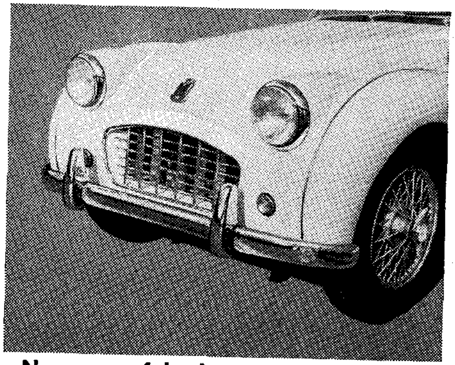


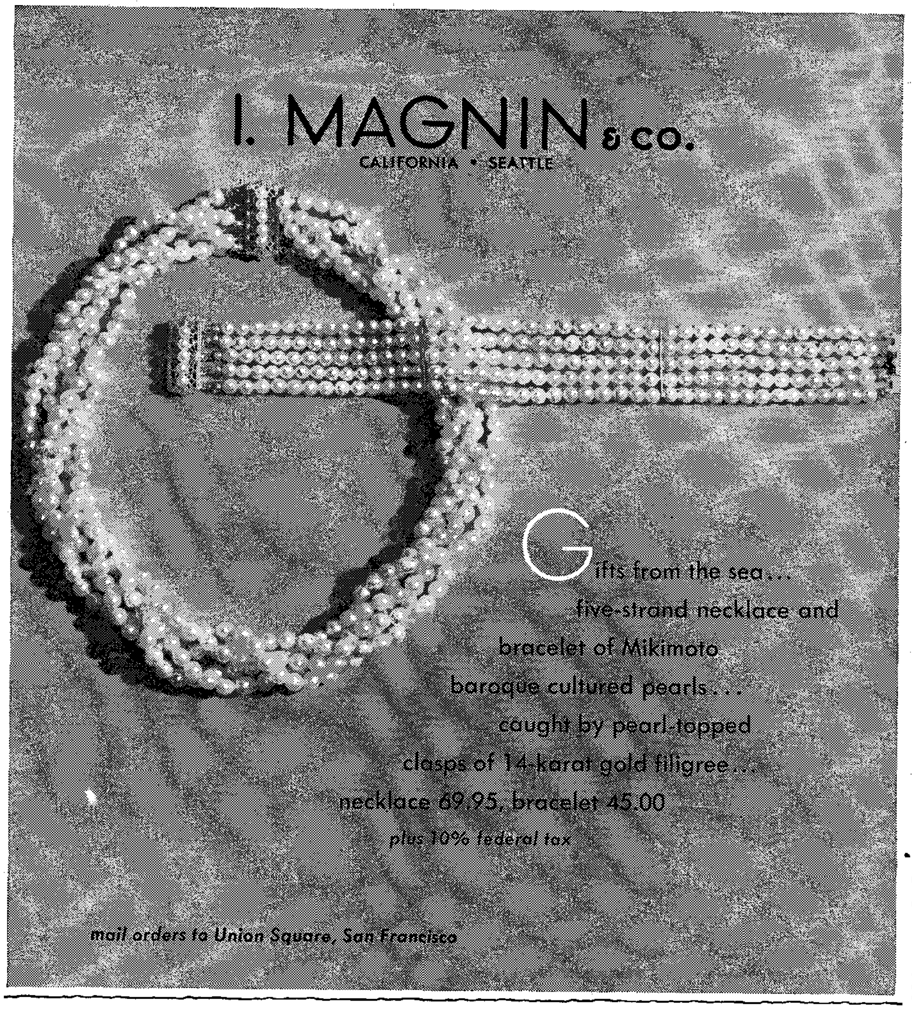
New Hard Top (optional) slips on the TR-3 faster than the weather can change.



New rear seat (optional) makes TR-3 your best fun and family sports car buy.



New graceful chrome grille front-end accentuates the sports car look and action.



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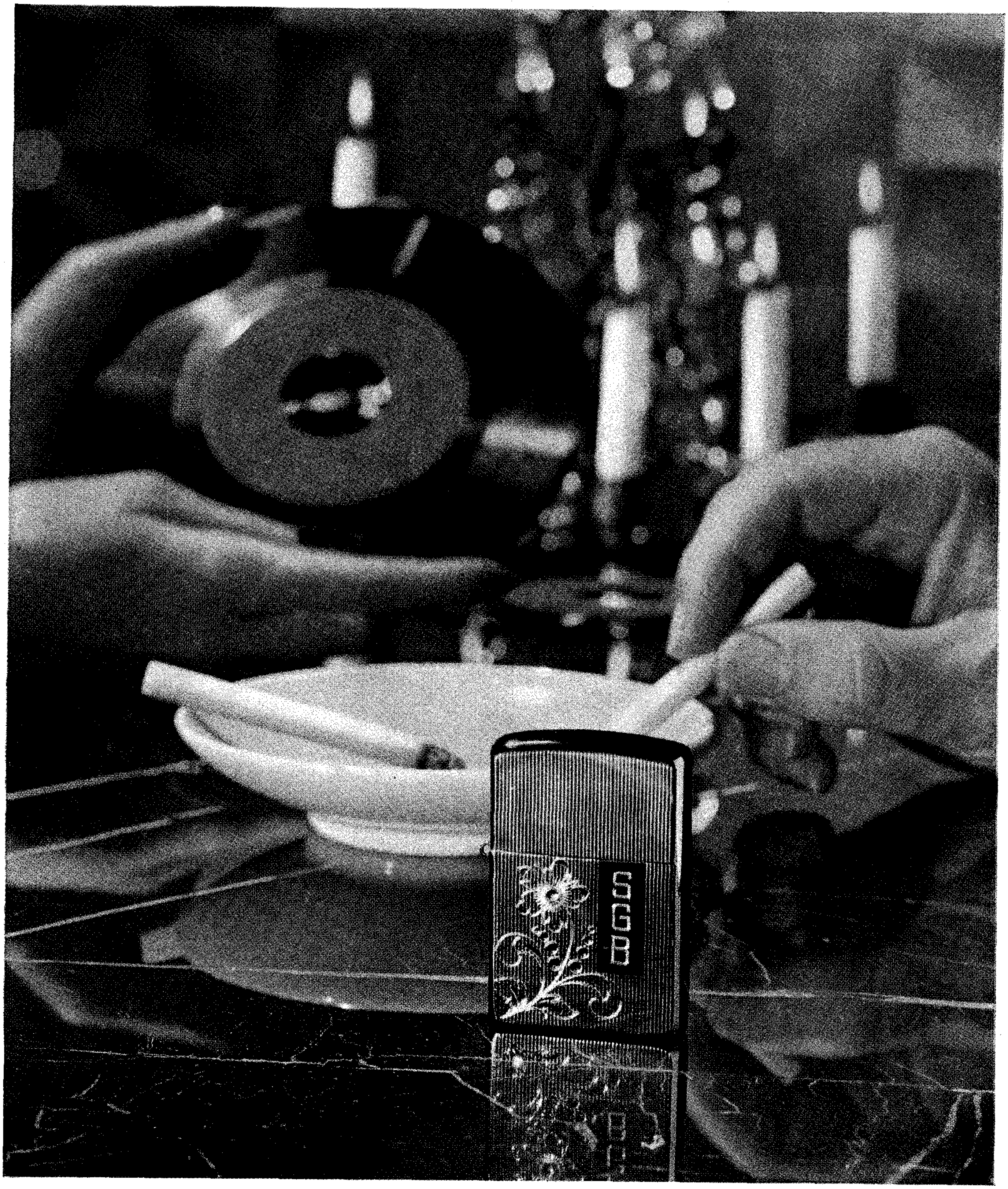
seeking a second term. This was a good deal at variance with an observation he made at his news conference in the morning. When a reporter asked him what decision, if any, he had reached before his illness, he said, with a little more bite than one usually hears in his speech, that this was a secret he intended to carry to the grave. "I don't think I will ever tell anybody," he said. "Possibly, in my papers that can be opened twenty-five years after I have passed on, why, it will be told." He evidently feels that he wants no part of the fashionable practice of having his desk and bureau drawers spilled into a museum or a publishing office the moment he takes up residence elsewhere. Evidently, too, the view of Presidential life that he held before he was stricken is one that he thinks it would be just as well not to reveal. The only way of reconciling his morning and evening statements is to assume that in the morning he was not talking so much about the actual decision as about the factors that were influencing him in making it, and that in the evening he meant he had not entirely made up his mind last summer whether to yield to the pressures that others were putting on him, and, perhaps, to the pressure of his own self-esteem. That is a different matter from disclosing what he felt about the office he holds and the regimen it imposes on him. It can be taken for granted that if his last summer's opinion of the job had been of the sort to fire American youth with pride and ambition, he would not now be talking about placing it under seal for a quarter of a century.

The whole thing seems to confirm the belief that Mr. Eisenhower has been acquainted with disenchantment for some time, and that all his instincts have been against a second term. Before the heart attack, most of the people around him supposed that he would run again, but only because he would be unable to find any plausible excuse for not running. His illness gave him the very best of excuses, and he seemed fairly certain to seize it, up to the moment Dr. White adroitly took it away from him. To judge by the various items of chronology contained in his news-conference remarks and in his speech this evening, he was fairly stubborn about accepting the implications of Dr. White's comment; the picture is one of a man yielding slowly and reluctantly to the entreaties of his friends and of "some that I wasn't so sure about." (This phrase has caused intense speculation here. Mr. Eisenhower, more than any other recent President, has been



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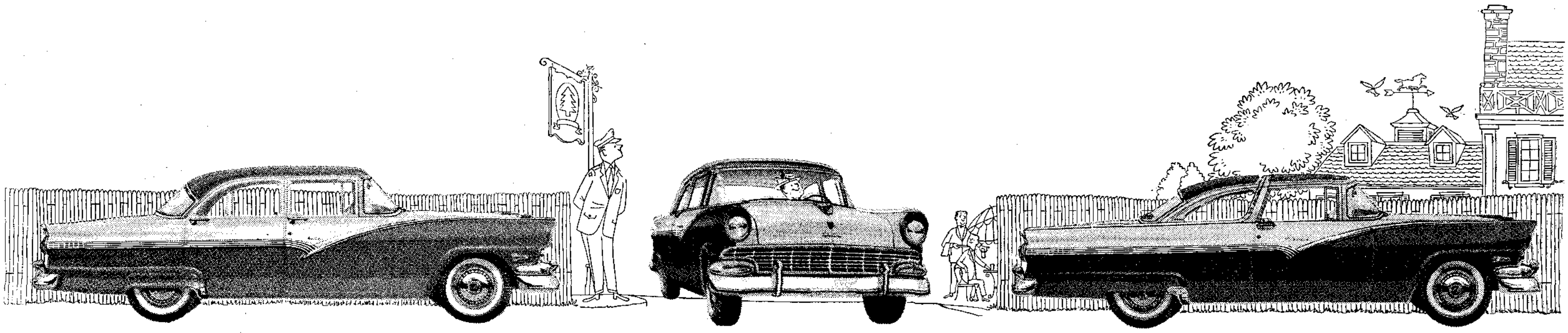

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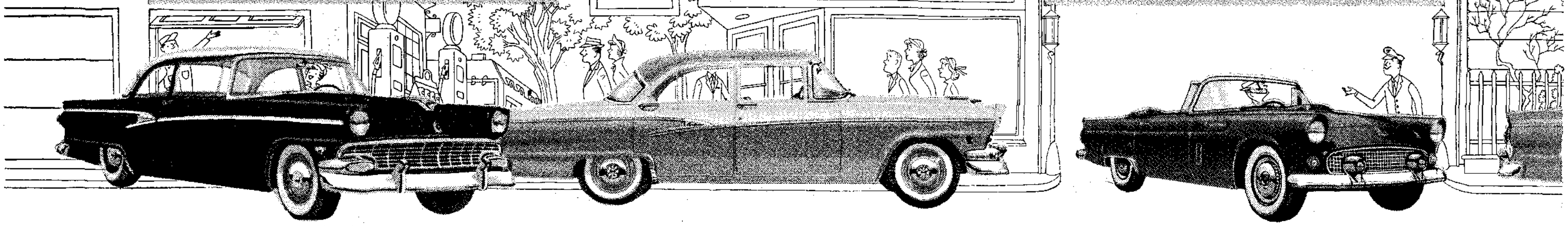

Customline Tudor Sedan has two-stage door checks to hold its doors open for easy access.

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The Ford Thunderbird inspired the low lines and clean styling so evident in all '56 Fords.

each with Thunderbird styling

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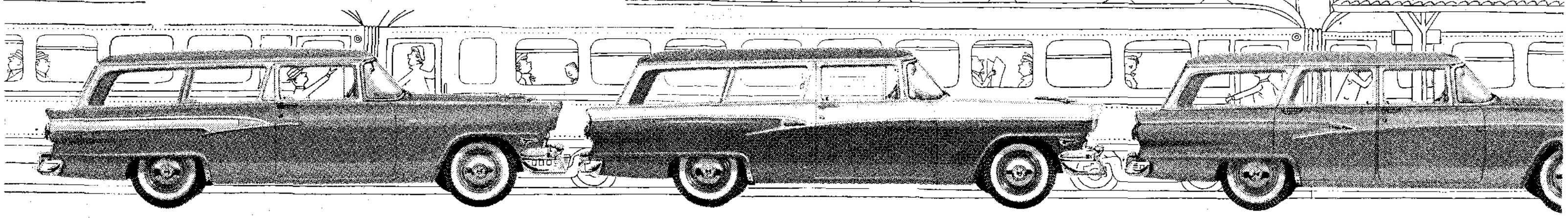

Ranch Wagon is all-around favorite for work or play. Has 2 doors, holds 6 people.

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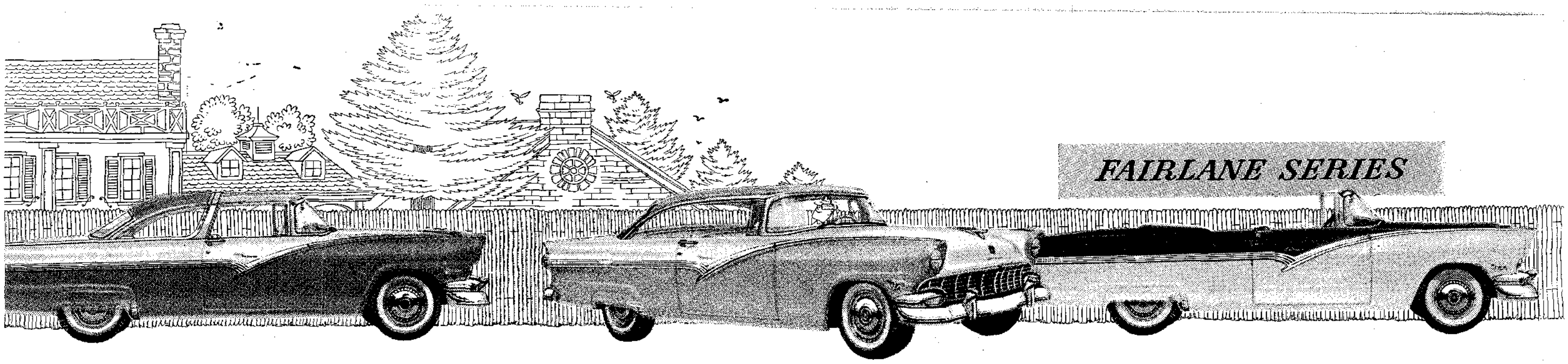

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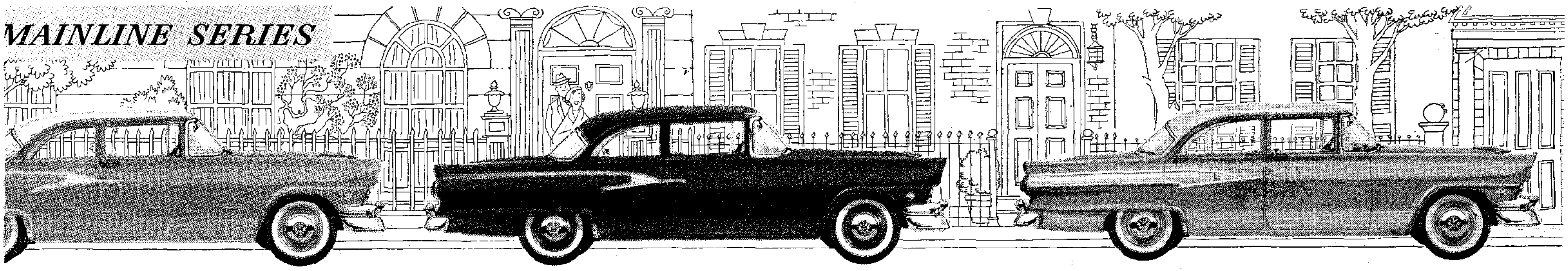
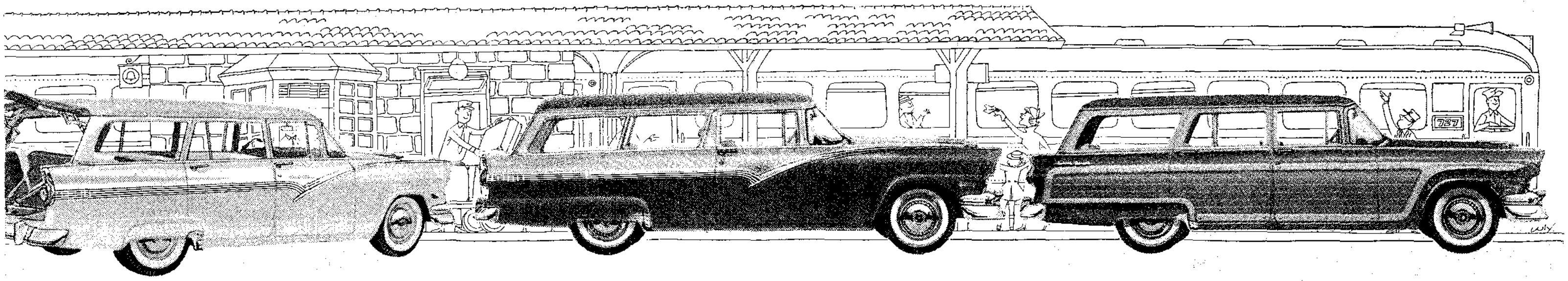


Mainline Tudor Sedan has seat backs which fold forward toward center for easy entrance.

Mainline Business Sedan has room for three up front, room for extra luggage behind seat.

Mainline Fordor Sedan, with 4 wide-opening doors, is a great family buy.

and Lifeguard Design



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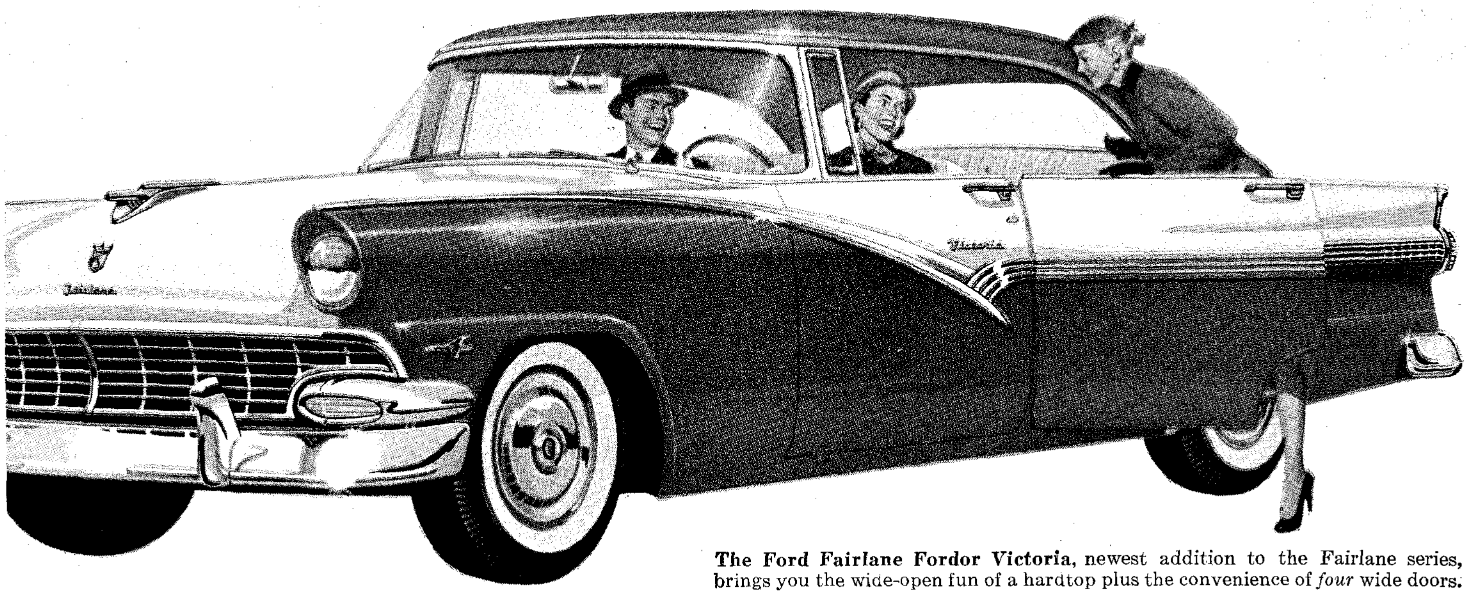

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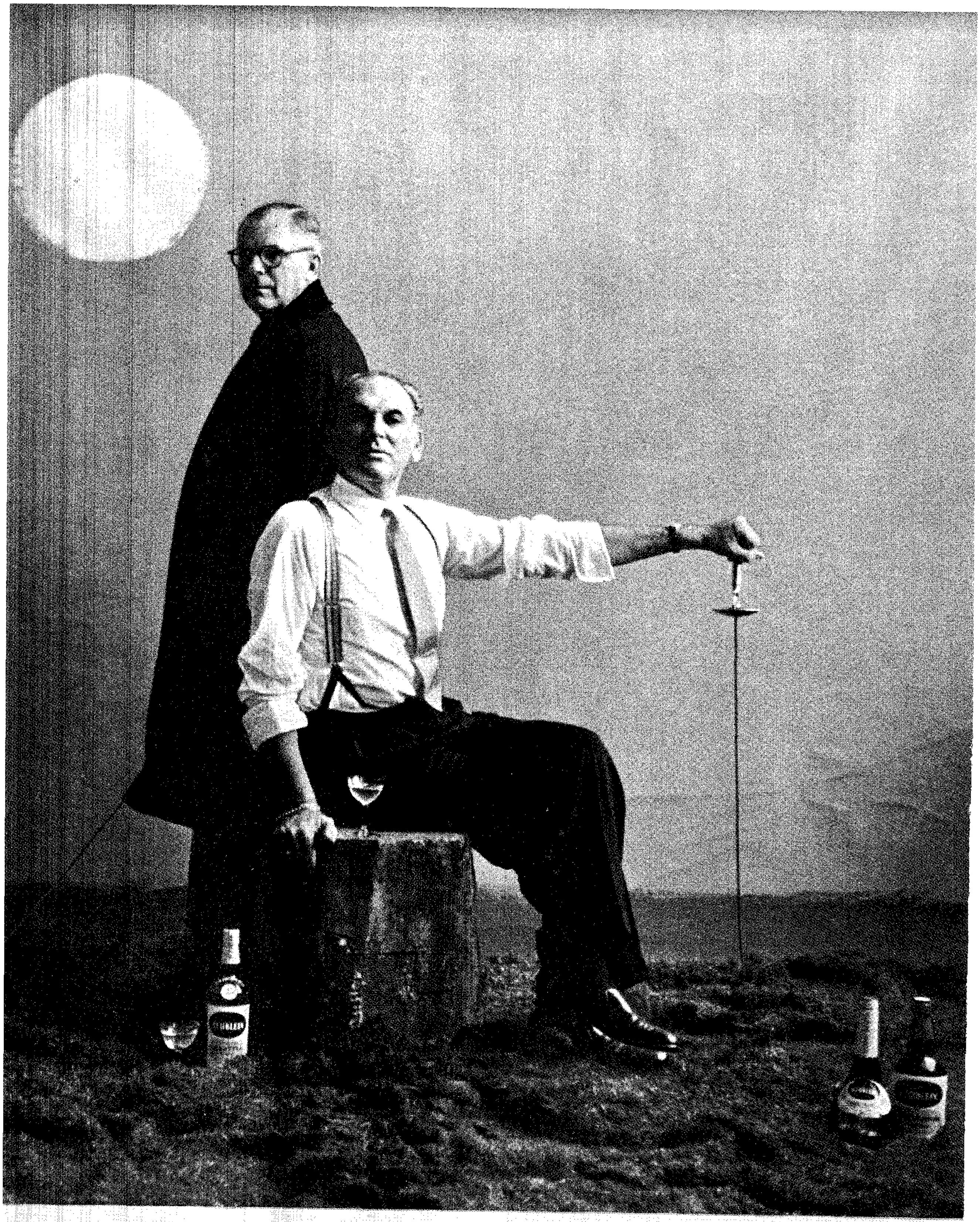

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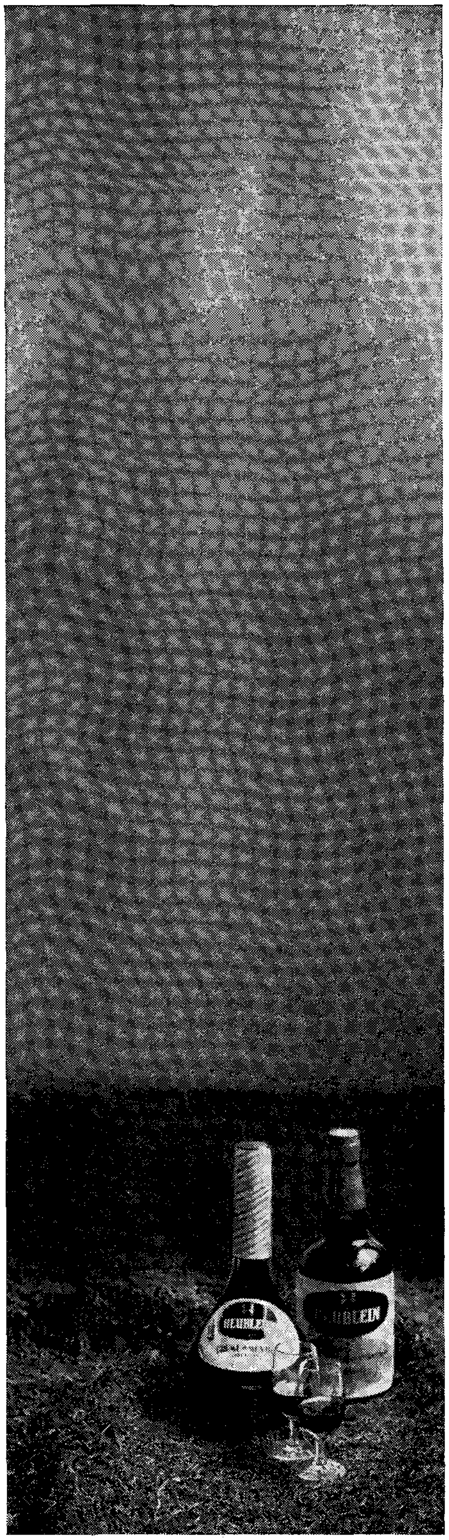

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shielded from contact with critics and enemies—something that has not been difficult to arrange, since his critics are scarce and his enemies even scarcer.) To be sure, no one altogether discounts the role of pride and vanity in bringing the President to the point of accepting—and even, perhaps, welcoming—what Dr. White made all but inevitable. Every President grumbles about his lot in life and speaks fondly of his hopes for retirement, generally in a pastoral setting, yet few Presidents—and, for that matter, few office-holders of any sort—retire of their own accord. Every President disowns and disparages the doctrine of the indispensable man, and just about every President finds it necessary to seek reëlection in order to prevent others from acquiring illusions of indispensability. Mr. Eisenhower now appears to have found many patriotic reasons for serving another term, but in the past everything about his manner suggested that he had reached new depths of disenchantment, and nothing about his manner at present suggests that he has acquired any real zest for the office. Whatever may be said of his performances yesterday, they were far from zestful. It may well be that, having come close to death in Denver last September, his view of life in general is warmer, and this may have increased his desire to serve his fellow-men. But it is plain that his desire has at no time been all that Leonard Hall hoped it would be. A lot of the disenchantment seems to have survived.

MOST people here are now disposed to believe that things from this point on will go just about as Mr. Hall has always said they would—in other words, that the President will be renominated by acclamation, probably with Mr. Nixon as his partner, and will win the election with fair ease. He cannot, it is thought, hope to carry any Southern states this time. His appointment of Chief Justice Warren and his veto of the Harris-Fulbright bill make him presently unacceptable to most of the Southern leaders who supported him four years ago. But he does not need the Southern votes, and if the farmers' annoyance at Mr. Benson costs him a couple of farm states, or even three or four, he can spare them, too. He is unlikely, in this general opinion, to do quite as well with the electoral vote as he did last time, but his popular vote should be about the same, and it could be even higher. Mr. Hall has never been heard to say that the President

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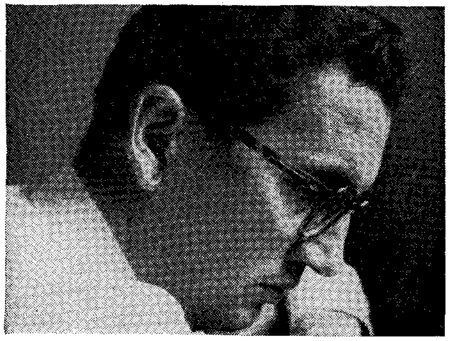
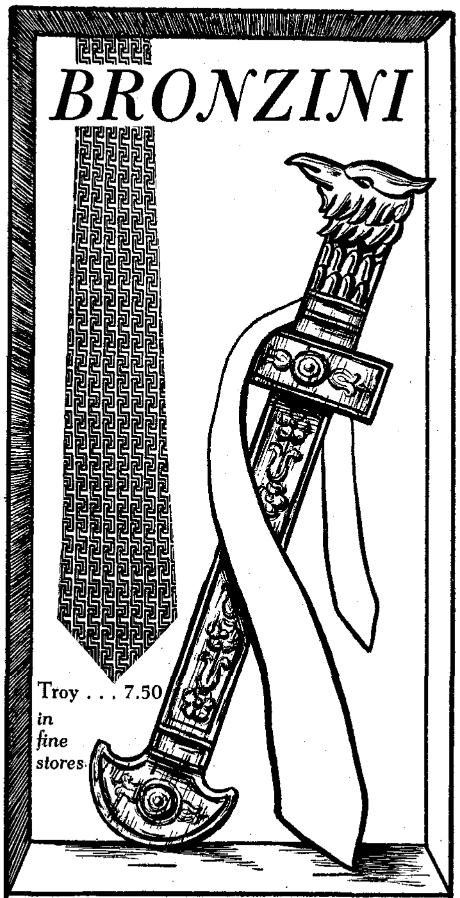


would not make an active campaign, and there is a tendency to discount Mr. Eisenhower's resolution to avoid one. He decided that it would be beneath his dignity to take part in the Congressional campaign of 1954, but in the end he was prevailed upon to play a more active and partisan role than any President before him. In 1944, President Roosevelt decided not to campaign, but in the closing weeks, when there were more than a few murmurs about the state of his health, he took to the road—seemingly where the weather conditions were the least favorable—to demonstrate his physical ruggedness. The very reasons of health that make a refusal to campaign valid are likely, in the end, to make campaigning seem necessary. No matter how distasteful Mr. Eisenhower may find his present occupation, he takes a soldierly stance when confronted with the alternatives of victory and defeat, and manages to work up a passion for victory that seems out of keeping with the rather diffident attitude he displays between campaigns. Even when defeat is not a really likely alternative, it is apt to seem so in the closing days, when the atmosphere in both camps is panicky. A quite sizable majority of observers here at the moment, however, believe that—campaign or no campaign—November cannot fail to bring an Eisenhower victory, provided, of course, that the President's health holds out as Dr. White has assured the country it will. It is felt that even if the Democrats are given most generous allowances on every score—the recapture of the South, the unease in the farm belt, the disaffection of many conservative Republicans, and the influence of the new Democratic governors of some of the more populous Eastern and Middle Western states—their cause is still a hopeless one. The President's popularity simply will not be overcome. It is held by some that the swing of the Northern Negro vote to the Republicans—a trend that the Democratic city organizations appear powerless to stop—will in itself make up for any losses the administration may have suffered among former supporters.

There are some perceptive and articulate people here who have spent the day arguing that the President's health is certain to be the dominant issue from now on, and that such a novel factor in Presidential politics is impossible to weigh with any great degree of accuracy. The first part of the argument encounters no significant resistance. The President himself has made his health the issue, and the Democratic



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National Committee has seized upon it with more audacity than had been expected. Paul M. Butler, the Democratic National Chairman, this morning released a statement asserting that "the American people will never elect a President who, at sixty-five, has had a serious heart attack and who is unable to be a full-time Chief Executive." Mr. Butler would not have spoken so soon or so boldly if he had not feared that the American people would do exactly that. Both those who think that Mr. Butler's hopes may be as well founded as his fears and those who think that he is whistling in the dark are agreed that it is going to be very difficult to focus the public attention on any issue other than Mr. Eisenhower's probable life span, and that the attention this matter is bound to get will lead to considerable political unpleasantness. There is little doubt in anyone's mind that the United States, which for some time has seemed to be afflicted with a national hypochondria fittingly self-induced in the course of our well-organized assaults on some of the better-known diseases, is about to become a forum for political discussions of a predominantly clinical and necrological nature. Doctors will be a source of political intelligence. The slightest indisposition of the President will make alarming headlines. Any indisposition that is more than slight may change the political climate greatly. Among the debating points of those who do not concede that the President is as good as reëlected is the contention that a heavy cold or a virus infection at a crucial stage of the campaign might lead millions of voters to decide not to inflict another four years of punishment on a beloved and ailing figure.

EVERYTHING, it is plain, will gain or lose importance according to estimates of the condition of the President's heart and arteries, and this will be fully as true in the coming struggles within the Republican Party as in the coming contest with the Democrats. There is at present a bitter Republican dispute over the future of Mr. Nixon, an interesting figure in his own right but one who arouses concern now because a large number of his fellow-Republicans cannot really bring themselves to rely on Dr. White's prognosis. There is a similar controversy over the role of Sherman Adams—a very large role indeed—which is currently raising partisan fevers because many people find it difficult to accept at face value the President's assurance that "so far as my own personal sense of well-being is con-

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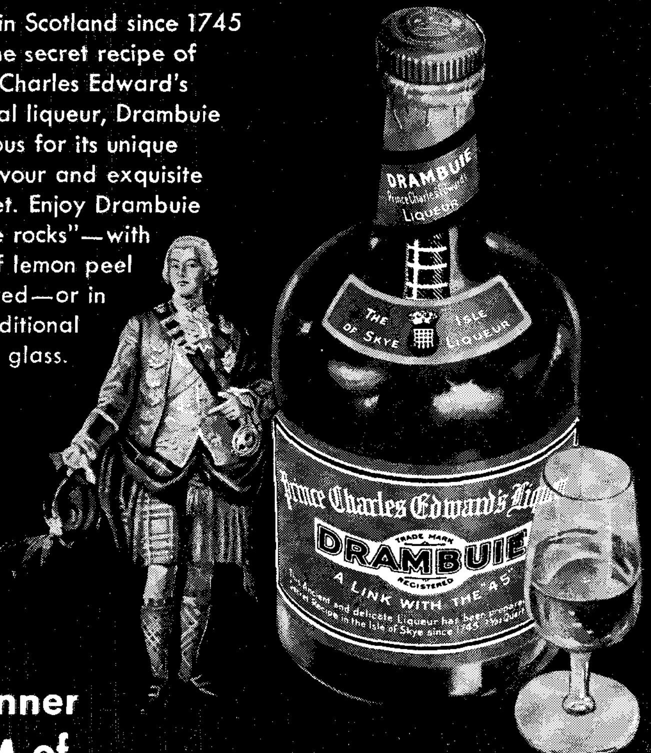

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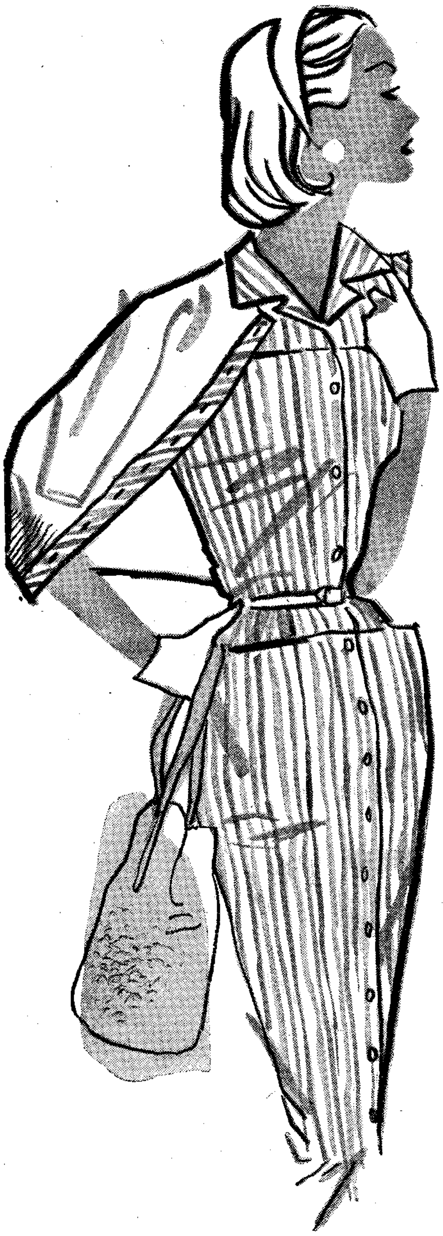

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SAKS FIFTH AVENUE
AT ROCKEFELLER CENTER AND WHITE PLAINS

cerned, I am as well as before the attack occurred," and think that he came closer to the point when he said, on January 19th, that "it would be idle to pretend that my health can be wholly restored." It will not be easy for Republican voices to carry much conviction in countering the charge made by Mr. Butler this morning that the renomination of the President promises "government by a shadowy regency acting in the President's name." Some people think that the bitterness and disagreeableness generated by such disputes will damage the Republican Party gravely and weaken its chances in November. At the moment, however, this is strictly a minority opinion; when a great prize is at stake, a great party generally finds some way of patching up its divisions. The common forecasts are that Mr. Nixon will hang on to the power he has and that his powerful supporters—most notably the President and Leonard Hall—will find some way of soothing his opponents. If it goes the other way and he is dropped, the Party will not be seriously damaged. While Mr. Nixon may not be the drag on the ticket that the Democrats like to think he is, he certainly is not essential to its success. The question of the power exercised by Sherman Adams and the other ministers without portfolio is perhaps a serious Constitutional issue, but it is difficult to see it as a serious political issue. Mr. Eisenhower set up a kind of military staff system at the time he took office, and both the method and the personnel have remained the same ever since. There is no more hidden power now than there was six months ago. A few people were uneasy about the administrative method before the President's heart attack, but there is no evidence that the public at large has been much disturbed by it. If resentment of Mr. Adams within the Party threatens to become a divisive force, Mr. Adams can be dropped with even fewer political consequences than would be felt if the Vice-President were requested to withdraw. Mr. Adams has no independent following.

Actually, most people here believe that the Republican Party is more nearly united today than it has been at any time in the past twenty years; although it faces some trials that are bound to make unattractive spectacles, its internal problems are as nothing compared to those of the Democrats. The Republicans are split only over a few personalities, none of them really central. The Democrats are split over some great

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questions of policy and principle. They cannot, for the time being, arrive at any kind of common stand on civil rights, and the support their Congressional leadership gave to the oil interests in backing the Harris-Fulbright bill has produced a massive division on the question of economic policies and has deprived them of any reasonable hope of establishing themselves as the party of the unpropertied and underprivileged multitudes. On top of this, the Democrats now appear to be dividing on farm policy, with a number of Southern senators reported to be defecting to the enemy and adopting the heresy of flexible price supports in exchange for Secretary Benson's promise to seek new world markets for our cotton surpluses. The paucity of Democratic issues makes it all the more certain that the President's health will dominate the campaign.

Assuming that the Republicans enter the campaign as a united party, they will have a hard time maintaining unity once it is over. If Mr. Eisenhower is inaugurated for a second term next January, he will be the first President to serve under the restraints of the Twenty-second Amendment to the Constitution. The amendment, which says that no man may be elected to more than two consecutive terms (counting anything over two years as a term), became effective in 1951, but it exempted Mr. Truman from its provisions, and although he now says that he decided immediately after the 1948 election not to seek another term, he kept the possibility alive until late in March of 1952. The moment Mr. Eisenhower is elected, he will be ineligible for another candidacy, and he will thus lose what all his predecessors have found to be their most valuable instrument for maintaining party discipline—the threat of a withdrawal of their support. In a second

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if King Henry had only known

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administration, his gifts as a unifier will be much harder to exercise. The younger men whose hopes have been deferred during this administration will start attending to their own futures immediately the campaign is over. It was believed, back when he seemed unlikely to run—or at least uneager to run—that this inevitable loss of disciplinary power was one of his major considerations, and that he was dismayed by the knowledge that in general a second term is always a tougher proposition than a first. But apparently these thoughts have not weighed heavily with him, and he is—though still a long way from being charmed by life in the White House—free of misgivings about his ability to take whatever the future may bring and he seems to see no chickens coming home to roost. —RICHARD H. ROVERE

•

EAST RIVER

A tree of gulls towers
Suddenly up the water,
Leans in its own wind,
Spins, then poises a
Dozen crooked silver
Branches in beady
Hunger over the barged,
Morning-garbaged river
Snoring in ancient mud
Trances of other refuse,
Dawns, and images, abruptly
Split then, as now, by
The first quick tricky
Gullcurve that fells the
Tree from tugpuffing air
To rinds, crusts, and
The paper just below,
Which mopes like a slow
Brown fish to tempt the
Foolish among the fat and
Furiously dining gulls.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

•

Called the "Big Seven" because the recipe uses seven nourishing ingredients, the cookies turned out in The New York Times' kitchen to be as good to eat as they are high in food value. The directions:

THE BIG SEVEN

1 cup sifted enriched flour
¼ cup dry milk (non-fat milk solids)
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon soda
½ teaspoon soda
¼ teaspoon cinnamon
¼ teaspoon nutmeg
⅓ cup shortening
⅓ cup brown sugar
½ cup molasses
1 egg, beaten
1 teaspoon grated demon rind, optional

—*The Times.*

First you catch your demon.

THE ART GALLERIES

Five and One

IT is seldom indeed that the Metropolitan Museum puts on a paintings show that could conceivably be called little or cozy. The performances up there run consistently to the grandiose. The new exhibition, however, a sort of small memorial to five American artists who have died within the last decade, is an exception. The artists are Yasuo Kuniyoshi, Walt Kuhn, John Marin, B. J. O. Nordfeldt, and Lyonel Feininger, each represented by from ten to twenty oils, water colors, and other works, and despite its small size it provides a remarkably concise and persuasive summary of the men's development. There are slipups here and there. Kuniyoshi's fine middle period (the era of his large, wistfully enigmatic feminine figure studies, with their beguilingly sad yet sensuous atmosphere) is scamped, while the Nordfeldt group, which is concerned for some reason mainly with his early etchings and woodcuts, fails to do full justice to his later eminence in oils.

But I suppose we should be glad that Nordfeldt is included at all, for although he was highly esteemed by a few, he never achieved in his lifetime the recognition that was his due, and it's a commendable gesture on the part of the Museum to bring him to general attention now. And while the number of his oils in the collection is small, several of them, such as "Maine Coast," "Fish, Gray and Yellow," and the beautifully balanced study of swooping gulls and waves called "Movement," reveal admirably his ability to refine his subjects to their most compact abstract essentials. The mid-career gap in the Kuniyoshi section is more than made up for by the inclusion of pieces like the early and purposely naïve "Little Joe Leading Cow," "Deliverance" (done in 1947), the very late, very high-keyed painting of a circus clown called "Exit," and—among the black-and-whites, a field in which Kuniyoshi was one of the contemporary masters—the tensely patterned "Bullfighter" and the velvety-textured "Fish Head."

The three other groups are equally interesting, in slightly different fashions. That of Walt Kuhn is mainly focussed on his circus paintings of the nineteen-thirties and early forties ("Clown with Black Wig," the well-known "Blue Clown," and the even more perceptive "Acrobat in Red and Green" are the highlights), while the Feininger and Marin collections seem to have been chosen more for inclusiveness. The first ranges from a print, "The Old Locomotive," done in 1906, to a handsome blue bay scene, in water color, that is dated 1954, a year or so before he died. There is also an oil of the same year, "Possendorf IV," a village scene done in a curiously skeletonized style of light outlines and delicate structure—to remind us that though Feininger was then over eighty, he was again experimenting with new techniques—as well as a small, selective assortment ("Church at Gelmeroda," "Village Church," "Sunset Fires," and so on) in his more familiar "light-struck" style of linear abstraction.

Marin, though, dominates the show. His range in dates is wide, too, but, perhaps because the pieces are spaced more evenly through the years, there's a greater feeling of continuity, and one can easily follow his development from the small, precise architectural studies of the early nineteen-hundreds to the almost explosive impact of abstraction upon him around 1912 or 1913 (see "Brooklyn Bridge" and "Woolworth Tower, No. 3," both of the latter year) and then on, finally, to the formulation of his own distinctive manner. Marin, it has always seemed to me, was one of the few American painters with a truly original style. To be sure, Cézanne had been a basic influence. (Revealingly, when Marin turned to the depiction of the figure in his late years, it was back to Cézanne that he went for inspiration.) Some vestiges of his early fragmented Cubist phase are apparent to the end in his compositional style. Otherwise, his style was all his own, and that it was a powerful one the paintings in the collection can attest. It was limited, certainly. The sea offshore was his strongest subject, and when he shifted to others (figures, landscapes, apple orchards), it was with an obvious uneasiness. His mood, perhaps, was a bit too sombre. But within his range he came close to perfection—as, to look no farther than this showing, such pieces as "The Old Salt," "Off Bald Head, Small Point, Maine," and the dark, strikingly simplified "Popham Beach, Small Point, Maine Series, No. 1" abundantly prove.

THE new Arthur Dove exhibition, at the Downtown Gallery, is a windfall, for the twenty-two pieces it

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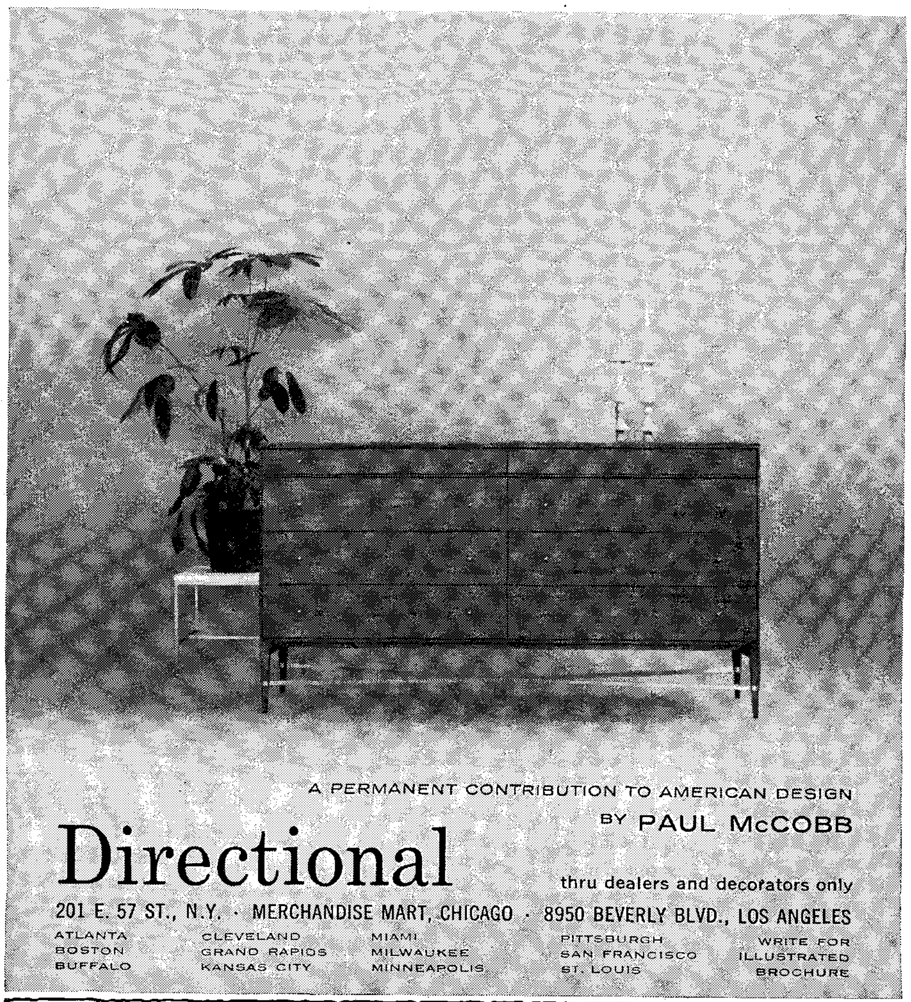
contains are part of a group of some fifty paintings of his that had until recently been overlooked in a warehouse, and thus had rarely, if ever, been seen before. They make an extremely nice selection, and a generously varied one, for the dates run from 1910, when he was just entering his abstract phase, to 1944, a couple of years before his death. Dove unquestionably had his faults. He was too coy on occasion, and too frittery in his design, and there were times when he carried simplicity of concept close to the point of banality. But he was a real innovator, one of the first Americans to commit himself fully to the abstract method, and the weaknesses I've mentioned can in large part be attributed to the fact that he was working at first in what was a wholly new method and that he early began—and continued—a determined attempt to adapt that method to a purely native idiom.

"Sunrise in Northport Harbor," of 1929, with its blurred, iridescent sun, and the later and possibly less successful "October" and "Buttonwood Tree" are examples of his efforts in this direction. But he was an experimenter in other ways, too, and his "Gershwin's Rhapsody in Blue (No. 2)," of 1927, with its zigzagging, interlacing forms, must be one of the earliest examples on record of the now fairly common attempt to translate jazz into abstract rhythms. "Field of Grain from Train," of the same period, is almost Futurist in its efforts to capture the effect of motion, while in "Summer," with its green, waving, fanlike tree, and the really quite spooky "Neighborly Attempt at Murder," there's a whimsical exaggeration in the symbolism that recalls—I am sure fortuitously—some of Charles Burchfield's paintings of about the same period. Perhaps Dove attempted too much, in too scattered a fashion, but in his main effort—to express the American landscape sympathetically in abstract symbols—he was not only one of our first but also one of our most conscientious workers. —Robert M. Coates

●

The following item must be printed without names, as you will readily understand. A very respectable man and his wife, the parents of a S.F. advertising manager and reasonably well along in years, went to Virginia City not long ago and, one night, stopped in at a bar. The man took a long hard look at the piano player and, at last, recognized him. Hadn't seen him since he'd heard him play 30 years before. In New York. In a honky tonk.—*David Hulburd in the San Francisco Chronicle.*

Say! If *those* names ever slipped out!



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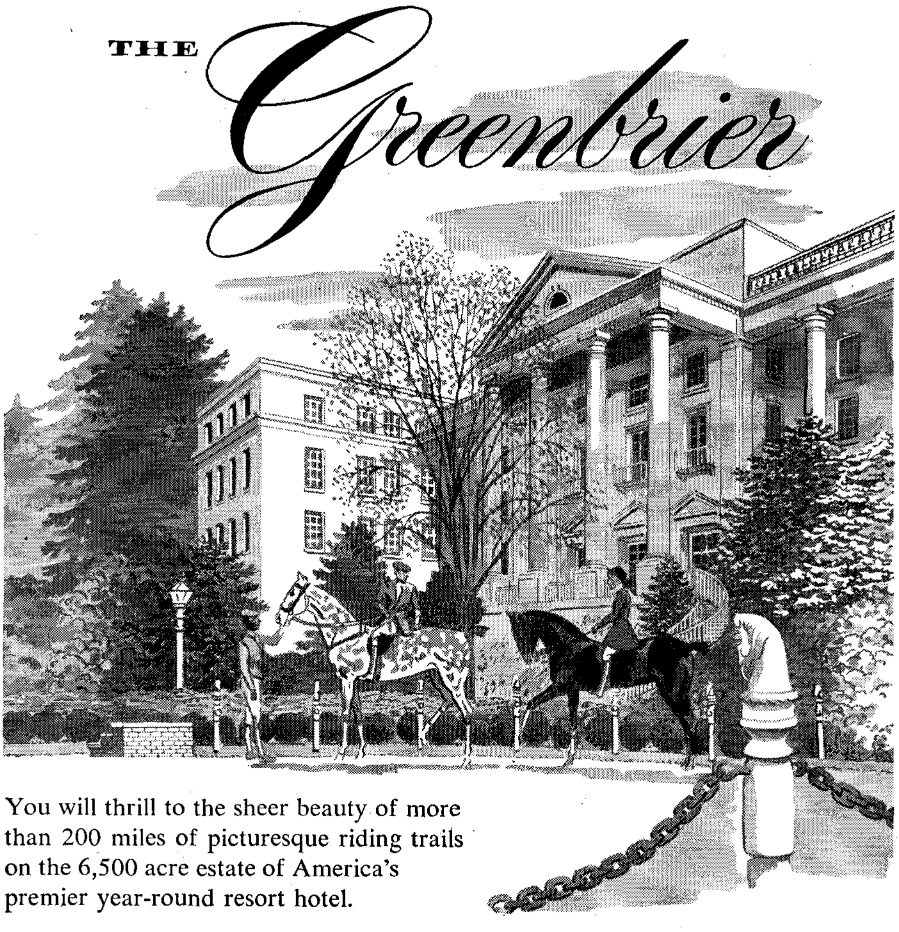

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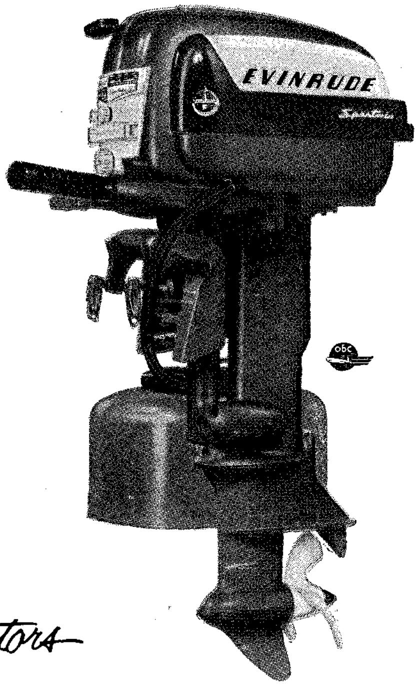

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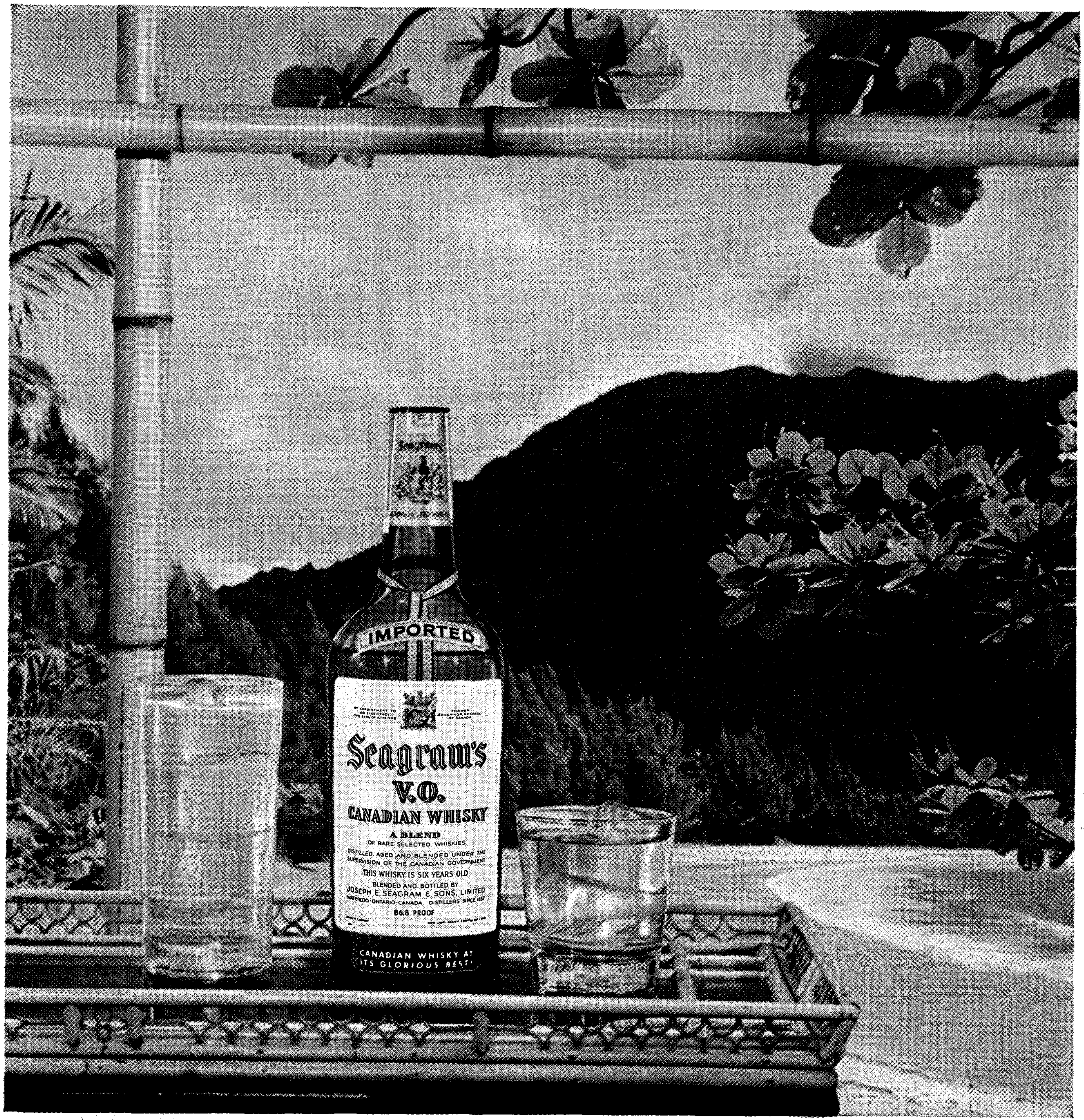
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THE MOUNTAINS

"IT'S staggering what they've done to cars since you've been away," my brother remarked one afternoon recently. I have been living abroad the last four years, and had come home for a family visit. "No starter. No gears any more. Punctureproof, tubeless tires. A five-year-old moron could drive one."

"Not with me in it, he couldn't," said my mother testily. Ten years ago, she might have made some cryptic comment about people who bought cars before they learned how to drive them. But my brother and I both knew anyway that she was thinking of a cross-country trip that our family took in 1928, from our home in Wichita, Kansas, to the East. I was a girl of eight, and my duty during the trip was to look after my two younger brothers, one five and the other three. Mother's job was to watch the map, keep an eye out for road signs, and open cans for our meals, which we ate cold at the side of the road. Father's job, as he often pointed out when the rest of us rebelled against the unequal portioning of labor, was to drive. "I'll get you there and get you back," he would say. "That's *my* job."

Our car was a 1924 Model T Ford. Our blankets, tent, cots, cooking utensils, clothing, and food boxes were secured to the outside of the car. We took along a case of canned pork-and-beans, because it gave Father a feeling of preparedness; we could survive on pork-and-beans for days, he used to say. The case was strapped to the running board. The pork-and-beans was for an emergency. The canned food we actually ate we bought along the way.

The Model T was my father's first car, and he prided himself on the fact that he had mastered its mechanism in three weeks. He referred to himself as an all-week driver, as distinct from Sunday drivers, women drivers, and—worst of all—"youths." Driving, he said, was an art requiring perception, foresight, and hair-trigger responses. He spoke so convincingly that my mother didn't feel she could qualify for the task. She left it up to him, and never learned to drive.

None of us had been out of the Kansas prairies when we rashly headed East. When we ran into mountains in West Virginia, we ran into trouble. Mr. Schultz, the auto salesman who taught my father how to drive, had neglected to instruct him in the tricks of mountain driving. There are no mountains in Kansas.

We managed to get up the first mountain without mishap. I was commissioned, along with Mother, to watch for a sign that would tell us when we got to the crest. I had always imagined a mountain as something one got to the top of in five minutes and slid down in one, like the knolls where I used to go sledding in the snow. Our Model T took half the morning toiling up countless hairpin turns, and the boiling of the radiator resulted in long, nervous halts, during which Father periodically inspected the stone he had placed under one of the back wheels.

"Look sharp for a brook. She's boiling again," my father would say. When my brothers or I saw a stream and pointed it out, he would stop the car, and we would haul water to put in the radiator when it had stopped geysering. My mother, accustomed to the rolling wheatland of Kansas, would peek warily at the rocky gorges and pine-choked cliff edges, remarking from time to time that this sort of country didn't seem sensible. All our nerves were frayed when, at last, we reached the crest of the first mountain and saw the sign "ARTISTS' LOOKOUT. ALTITUDE 4000 FT."

My father apparently shared my idea about coming down a mountain in a hurry. Also, he thought he would save gas by coasting. This was a trick Mr. Schultz had taught him, and he was proud of it.

We careered downhill, our brakes shrieking at every curve. My father would snap at me tensely, "Annie, stick your head out and see if there's a car coming." If I saw one, I shouted alarm, and we trembled and closed our eyes to the chasm that fell away at the outer edge (our edge) of the road until the oncoming car had passed. If there was none, Father hugged the wrong side of the road. After every curve, he would mutter breathlessly, "She made it," and at other times I could hear him reasoning with himself: "I can always ram her into the mountainside if I have to."

AT the bottom of the mountain, we had to have the brakes relined. There was a tourist-cabin camp there, and we put up for the night, all of us exhausted but proud that we'd made it safely. The next day, there were more

New note
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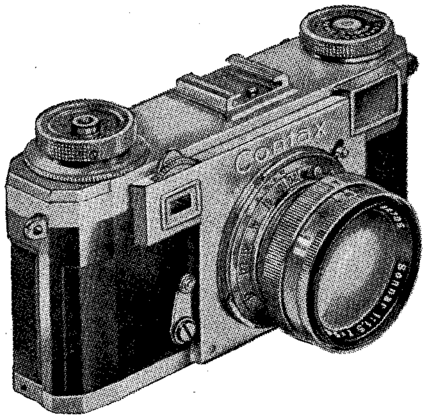

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mountains. We crept up, radiator spouting, and swooped down, brakes screaming. In each valley, we had to have the brakes relined, at two dollars a throw. For the first time, my father began to eye the Model T with disfavor. There was something wrong with a car that had to have its brakes relined after every mountain. We had spent something like twenty-six dollars on new brake linings when Father announced, "No more! We'll do the next one without brakes."

The next mountain seemed the highest of all. My brothers and I, though we didn't understand much of what went on, realized that this time the trip *down* was going to be memorable. At the top, we all got out of the car, a usual procedure, while Father pointed out the directions of North Carolina and Maryland, and explained the geological formations to us. However, there was less heart in his lessons this time, and finally he broke off and went over to Mother.

"This is a steep one," he said apologetically.

My mother accused him with her eyes but said nothing.

"Ida," said my father, in a strained tone, "you and I had better do it alone, because— Well, we just might not make it. We'll leave the children here."

My mother agreed grimly. She unpacked a sweater for each of us and folded them neatly on a rock at the roadside. After rummaging around in her purse, she handed me a roll of bills. Father pried open the case of pork-and-beans, took out three cans, and handed one to each of us. "We ought to leave a change of underclothing," my mother said to herself.

"Somebody's bound to find them and see that they get home to your sister," said my father. "Now, Annie," he said, turning to me with a tight little smile, "you're the oldest. You know your Aunt Hope's address. Now, your mother and I may be killed."

Both my brothers burst into wails, but I was proud to be the oldest, and I looked up at my father, trying to let him know he could depend on me.

As soon as the boys started to cry, Mother jammed our sweaters back into the suitcase and ordered us to climb into the car. With her chin tilted high, she said to my father, "The children come, too. If we're going to die, we'll all die together."

WE solemnly got back into the car, I in front, beside my father, and the boys in back, on either side of

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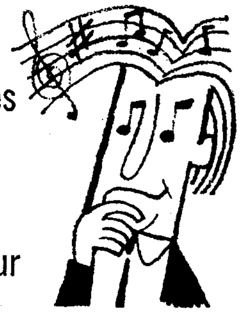

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Mother. The car was standing in a kind of parking area for those who wanted to contemplate the view. This safe expanse continued for about a hundred feet before the road narrowed, dipped sharply, and became a twisting downhill ribbon. Far below I could see the flashing asphalt weaving in and out among the treetops, doubling back again and again upon itself, down, down, until it dropped into the shadowy valley.

"Well, we're off," said my father as he started the engine and pushed in the left pedal. The car began inching forward. "Well, Annie," he said, blinking, and awkwardly patted my knee. The car nosed over the incline and crawled down the first leg of the first hairpin. Father seemed to dread making a positive move; the only move he knew was lifting his foot off the pedal, which made the car go into high. He turned to look at my mother, as if he had forgotten all about the slowly advancing movement of the car. His look was a sheepish farewell, which also pleaded with her for the signal to go ahead. But my mother was icily staring out the window.

By the time we reached the turn, the car still had not gathered momentum, and I remember a passing breath of surprise. At every *other* turn in my experience, we had ricochetted around. But I brushed aside hope as foolish. If we didn't crash over the edge on this curve, it would be the next, or the next. Yet I wasn't afraid to die. I felt tense and expectant. I was only sorry for my mother and father, because they seemed so upset about it.

My father guided the car around the turn, and then suddenly he shouted, "Ida! Ida! We're saved!"

"Oh," my mother said, in a thin

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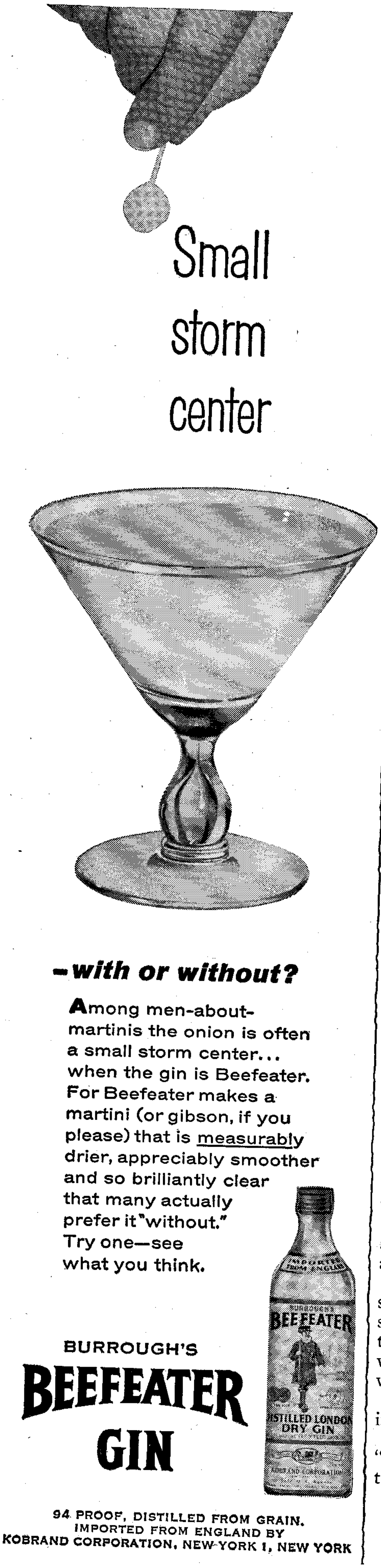

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voice. Her hands, which had been clasped in her lap, flew apart.

"Ida!" shouted my father, turning clear around and grinning at her. "I don't *need* brakes! I can just keep my foot on the pedal and go down like this! See!" He straightened up in his seat, laughing out loud and gripping the steering wheel as if he would tear it loose in his joy. "My!" he said. "My! What a damn fine mechanism!"

—ANNE SINCLAIR MEHDEVI

•

BAKERSFIELD, VT. (UP)—A 90-year-old father of 23 children, one a year old, says he hopes to have more.

"I'd like to have just as many again," said farmer Moses Ryea, whose present family consists of 14 children. He had nine by a first marriage.

Ryea lives with his family in a small white farmhouse here. He admitted that his brood keeps him and his 46-year-old wife Evelyn pretty busy.

The couple came from Canada 30 years ago after a four-month courtship. Ryea was 60 years old at the time.

Three of his sons are in the service and two of the daughters are married, but at Sunday dinner there are always at least 30 persons grouped around the table.

"I never thought much about it at first," Ryea said. "The children just kept coming. There was Bethel, Lyndon, Edwin, Jessie and Harry and first thing you know along comes James, Kathleen, Martha, Eugene and the twins, Vern and Verna.

"Like to have died when that happened.

"Then there was George and Shirley and Allan. Of course that ain't counting the nine I had in my first marriage," he said.

Ryea stopped getting excited over the prospect of becoming a father after the birth of his sixth child. But he allows how he became a little nervous when 11-year-old Eugene was born.

"I went for the doctor when my wife told me it was time. But a snowstorm kept us from getting back to the farm until it was all over," he said.

"But Evelyn was fine," he said. "She didn't have no trouble at all. When we finally got there, the doctor said she probably knew more about it than he did anyway."

Ryea says he thinks big families get along better than small ones and his wife agrees.

"They've never been any trouble," he said, "and somehow one more never seemed to make any difference. They learn to get along, too, and share things. My wife and I are as crazy about them now as we were when they were born."

Ryea's rules for a long and active life include smoking at an early age.

"I started at the age of three," he said. "Chawed tobacco, too. Kept me from getting fidgety."

Population experts in Japan...—*Springfield (Mass.) News.*

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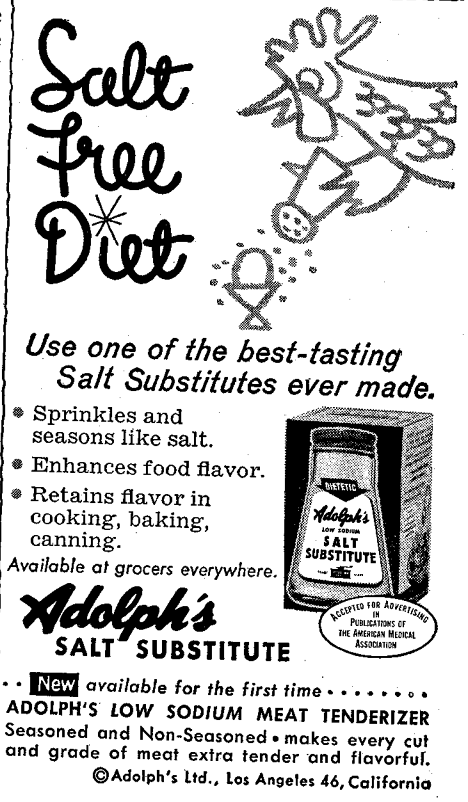

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THE MYSTERIOUS EAST

[*Synopsis of a play, in the English-language program of the Kabuki Theatre, Tokyo*]

BANCHO SARAYASHIKI
(The House of Treasured Dishes on Ban Street)

The time of the story is in the early Meireki Era when the tendency of bloody violence still held sway. It way the time when men polished their manhood, and Hatamoto-yakko (the gangsters of direct feudatory) and Machi-yakko (gangsters of municipality) vied for supremacy of their privileges.

Today the notorious Hatamoto-yakko, Aoyama Harima and Machi-yakko Han-aregoma Shirobei are scheduled to meet in the enclosure of Sanno. It was because of a very insignificant controversy that two opposing yakko are about to let the bloody rain redden the ground. However, luckily, Harima's aunt Mayumi happens to pass by, and by her wise tactical intervention, the trouble has been settled peacefully.

In the household of this Harima, there is a *koshimoto* (a lady's maid) named O-kiku. She is a very beautiful girl. This Okiku has been accepting the attention of Harima for some times. O-kiku also ardently loving him.

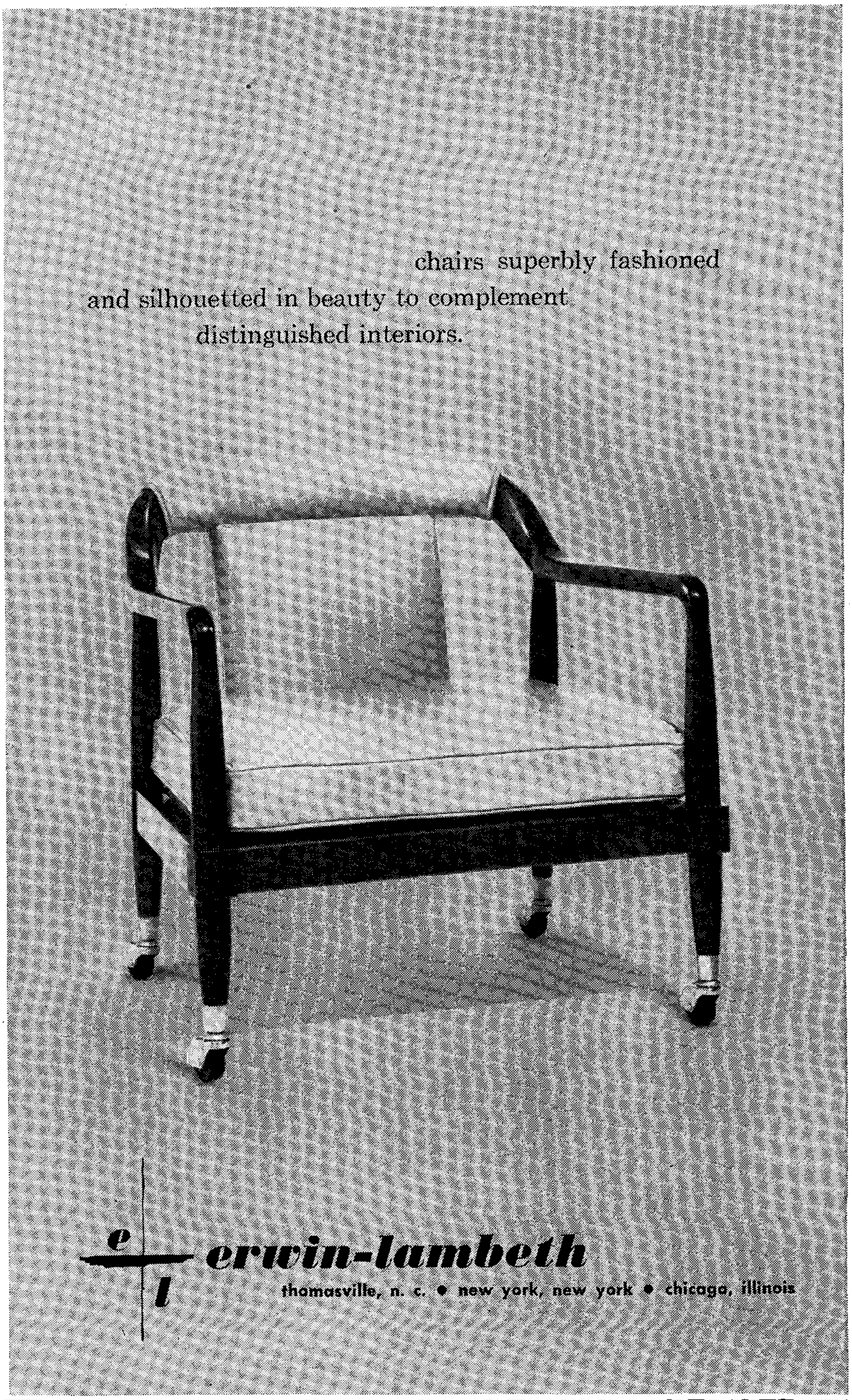
One day O-kiku hears a rumour that his aunt Mayui acting as go-between, a marriage is being planned for Harima. Since then she has been worrying and breaking her heart. In desperation, O-kiku decides to test the love of Harima by breaking one of the dishes long kept as the most valuable treasure of the house Harima. She thought that if Harima really loved her, he would not scold her for the deed. And further, he would not then take a wife unto himself other than herself. Thus, it was her wish to forget the pains of uncertainty about Harima's love.

Having learned the news about the breaking of the dish, the most astonished one was the servant named Judayou. He accordingly reports the incident to his master. Harima, though at first is startled, after hearing that it was done by O-kiku, manifests no anger, and speaks to her in a very kind tone of voice. However, when Harima hears from O-kiku's very lips that she did it in order to test Harima's love, he becomes greatly infuriated in the thought that O-kiku doubted his love, which to him is so great that to be doubted by O-kiku is uncondescendable. For, Harima is one of the Mikawa *bushi* (samurai) noted for their honesty and chivalry. What ground is there for O-kiku to doubt his sincerity? Such sincerity is not to be compared even with the most treasured dishes. And, to prove this, Harima smashes every one of the remaining dishes, and at the same time kills O-kiku with his own sword.

On the other hand, O-kiku, now having been convinced of Harima's sincere love, which she regarded more precious than her own life, happily meets her death.

Harima now having lost the love, which he also prized above his own life, and also the treasured dishes, in an instant, is now seized with the bang of loneliness.

Just then a report reaches Harima that a fighting is about to take place between the Hatamoto yakko, hurries to the battle ground to forget that lonelines.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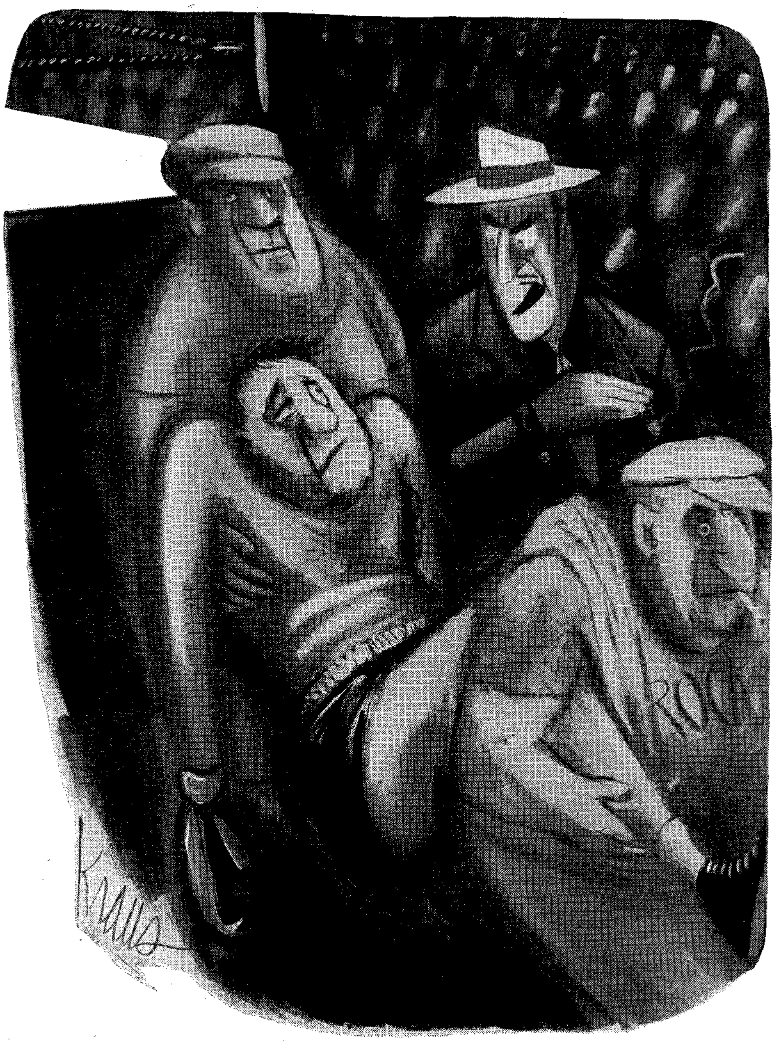
LETTER FROM IBIZA

AFTER spending five consecutive holidays in Spain, migrating farther south each year to keep ahead of the tourist invasion that has already provoked the building of thirty-two hotels in my favorite Costa Brava village, with its native population of a thousand, I decided this year to go to Ibiza, which is one of the smallest and most southerly of the Balearic Islands and is separated from the Spanish mainland by fifty-two miles of sea. I took a house called Ses Estaques (The Mooring Posts), across the bay from the coastal village of Santa Eulalia and about fifteen miles north of the island's capital, which is also called Ibiza. By a great stroke of luck, the Casa ses Estaques was the house I had looked for, in vain, every time I set forth from my home in England—a stark and splendidly isolated villa, on the verge of ruin, with an encroaching sea splashing among the rocks under its windows. I paid instantly and without question the extortionate price of three thousand pesetas (there are forty-three pesetas to the dollar) demanded for four months' tenancy—I have never dared admit to my Spanish friends that I paid half so much—and settled down to my annual courtship of the brilliant sun of southern Spain.



"You wouldn't take a dive. Oh, no, not you! You were above that."

The Casa ses Estaques, as it happens, is one of the landing places favored by the local fishermen—or at least its garden is. The original owner had been allowed to build in this superb position, among the pines on a headland commanding all the breezes, only by providing in the rear of the premises, as a *quid pro quo*, several small, well-built shacks in which the fishermen could store their tackle. In spite of an almost ostentatious unconcern with anything even approaching the basic amenities, the house has many advantages, to my way of thinking, and not the least of them is its uniqueness as a vantage point for studying the ways of Ibizan fishermen. Unlike the boisterous hearties of the Catalan coast, these are a sober and soft-spoken breed, who expect the stranger to make the first move in opening diplomatic relations, and who only occasionally indulge in an accumulated craving for violence and noise—by ritually exploding one of a store of oil drums they have recovered from the sea.

The house was built in the thirties, to foster, I have been told, the adventures of a gallant bachelor from the mainland, who apparently ran out of money before it could be completed, and it is full of the grandiose vestiges of a thwarted ambition. There are ten rooms, all fitted with basins and taps through which water has never run. Wires, undoubtedly intended to connect with bulbs in elaborate chandeliers, curl miserably from the center of every ceiling, and the only illumination is provided by four oil lamps of the kind carried by the Foolish Virgins in children's illustrated Bibles. Of the original furniture, said by the fishermen to have been sumptuous, there remains only a colossal gilt mirror, which must have been hung before the roof went on, because it clearly could not have gone in through the door. For the rest, there are ten simple beds, all broken in the middle, a dining table that could have served only for a child's tea party or for reclining Orientals, since it is impossible for normal human beings to get their legs under it, and a collection of wickerwork chairs that spray the beautiful polished-stone floor with the fine white powder of their decay whenever they are sat in. The only pictures left on the walls are seven framed engravings of early steamships and three damp-stained lithographs of the predicaments of Don Juan. When I first opened the windows—they open inward—a number of nestlings that had been hatched in the space between the glass and the exterior shutters flew in and perched on the pictures. The garden is thickly coated with pine needles, and in certain lights it seems to be gem-strewn, because it glistens with fragments of bottles that the preceding tenant—a Turkish princess—disposed of by hurling them from the flat rooftop. According to the fishermen, the princess never thought much of the place, and friction arose as a result of their practice of drying their nets on the front doorstep and stringing fish up to be sun-cured between convenient pine trees in the garden.

The princess's tenancy provided an episode that is almost certainly destined for incorporation into the permanent folklore of Ibiza. After several months on the island, she went off on a jaunt to Madrid, leaving her beautiful seventeen-year-old daughter in the charge of a trusted maid. The daughter promptly fell in love

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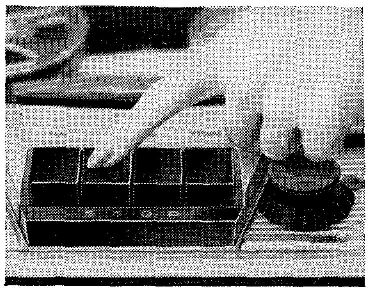

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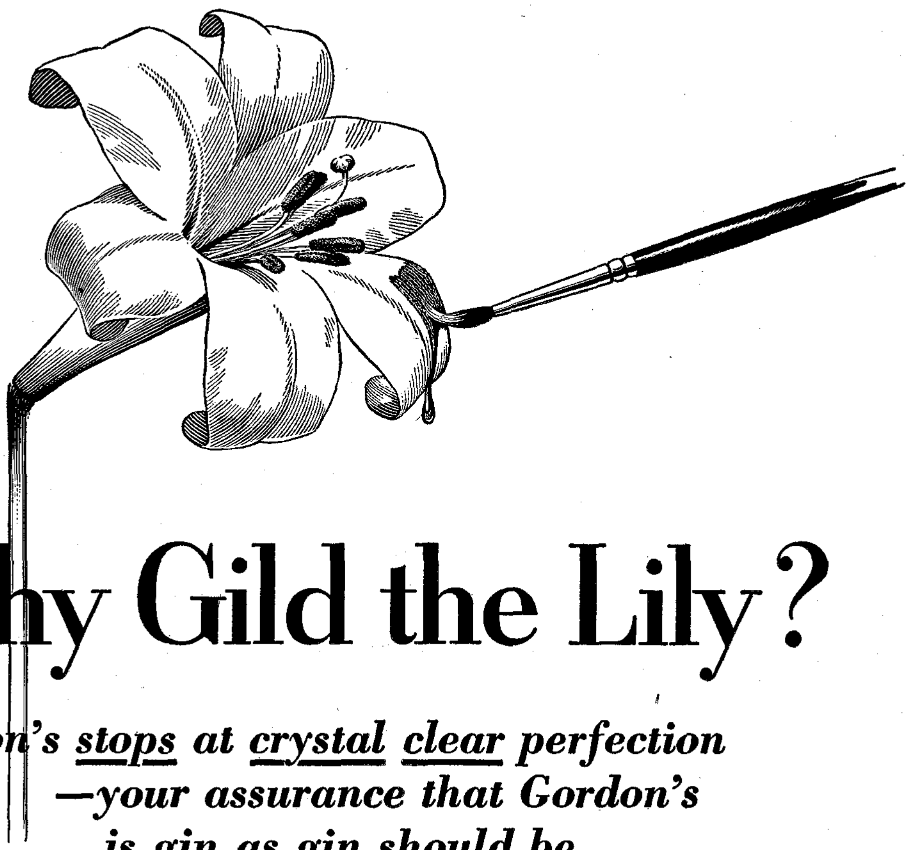
with a young fisherman, and when the mother returned and learned the worst, she placed the girl in a convent on Mallorca and gave up the Casa ses Estaques. A couple of months later, the daughter suddenly turned up again in Santa Eulalia and went to live with the young fisherman's parents. Her mother called on the Civil Guard to intervene, but in Spain a romance is never abandoned as hopeless merely on the ground of an extreme disparity in the social positions of the parties involved, and eventually, notwithstanding the princess's wrath, the marriage took place. The couple are now in the process of living happily ever after—their first child has already arrived—on a fisherman's average income of twenty-five pesetas a day.

The local methods of fishing, which I have spent many restful hours contemplating, are archaic and not very productive, but always graceful and unhurried. Soon after dawn every day, a boat comes into view from the terrace of the house, gliding very slowly over the inert water. It is rowed by an old man, who stands up facing the bow. He is one of the six Pedros of the port, and is known as He of the Octopuses. At intervals, he lays down his oars, picks up a pole with a barbed iron tip, jabs down into the water, and snatches out an octopus. He never seems to miss. A gaunt marine version of Don Quixote, Pedro has dedicated his whole life to the pursuit of octopuses, which he sells to the other fishermen to be cut up for bait. He has developed this somewhat narrow specialty to such a degree that every man who fishes with a hook depends upon him, and he can see an octopus lurking where someone else would see nothing but rocks and seaweed through the wash and flicker of surface reflections. Pedro, whose daytime activities are circumscribed by the light-shunning habits of his prey, also gives a spooky flavor to the early hours of the night—particularly when there is no moon—by moving afreetlike about the black-silhouetted rocks with a torch as he examines the pools and shallows.

Another picturesque adjunct to the scene is Jaime, an artist in the use of the *rai*, a circular, lead-weighted net of a sort that is to be found in most parts of the world. Here in the Mediterranean, it is thrown from the shore over shoals of feeding fish—usually *saupes*, handsome silver fish with longitudinal golden stripes, which are considered very poor in flavor but are highly exciting to stalk and catch. Jaime's routine is to patrol the shore in periods of dead calm when certain flat-topped rocks are just covered by the high tide. Schools of *saupes* visit these, to graze like cattle on the recently exposed weeds, and thrash about in a gluttonous orgy, completely unconscious of Jaime's pantherish approach, and with their tails often sticking right up out of the water. Jaime has been catching *saupes* for thirty years, and, like Pedro, he never misses. At the moment of truth, his body pivots like a discus thrower's, the net launched on the air spreading in a perfect circle, then falling in a ring of small silver explosions. Jaime's arm is still raised in an almost declamatory gesture in the second before he springs forward to haul in his catch. Sometimes he gets thirty or forty beautiful fish at one throw, but they are worth very little in the market. Jaime also fishes with a *fitora*, a kind of double-headed trident that has a twelve-foot haft; he uses it at night, spearing fish by torchlight as they lie dozing in the shallows after rough weather. This kind of fishing is also unprofitable, depending, as it does, too much on time and chance, and the fishermen who go in for it are usually bachelors with an aristocratic preference for sport over regular income and with no mouths at home to feed. The great aesthetic moment of any day is when, all too rarely, Pedro and Jaime appear together in the theatrical seascape laid out under my windows—Pedro passing like an entranced gondolier while, in the foreground, Jaime stalks, postures, and invokes Poseidon with matador flourishes of his net.

These are our dedicated artists. Besides them, there are men who fish with hooks or larger nets, and thereby wrest a slightly more abundant living from the sea within the limits imposed by their antiquated methods, their superstitions, their lack of a sound commercial outlook, and their hidebound intolerance of all innovation. The hooks themselves are exact replicas of those employed by the Romans, to be seen in the museum at Ibiza, and when they are in short supply, nothing can persuade the fishermen to use hooks of foreign origin having a slightly different shape.

By Western standards, only three of the men who keep their boats at Ses Estaques make anything like a living, and they work as a team. They fish all night, putting down deep nets at a conflux of currents off a distant cape, and at about nine in the morning their boat swings into sight around the headland, its lateen sail slicing at the sky. All the citizens of the neighborhood with a



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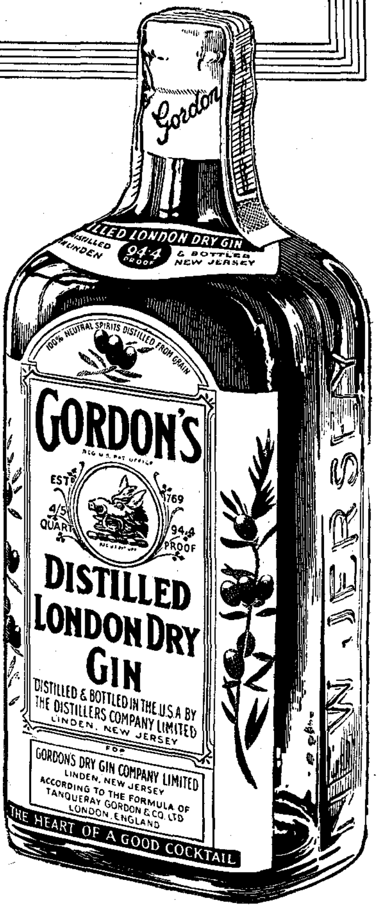
Gordon
DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN
DISTILLED LINDEN 94.4 PROOF & BOTTLED NEW JERSEY
100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN
GORDON'S
REG. U.S. PAT. OFFICE
EST. 1769
4/5 QUART
94.4 PROOF
DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN
DISTILLED & BOTTLED IN THE U.S.A BY THE DISTILLERS COMPANY LIMITED LINDEN, NEW JERSEY
FOR GORDON'S DRY GIN COMPANY LIMITED LINDEN, NEW JERSEY
ACCORDING TO THE FORMULA OF TANQUERAY GORDON & CO. LTD LONDON, ENGLAND
THE HEART OF A GOOD COCKTAIL
NEW JERSEY

Fads come—and fads go—but in the long run **the one thing** in a distilled spirit that the public recognizes and appreciates is **traditional quality.** We believe this to be true, because **for over 186 years,** the public has recognized and appreciated the **traditional quality** of Gordon's Gin.

Gordon's Gin is **crystal clear**— one of the time-honored virtues of the world's great gins. You can see this **crystal clear** quality for yourself, but what it means to you as a gin drinker goes far beyond mere appearance. Literally, there's more to it than meets the eye.

For example, did you know that the **crystal clear** quality of Gordon's Gin is your assurance that it comes to you with all its delicate flavors **fully preserved?** That means you always get the classic gin taste and traditional gin dryness you enjoy so much.

So the next time you buy a bottle of gin, or order a gin drink, specify Gordon's—the gin that's been "**right**" **through the centuries.** Remember, you get crystal clear dryness **plus** higher proof of 94.4 for more body **plus** superb liqueur quality for greater smoothness. Drinks never taste thin with Gordon's Gin.

There's no Gin like **GORDON'S**

Clearly America's Favorite

94.4 PROOF • 100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN • GORDON'S DRY GIN CO., LTD., LINDEN, N. J.

fancy for fish that day gather in my garden awaiting the boat's arrival, which is heralded by three long, mournful blasts on a conch shell. Each morning, this little syndicate lands between six and twenty kilograms of fish, about half of which are of the best quality—mostly red mullet. Within a few minutes, the catch is sold, the red mullet at the fixed price of sixteen pesetas a kilogram and the rest—gurnard, bream, mackerel, and dorado—at about ten pesetas. Sometimes there aren't enough fish to go around, but there is no question of raising the price to take advantage of this situation. Ibiza may well be unique in the world in that here the law of supply and demand is without application. Whatever the catch, the price is the same. The system by which in Barcelona or Mallorca, for example, prices are advanced to as much as sixty pesetas a kilogram when hauls are scanty is considered highly immoral. From this it will be understood that no fisherman of Ses Estaques has ever made enough money to free himself—even if he wanted to—from the caprices of wind and tide. He has no thought of rising to the bourgeois level of a steady income from some small enterprise, of nights of undisturbed sleep, of a comfortable obesity with the passing years. If he leaves the sea at all, he is driven from it by failure, not tempted from it by success, and such a comedown is regarded as the worst possible catastrophe. The life of a fisherman is a constant adventure. He realizes this and admits to it, and it is this element of the lottery that attaches him to his calling. In the long run, he is always poor, but a tremendous catch may make him rich for a day, giving him the taste of opulence unsoured by satiety. The existence of the generous, impoverished fisherman and that of the peasant, with its calculation and lacklustre security, are separated by a tremendous gulf. For a fisherman, to be condemned to plant, irrigate, and reap, bound to the wheel of the seasons, his returns computable in advance to the peseta, is the most horrible of all fates.

THE village of Santa Eulalia, a short walk from Ses Estaques, is built around the base of a low hill that glitters with Moorish-looking houses and is topped by a blind-walled church, half fortress and half mosque. The landscape is of the purest Mediterranean kind—pines and junipers and fig trees growing out of red earth. As one looks down from the hilltop, the

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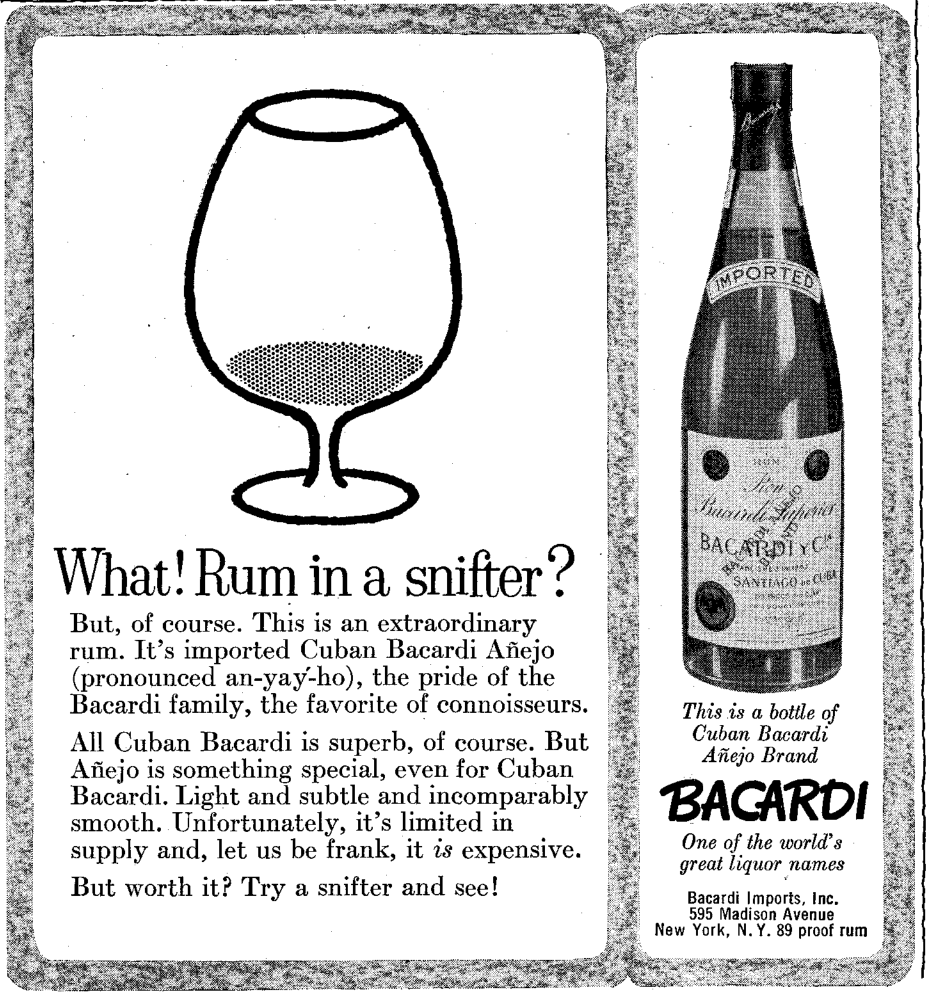

What! Rum in a snifter?

But, of course. This is an extraordinary rum. It's imported Cuban Bacardi Añejo (pronounced an-yay-ho), the pride of the Bacardi family, the favorite of connoisseurs.

All Cuban Bacardi is superb, of course. But Añejo is something special, even for Cuban Bacardi. Light and subtle and incomparably smooth. Unfortunately, it's limited in supply and, let us be frank, it *is* expensive.

But worth it? Try a snifter and see!

This is a bottle of Cuban Bacardi Añejo Brand

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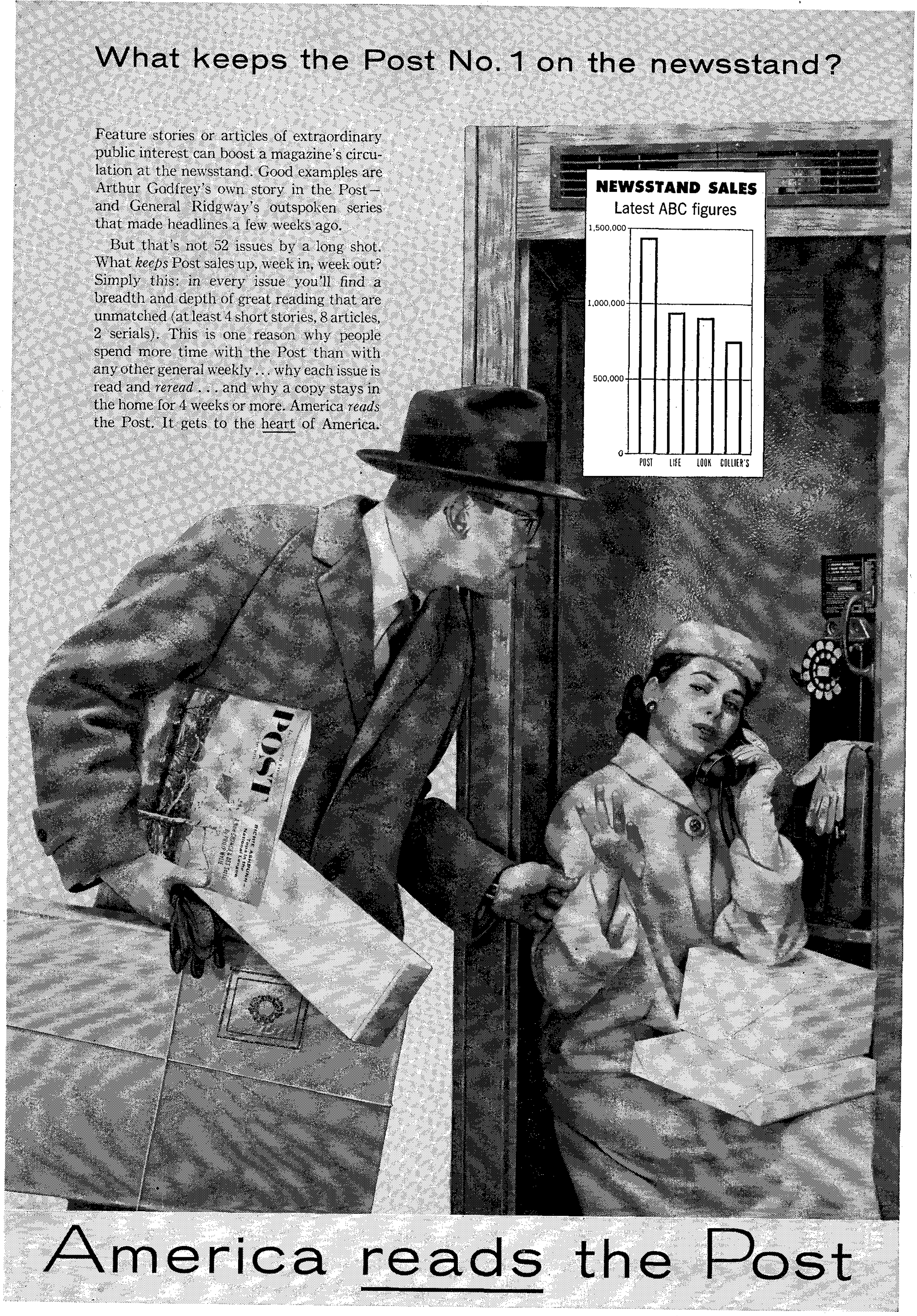
New York, N. Y. 89 proof rum


NEWSSTAND SALES
Latest ABC figures
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1,000,000
500,000
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POST
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POST

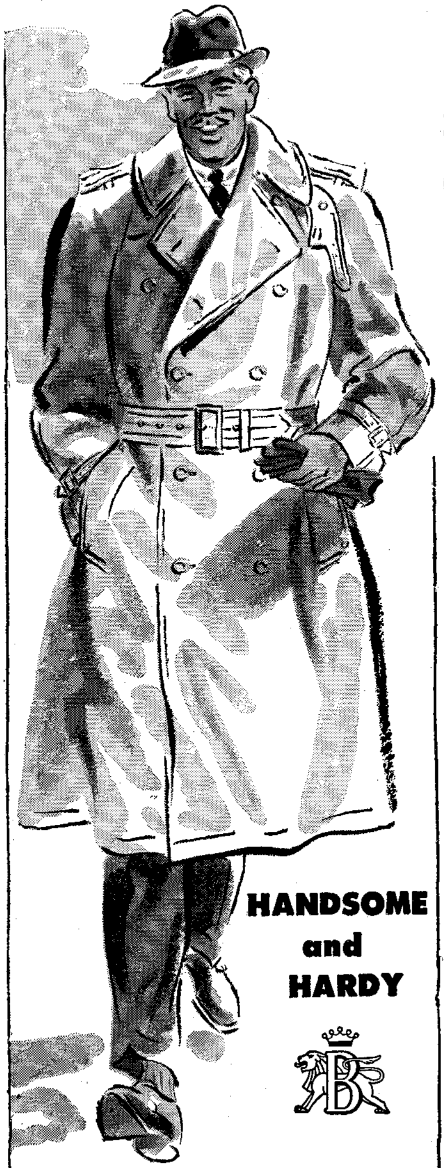
What keeps the Post No. 1 on the newsstand?

Feature stories or articles of extraordinary public interest can boost a magazine's circulation at the newsstand. Good examples are Arthur Godfrey's own story in the Post—and General Ridgway's outspoken series that made headlines a few weeks ago.

But that's not 52 issues by a long shot. What *keeps* Post sales up, week in, week out? Simply this: in every issue you'll find a breadth and depth of great reading that are unmatched (at least 4 short stories, 8 articles, 2 serials). This is one reason why people spend more time with the Post than with any other general weekly . . . why each issue is read and *reread* . . . and why a copy stays in the home for 4 weeks or more. America *reads* the Post. It gets to the heart of America.

America reads the Post

Baracuta Lancer



In Northern rainstorm or equatorial downpour, the *Baracuta Lancer* is admittedly unrivalled for perfection in rainwear protection. It owes its rugged rain resistance and smart appearance to superfine Egyptian cotton gabardine, and to brisk British styling with smart adjustable straps, buckles and epaulets. In Natural or Oyster White with checked plaid cotton lining, at about $55.

~~Single and~~ double breasted raincoats in Egyptian poplin, gabardines, wools from $27.50 (slightly higher in the West)—golf jackets also available, at finer shops and department stores everywhere, or write for name of dealer nearest you.

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BARACUTA

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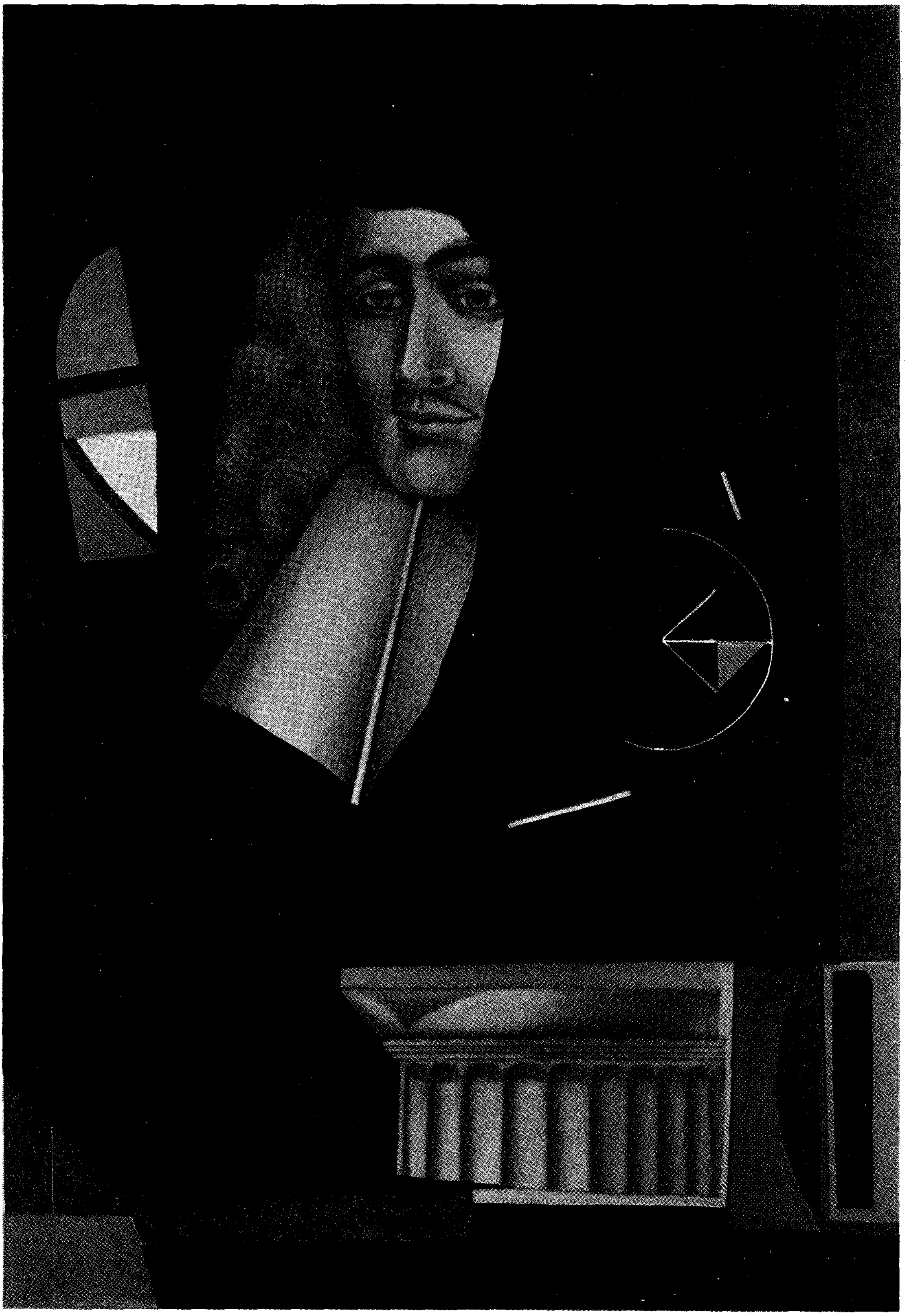
plain spread between the sea and the inland hills is daubed and patched with henna and iron rust—the fields curried darker where newly irrigated, the threshing floors standing out pale within their encircling beehives of straw, the roads smoking with orange dust where the farm carts have passed. From the top of the hill the peasants' houses are white or reddish cubes and the cover of each well is a gleaming egg-shaped cupola, like the tomb of an unimportant saint in Islamic countries. The land at the edge of the sea is enclosed in a firm red line, where the narrow movements of the Mediterranean tides seem to submit the earth to fresh oxidation each day; after the brief, frenzied storms that sometimes afflict the island, a bloody lake spreads slowly into the blue of the sea all along the coast. The course of Ibiza's only river, the Santa Eulalia, is marked by a snake of pink-flowered oleanders curling through the fields, and oleanders also froth at most of the wellheads. The sounds of this sun-lacquered plain are those of the slow, dry clicking of water wheels turned by blindfolded donkeys, the hiss and rustle of a sudden breeze blowing through fields of maize, and the electric purr of cicadas switching on and off in the pines. The whole of Santa Eulalia is scented by great fig trees standing separated in the red fields, each spreading a tent of perfume that comes not only from the ripe fruit but from the dead leaves moldering about the roots.

Down in the village, life moves with the placid rhythm of a digestive process. The earliest shoppers appear in the street soon after dawn, and most shops do not close before midnight. By about 9 A.M., the first catch of fish has been landed—announced, as at Ses Estaques, by the blowing of a conch shell, a solemn, sweet, nostalgic sound that sets off a kind of hysteria among the village cats, who have grown to realize its significance. After that, nothing much happens in the lives of the nonproductive members of the population until 1:30 P.M., when the day's climax is reached with the arrival of the Ibiza bus, amid scenes of public emotion as travellers who have been absent for twenty-four hours are reunited with their families. Between three and five, most village people take a siesta. Shutters are closed, filling the houses with a cool gloom redolent of cooking pots and dead embers. The venerable taxis crowd into the few pools of shade by the plaza, and the only signs of life in the streets are a few agile bantam cocks, who come out at this time to gobble up the ants, and some elderly men of property, who, preferring not to risk spoiling their night's sleep, gather, pajama-clad, on the terrace of the Royalty bar to play cards. At seven o'clock in the evening, the old wine barrel on the water cart that replenishes my drinking tank at Ses Estaques with what is guaranteed to be river water, and usually contains one or more drowned frogs, is filled at the horse trough in the square. Then, with sprinkler fitted, it passes up and down the only street that matters, spraying the roseate dust. The horse's name is Astra—the same name is also given to most of the goats in Santa Eulalia—and the driver, who is very proud and fond of him, urges him on with gentle, coaxing cries in what I understand is Arabic deformed by the passage of the centuries.

At the weekends, things brighten up. Saturday evening brings an invasion from the countryside of farmhands and their heavily chaperoned girls. The farmhands work cheerfully all the hours of daylight for eighteen pesetas a day, which is about a sixth of what is paid in Great Britain for similar work and between a twentieth and a thirtieth of what is paid in the United States. On Saturday night, they parade up and down the principal street of Santa Eulalia, which does not possess a single neon sign, until it is time to go and dance at the local night club, Ses Parres—Ibizan for "The Vineyards." Drinks at Ses Parres cost only three pesetas, and the purchase of a round entitles the purchaser to watch the floor show and dance all night. Usually, about half the girls are in the local costume, which is voluminous in an early-Victorian way—a matter of many petticoats and an abundance of concealed lace—and is worn with a shawl like Whistler's mother's, pendant earrings, and long, beribboned pigtails.

Sunday morning in Santa Eulalia produces a curious spectacle. The growth of the village away from its defensive position on the hill has left the church at rather a distance from the center, so people have taken to going to Mass at the chapel of a tiny convent tucked away among the bars and grocers' shops on the main street. The sixty or so women who attend seven-o'clock Mass fill this building to overflowing, and the men, who in any case are separated from them by custom, are obliged to form a devotional group on the other side of the road. Here, divided from the rest of the congregation by the flow of morning traffic, they follow the service

Great Ideas of Western Man . . . ONE OF A SERIES



Artist: Richard Lindner

BENEDICT SPINOZA on freedom under law

The man who is guided by reason is more free in a state, where he lives under a general system of law, than in solitude, where he is independent. (*Ethics*, 1677)

Container Corporation of America

"My beer is Rheingold
—the Dry beer!"
says HILLIE MERRITT
MISS RHEINGOLD 1956
QUEENS MIDTOWN TUNNEL

PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL HESSE

COSTUME DESIGNED FOR MISS RHEINGOLD BY BONNIE CASHIN • MAKE-UP BY REVLON

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as best they can. There are usually about twenty of them, and I noticed that, as in Catalonia, fishermen are seldom, if ever, present.

Ses Parres functions on both Saturday and Sunday nights, and boasts an innocent floor show intended to provide something typical for foreign visitors—usually a couple of local artists performing Ibizan dances. However unexciting this may be for the peasants in the audience, it at least does nothing to dissatisfy them and corrupt their cultural integrity, as spectacles from the outside world might. Anything in these dances of Ibiza—so unlike the bouncing *jotas* and *sardanas* of the neighboring regions of Spain—that is not Moorish in origin is pre-Moorish, perhaps even Carthaginian. The woman twists, turns, advances, recedes, her eyes cast down in resolute unconcern, her body uncompromisingly stiff, her feet twinkling invisibly beneath a sweeping skirt. The effect is that of an Oriental doll moved by an exceptionally smooth clockwork mechanism. Her partner is more active. He postures at a distance, arms raised, hands clacking enormous castanets, and swoops deferentially to the rhythm of flute and drum. Sometimes one of the musicians accentuates the rhythmic beat by striking a sword suspended in a frame. Occasionally, the entertainers at Ses Parres are persuaded to sing the *caramelles*, strange songs that are peculiar to Ibiza, and each line of which ends in a sobbing, throaty ululation. The *caramelles* are properly sung before the altar on high feast days, and nobody knows anything about them except that there is nothing like them to be heard anywhere in the world and that their antiquity is so great that they no longer sound like music, even to the most imaginative ear.

IBIZA's history has been almost the automatic consequence of its geographical position, which also accounts for its un-European atmosphere. The island, twenty-six miles long and an average of nine miles wide, is on the shortest sea route between Spain and the two conquering North African civilizations of the past—Carthaginian and Moorish. Ibiza was overrun and colonized by Carthage in 484 B.C.; the Carthaginians ruled the island until about 125 B.C., and the Moors came in 716 A.D. They held on for five centuries, and for them Ibiza was the indispensable halfway port of call between Algiers and Valencia, the richest city of Moorish Spain, for in those days a fair proportion of galleys setting out to cross

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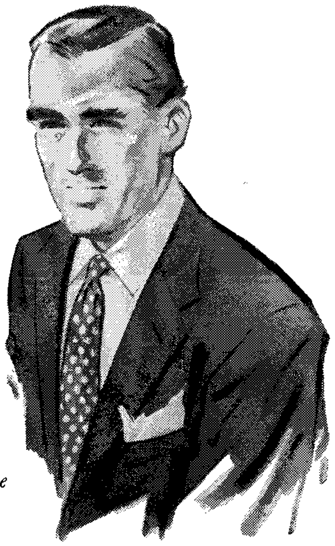

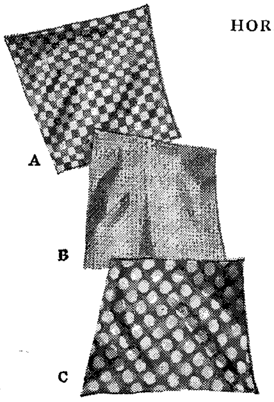

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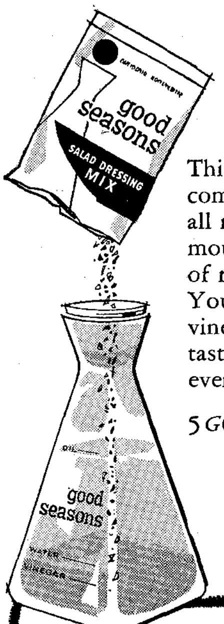

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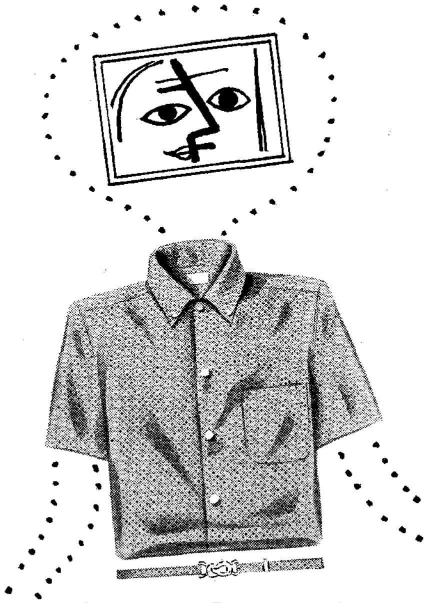
the Mediterranean never reached their destination. These were the two civilizing influences in the island's early history, and the eight hundred years or so in between were full of pillagings by Vandals, Byzantines, Franks, Vikings, and Normans. In 1114, Moorish Ibiza was considered by Pope Paschal II a sufficiently painful thorn in the Christian side to justify the organization of a minor Crusade; five hundred ships were necessary to carry the loot-hungry adventurers who joined in the expedition, but it was not until 1235 that Ibiza was finally recaptured for the Church. After that, its strategic importance was at an end. It was simply a remote and inaccessible island, with no natural wealth to attract Spanish settlers, and it soon deteriorated into a hideout for corsairs and was pillaged indiscriminately by Christians and Arabs. Within a few years of the recapture, only five hundred families remained on the island. The population today is thirty-six thousand.

Much of the island's distinctive style—those subtle flavorings that differentiate it from the rest of the Balearic Islands and also from the adjacent mainland—is likely to have been formed in the two breathing spaces of peace and plenty, under the Carthaginians and the Moors. The Carthaginians taught the natives almost all they know about agriculture, including how to grow olives. They also instructed them in the making of *garum*, a delicious mess prepared from the entrails of fish, which was famous in the classical past but is neglected in Ibiza in these days of culinary decadence. They struck vast quantities of coins bearing the effigy of their god Eshmun, shown as a bearded, dancing dwarf, and built cave temples for the worship of Tanit, the Carthaginian Venus, who, although her statuettes make her look as sensible as a Dutch barmaid, had a sinister reputation for demanding sacrifices of young children in time of national stress. The Carthaginians were extremely systematic in the disposal of their dead, whom they buried in vast necropolises, as standardized in all their details as a modern block of flats. Most of these burial places on Ibiza have been ransacked in the past, but a few are still untouched, and one or two are opened every year, with an inevitable yield of ivory charms, figurines, and lachrymatories.

During and after the Carthaginian period, the island manufactured and exported great numbers of amphorae,



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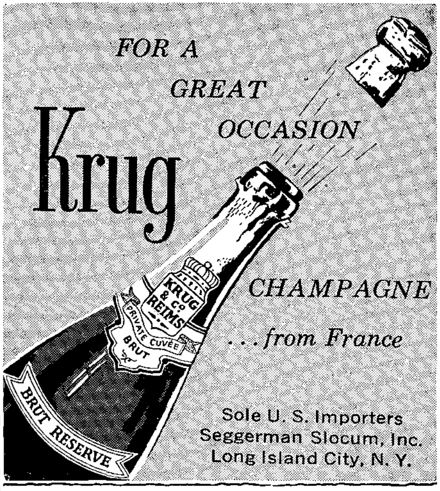

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which were esteemed throughout Europe for certain magical properties—attributed to the clay from which they were made—including the talismanic power of driving away snakes. Many galleys laden with them foundered in storms while outward bound along the island's excessively rocky coast, and a minor modern industry has arisen as a result of the large number of amphorae that have been salvaged intact in fishermen's nets or brought up by skin-divers. The amphorae fetch between five hundred and a thousand pesetas apiece on Ibiza, according to their size and shape and the secondary interest of the marine incrustations covering them. The industry consists of "improving" genuine amphorae with interesting arrangements of shells, which are cemented in position (it took me several hours to remove those that had been stuck on a wonderful twenty-six-hundred-year-old pot I bought), and submerging modern amphorae in the sea until enough mollusks have accumulated to deceive the would-be buyer of a genuine antique.

The Arab contribution to the Ibizan scene is obvious and dominant. It persists in the names of all the most essential things of life, which tend to be prefixed with "*al*," the Arabic definite article; in the cunning systems of irrigation by means of which the Ibizan farmer sends water coursing in geometrical patterns all over his fields; in the semi-seclusion of the women; and, above all, in the architecture. An Ibizan farmhouse, which is as Moorish-looking as its counterpart in the Atlas Mountains, is, in its simplest form, a hollow cube. As the family grows in size and prosperity, more cubes and some rhomboid shapes are added, apparently at haphazard, although the final grouping of stark geometrical

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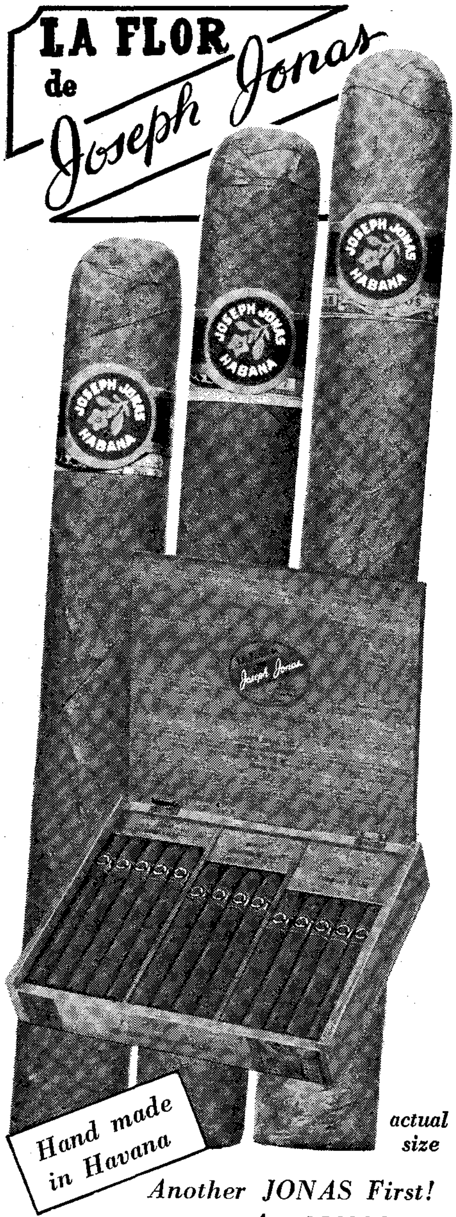

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forms is always harmonious and perfectly suited to its natural setting.

IN recent years, poor communications and austere standards of comfort have helped preserve Ibiza's individuality. There is still no air service to Ibiza, though a disturbing rumor is current that one will be inaugurated this year. The most direct route from Spain is from Valencia or Barcelona, on grossly overcrowded night boats that sail once a week in winter and twice a week in summer. Long foresight and a fair amount of luck are required to obtain passage on them; sailing times are sometimes changed without notice, and in my experience letters to the Compañia Transmediterránea, which owns the boats, are rarely answered. One's best hope of getting to Ibiza in the busier seasons is to arrive in Valencia or Barcelona on the day before the sailing and be ready to line up at the company's office soon after dawn the next day. The crossing takes all night, and conditions aboard probably parallel those of a pilgrim ship plying between Somaliland and the port of Jidda. The decks are packed with the recumbent but restless forms of passengers doing their best to doze off under the harsh glare of lights installed with the intention of reducing contacts between the sexes to their most impersonal level. This concern for strict morality gives the ships of the Compañia Transmediterránea, as they pass in the night, an appearance of gaiety that is deceptive.

On the island, transport is provided by buses of a design not entirely free from the influence of the horse-drawn vehicle, taxis that until recently were propelled by what looked like kitchen stoves fixed to their backs, and farm carts that are spruce-looking but practically devoid of springs. The choicest spots on the island can be reached only on foot or on a bicycle, which has to be carried across flowery ravines. Once, when I was temporarily interested in spear-fishing, I asked a Spanish friend on the mainland where to go to have a reasonable chance of seeing that splendid Mediterranean fish, the *merou*, which has just about disappeared from the coastal waters of France, Spain, and Italy. He said, "That's easy. All you do is to look for a place without things like running water and electric light—a dump with rotten hotels, where no one in his right mind wants to go." He thought for a moment. "Ibiza," he said. "That's it. That's the place you're looking for." This description was most exaggerated and un-

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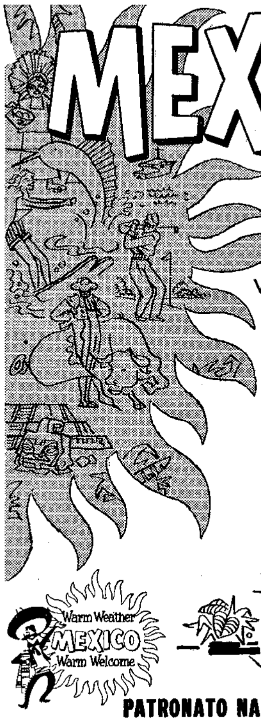

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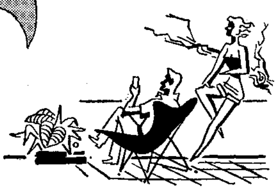

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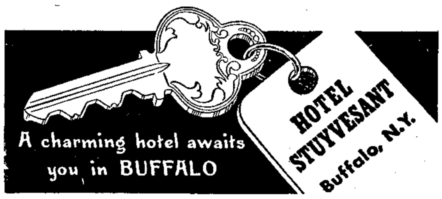
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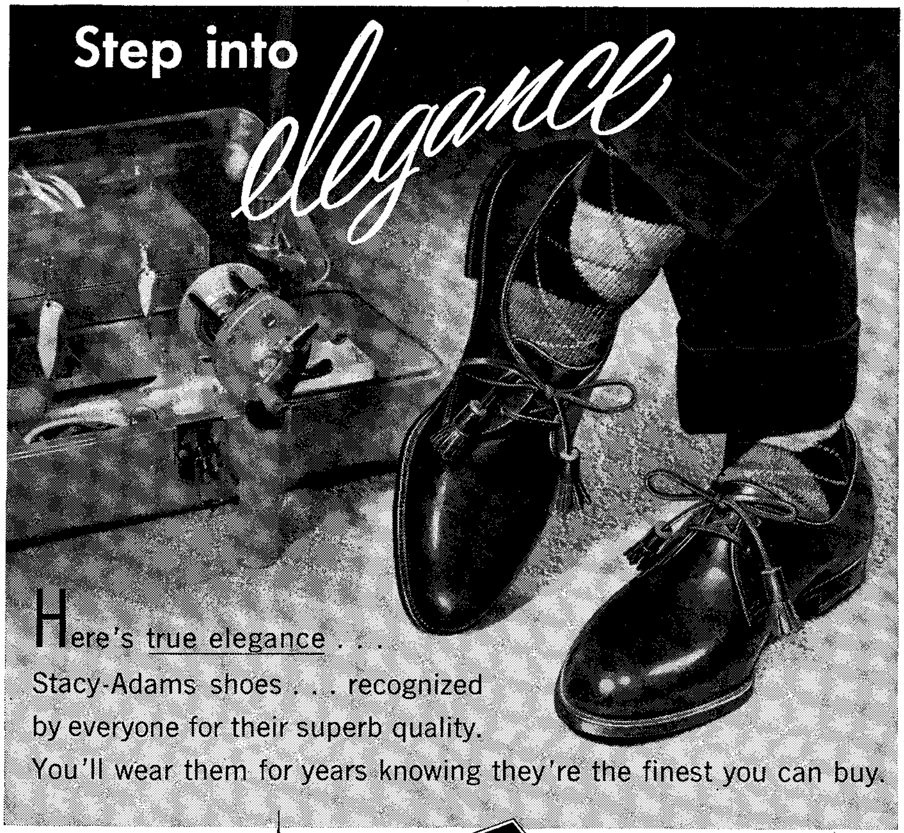
just. You can find a bleak, clean room in a *fonda*, or guesthouse, anywhere on the island, and if it happens to be in the town of Ibiza itself, or in Santa Eulalia, or across the island in San Antonio Abad, there may be running water and there almost certainly will be a small, naked electric bulb, glimmering in response to the fitful current. But what can you expect for thirty pesetas a day, including two adequate, often classic Mediterranean meals? Resourceful explorers have found that by taking a room at five pesetas a day and buying their food in the market they can live for a third of this sum. Ibiza is very cheap. The standard price for drinks in bars—whether beer or brandy—is two pesetas, compared to five pesetas in Barcelona. The strong wine of Valencia is sold at three pesetas a litre. These economic realities make Ibiza the paradise of those modern remittance men—the free-lance writer who sees two or three of his pieces in print a year, and the painter who sells a canvas once in a blue moon.

Annually, the Spanish police decide that they must cut down on the floating population of escapists, who regard the island as a slightly more accessible Tahiti, and a purge takes place. Deportation is usually carried out on the ground of moral insufficiency. A fair amount of laxness in private life is tolerated in Spain as long as an outward serenity of deportment is maintained. A departure from this, whether it is a matter of habitual drunkenness in public places, brawling, or obvious sexual nonconformism, becomes officially "*un escándalo público*," and the perpetrator thereof receives a visit from the Comisario de Policía, who, if a lady is concerned, will kiss her hand before begging her to depart, on the next boat. Each year, Ibiza's bohemian plant is thus pruned back to the roots, and with each new season it produces a fresh crop. Most of these Gauguins are both harmless and picturesque. This year, the beard is in fashion again and has been adopted by all nationalities except the Spanish. It is no longer the furious growth inherited from naval service but a sensitive and downy halo worn on, or under, the chin, in true *fin-de-siècle* style. The female of the species looks as if she might have woven her own clothes.

A few of these refugees from the Left Bank cellars of the northern cities drift up the coast to Santa Eulalia. One prize specimen was an English actor who had embraced a strict yoga discipline and who regularly reached phases of reintegration in the open-air café, El



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Kiosko. Once, he sank to his knees, eyes lifted heavenward, in the path of a bus just about to depart for Ibiza, and remained in this position for about five minutes while the bus awaited his pleasure with engine ticking over and a pair of Civil Guards at a nearby table eyed him with a kind of grim connoisseurship. We also had with us for a short time, until he was removed to a madhouse, a genial American who in his less lucid moments believed himself to be Ernest Hemingway. And for a while it was unusual not to be accosted in one of the two popular bars any evening after five by a Russian nobleman anxious to explain his solution of the problem of perpetual motion. Native—or perhaps I should say Spanish—eccentrics are comparatively rare. At one time or another, these have included a massive Catalan who strode through the streets constantly cracking a stock whip, and an only fair bullfighter who had found asylum in the house of a local lady of quality and who used to accompany her on long walks holding an iron bar in his extended right arm to develop the muscles employed in skewering his bulls.

These are some of the transients who have brightened our lives. We also have our small colony of permanent foreign residents, who sometimes act strangely by Spanish standards. The only American resident, for example—a charming lady who loves animals—built a tower just across the water from Ses Estaques to shelter a pony she had found with a broken leg. The tower, in faultless local style, harmonizes with the several that have survived in this majestic panorama from the Middle Ages, but the quixotry of the action was complicated by the fact that it was inadvertently built on someone else's land. The natives are tolerant of all such foibles; no extravagance produces so much as a raised eyebrow. As the man in the street sees it, he'd probably cut a comic spectacle in a foreign country, too, if he had the chance to travel. The police sit and ponder whether or not yoga trances in the main thoroughfare constitute a public scandal, shrug their shoulders, and decide to refer the matter to higher authority.

MY interest in Ibiza's eccentrics, both of the present time and of the past, actually stirred me into making a pilgrimage eight miles up the coast to the extraordinarily beautiful and all but inaccessible village of Cala San Vicente, where the most notable of them all, Raoul Villain, spent his last

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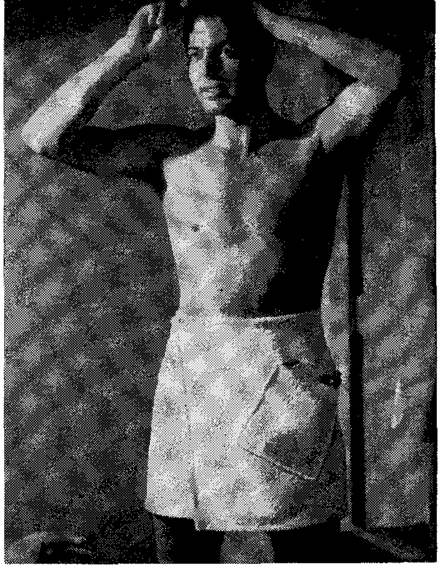

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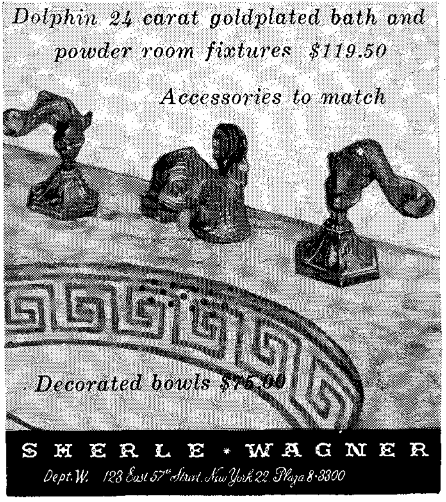
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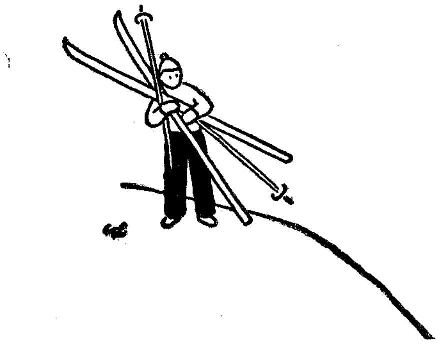
years. In July of 1914, in Paris, Villain assassinated Jean Jaurès, leader of the Socialists in the French Chambre des Députés, by shooting him in the back of the head as he sat at dinner in the Café du Croissant, on the Rue Montmartre. Jaurès was opposing France's entry into the First World War, and Villain, in killing him, sincerely believed himself to be a reincarnation of Joan of Arc, charged with the mission of protecting France from the shame of a craven retreat. He spent a few years in a lunatic asylum, after which he was quietly released. His relatives smuggled him out of the country and sent him to Cala San Vicente, on the northeast corner of the island. Here he lived in reasonable quiet until the outbreak of the Spanish Civil War, in 1936, when he was killed by the Anarchists. Villain's influential kinsmen were undoubtedly well informed when they picked out Cala San Vicente, because it is just about the end of the world—for Europe, at any rate. The hardiest of our *taxistas* excused himself from taking me up there in his 1923 Chevrolet, so I hired a bicycle—innocent of brakes, of course—which I hauled most of the way, through a landscape of infernal grandeur. Peasant women robed like witches passed with a slow, gliding motion over fields that were stained as if with sacrificial blood. Ancient, isolated fig trees hummed and moaned mysteriously with invisible doves sheltering in their foliage. The stumps of watchtowers stood up everywhere, half strangled with blue convolvulus, and the air was sickly with the odor of locust beans. This was a scene that had not changed since 530 A.D., when Avienus, in his "Ora Maritima," wrote about Ibiza, which he called Gimnesia, the island of the naked—except that in the matter of clothing the people had gone from one extreme to the other.

I lost my way several times, and since the local dialect was totally unfamiliar to me, I was redirected with signs and gestures by aged women, who were permitted to appear at the doors of their houses. One of them gave me a bowl



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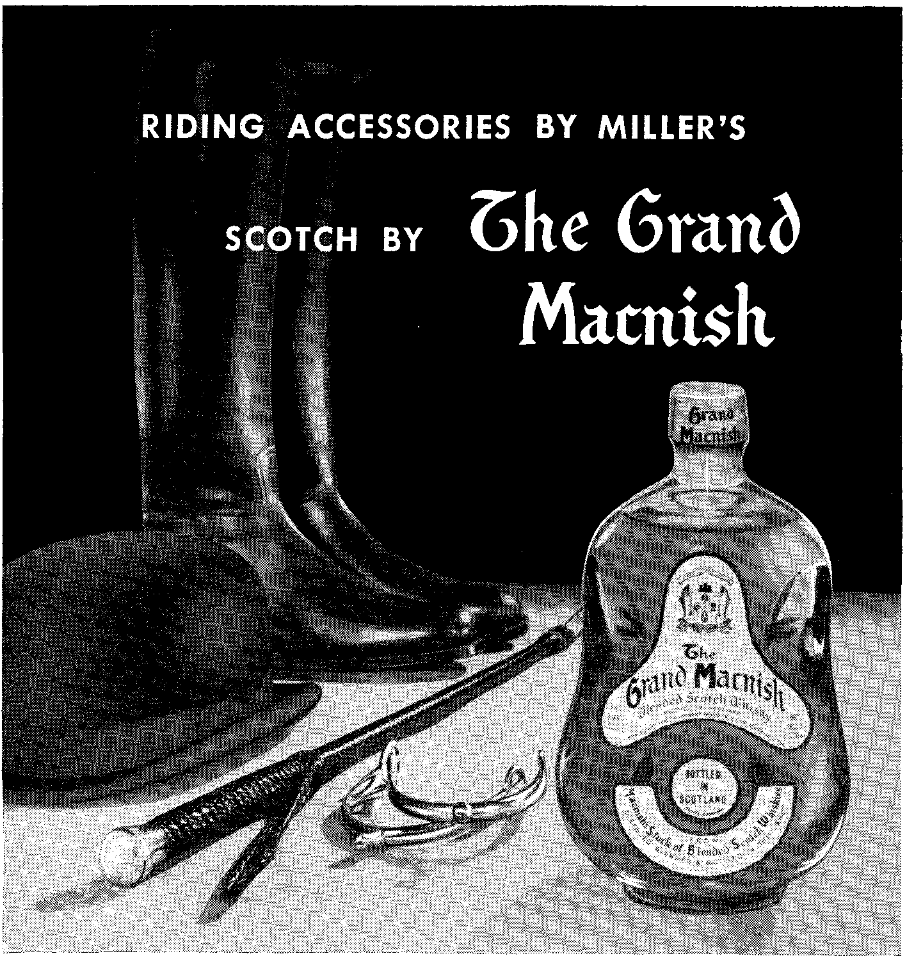
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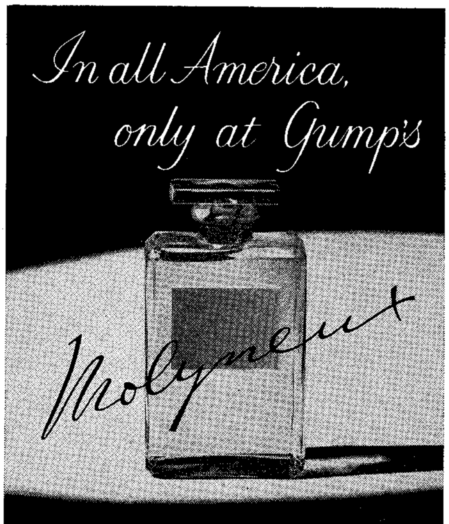

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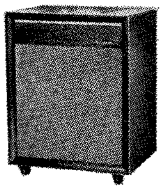

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of goat's milk. Cala San Vicente proved to be a sandy cove, deep-set among moldering cliffs, in which stood a derelict house, a farm, and a shop. On the beach, which was deserted, were antique wooden windlasses and a solitary frame, like a miniature gallows, from which huge, semi-transparent fillets of fish hung drying against a violet sea. The quality and distribution of these objects in the hard, clear light clothed them in a kind of vitreous Surrealism. Cala San Vicente may have been the chief Carthaginian port in Ibiza. About a mile inland lies the principal cave temple, only partly excavated, of the goddess Tanit. It is called Es Cuyeram, and from it, in the course of amateurish investigations, great archeological treasures have been recovered.

The derelict house had been built by Villain, and never finished. The walls were painted with faded fleurs-de-lis, and there were black holes where doors and windows should be. The first inhabitant of the place I ran into had known the exile well and, luckily for me, spoke Castilian Spanish. Villain, he said, had been much liked by the village people, among whom he developed a kind of gentle patriarchal authority. He had been a bit funny in the top story, my informant said, screwing his forefinger against his temple in a familiar gesture, but then clever people like that often were. The villagers, it seemed, had shown no desire to argue when Villain propounded his doctrine of reincarnation, and had listened with interest and respect while he described episodes from his previous life and told them what it felt like to be burned at the stake. When the Anarchists landed there, all the residents ran away except Villain, who, in his grand role, went down to the beach carrying the standard of Joan of Arc to meet—and perhaps repel—the invaders. My informant's story—and it is commonly believed—was that Villain was on the Anarchists' list for liquidation. This strikes me as highly unlikely. The truth of the matter probably is that they had as little sense of humor as they had regard for human life. In any event, Villain was shot twice and left for dead, lying on the beach. Two days later, when the villagers decided to return, he was still there, and still alive—but only just, and before a doctor could be brought he was dead.

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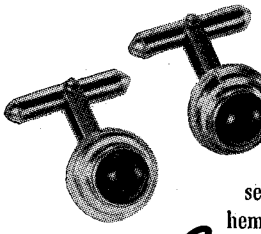

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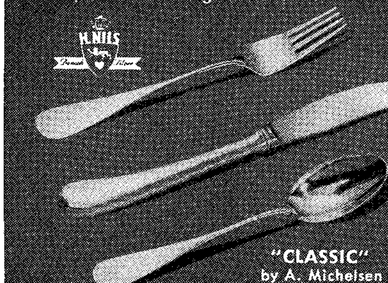

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unspoiled but mysterious—so much so that when I talked to Don Antonio Ribas, the leading Ibizan authority on everything pertaining to folklore, he was unable either to confirm or to deny a rumor that there is a hamlet in the mountains where women are still veiled in the Moorish style.

The Ibizan peasant is the product of changeless economic factors—a fertile soil, an unvarying climate, and an inexhaustible water supply from underground sources. These benefits have produced a trancelike routine of existence, a way of life that in the absence of some social cataclysm might remain in a state of cozy ossification until doomsday. The peasant lives, on the whole, monotonously, with calculation and without surprise. He suffers from inbreeding, which produces a great deal of baldness in the women, an addiction to absinthe (which in Ibiza is the real thing), and an abnormally high incidence of syphilis. Like the industrial proletarian, the Ibizan peasant carefully separates work from play, and his many *fiestas* and ceremonies are the sauce of the long, savorless days of hard labor. Much of the remote past is conserved in the husk of convention, and archaic usages govern his conduct toward all the crucial issues of life.

Of the peasants' many peculiar customs, the most singular are those associated with courting, called *festeig* in the Ibizan dialect. This has no parallel elsewhere in Spain—or probably in the world—and is at least an intelligent advance on the matchmaking systems employed in most Oriental and semi-Oriental lands. A marriageable girl's state is officially proclaimed by the act of her attending Mass standing between her father and mother. Eligible young men may then present themselves formally at the girl's home and apply to her father for permission to take part in the *festeig*, which is open to the public. The father usually appoints an hour or more on two evenings of the week for this ritual, and it continues until the girl makes a choice. Three chairs are placed in the center of the principal room—one for the girl, one for her father, and one for the suitor. The suitor's chair is occupied in turn, and for exactly the same number of minutes, by each of the young men who have entered the amorous lists, and the other suitors, together with friends and relatives of the girl, line up against the walls. While the man puts his case, the others look on critically. As soon as his time is up, he is expected to leave of his own accord, and if he doesn't, the suitor whose turn

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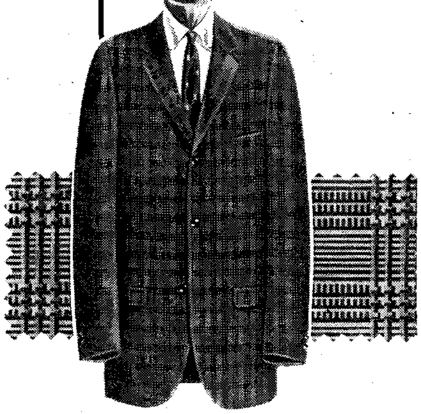
comes next is entitled to throw small stones at him as a reminder. To ignore this warning is considered a deliberate insult, and—in theory, at least—the injured party leaves the house and waits outside for his rival with knife drawn.

While docile in all other things, the Ibizan is traditionally pugnacious where the heart is affected. If a girl finds herself unable to accept any of the candidates who present themselves at her *festeig*, or if she takes too long to make up her mind, she may be publicly stoned. Peasant society—although not the Civil Guard—approves of an admirer's showing his enthusiasm for a girl by firing his pistol into the ground at a point a few inches from her toes as she leaves Mass. If he has been rejected, he sometimes, with public toleration, gives vent to his natural frustration by firing at the ground just behind her. In either case, the girl loses face if she displays anything but complete indifference. This romantic gunplay gave the police so much trouble in the past that now a Civil Guard rarely comes across a young peasant who is not at work when he should be without satisfying himself that the fellow is not carrying a concealed weapon. A good many feuds arose in bygone days from breaches of courting etiquette or other island niceties, and even today no Ibizan peasant greets another after dark—a custom that originated to avoid the possibility of betraying a friend's identity to an enemy.

These ancient practices are on the point of disappearing, and so are the miming and buffoonery at the annual pig-killing, and the elaborate feasting and dancing that accompany the communal plowing and harvesting of various crops and, above all, the weddings. They can no more survive improved education, advanced standards of living, technical progress, and the example of how the rest of the world lives, as demonstrated by the movies, than other customs have survived these things elsewhere.

As a matter of fact, the Casa ses Estaques itself will not embellish this shore with its patrician decay much longer. I learned the other day that land along the sea front has gone up to forty pesetas a square metre, and that the house will be pulled down soon and replaced by the stark white cube of a hotel. I saw another manifestation of change that same day—the rather astonishing sight of one of our local Pedros taking his wife for a pleasure trip in his boat. This, by local standards, was strictly taboo. Wives stay at home, and women in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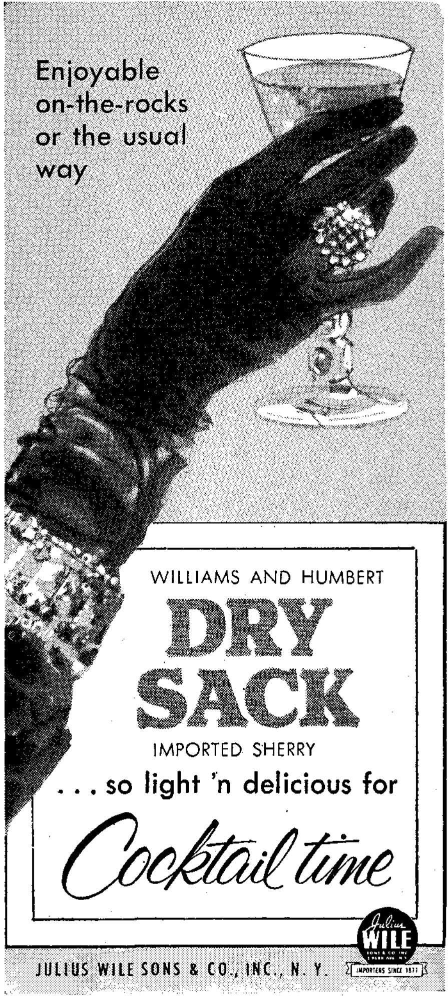
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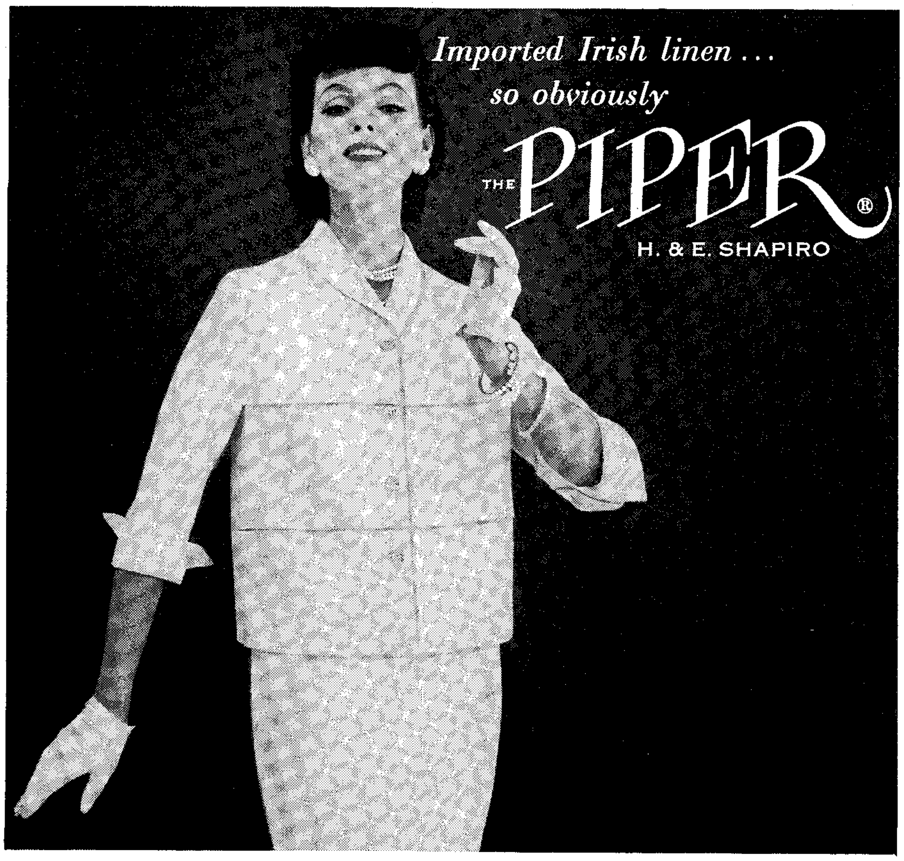
boats are almost as unlucky as priests. But Pedro had been taking out mixed parties of tourists, so his wife had probably told him that if it was all right for him to take out foreign females, then he could take her out, too. Santa Eulalia is frequently crowded with fair strangers, many of them unattached, and their admiration for the hard-muscled, sun-bronzed fishermen who take them out for boat rides, at twenty-five pesetas a ride, is sometimes expressed indiscreetly. A few are said to have gone so far as to make advances when the time and place were right.

THE woman who looks after the house for me, a peasant from the village of San José who, after a great deal of persuasion, will still intone the old warbling, elusive African melodies, has a son and two daughters in Ibiza town, and I arranged a small party for them on a recent *fiesta* day. Even if they are still not quite modern Europeans, these young people have moved forward a thousand years or so in one generation. On this occasion, they spent an hour or two happily searching for sea snails and prying limpets off the rocks to enrich the splendid ritual *paella* their mother was to cook for the midday meal. Afterward, the boy, Juanito, went off to watch a football match, and the girls, Pepita and Catalina, relaxed under the pines, half absorbed in novelettes of the kind in which servant girls marry the sons of men with race horses and yachts, but giving half an eye to the antics of some Frenchwomen who were disporting themselves in bikinis on the rocks nearby. The sight appeared to provoke a certain restlessness in the young women from Ibiza. It was as if they were not wholly reluctant onlookers at the performance of a religious rite to which they felt they owed some concession of reverence, and after a while, following a whispered conference, both girls removed their frocks and sat there, somewhat defiantly, in their petticoats.

Just outside the fine ruin of the archway entrance to what is left of the garden, a family of peasants were gathered around their cart. The men spoke Castilian, and one of them told me where they lived in the mountains, near the center of the island; I remembered the place as a fortified farmhouse that sheltered several families and was in reality a hamlet in its own right. It had taken them half the morning to get down to Santa Eulalia, they said, and because of the difficulty of the journey, they made it only once a year. Next year,



The exquisitely tailored jacket, about $25, gets a narrow stem skirt, about $12, both the height of custom-tailoring in crease resistant Moygashel linen, guaranteed color fast. In white, magnolia beige and black. Sizes 10 to 16. At the store listed or write H. & E. SHAPIRO, 1410 Broadway, New York 18, New York.

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they said, things would be a lot better. The roads were going to be improved; in fact, the piles of flint were already there, awaiting the steam roller. With a good surface on the roads, they could cover the distance in half the time, and consequently would be able to come in more often. They all agreed with me that Santa Eulalia was a very wonderful place.

And so this golden day passed, with its contrasts and its confrontations. Unaware of the Bishop of Ibiza's pastoral fulminations on the subject of decency in dress, the French ladies came and went, happy daughters of that full turn of the wheel whereby sophistication joins hands with innocence. Pepita and Catalina got badly sunburned, in spite of the marked olive undertone of their Mediterranean skin, and were thus chastened for their first cautious step forward into the full enlightenment of our times. The tide moved up a few inches and licked at the ruins of our private sea wall. The peasant family was strewn around the cart, relaxing after a late meal of goat's flesh and beans. One of the men had invoked the holiday spirit by blacking his face and dressing up like a woman, and another, sitting apart, was playing a wistful improvisation on his flute. A daughter of the family was down beside the water. She had been studying the Frenchwomen and Pepita and Catalina. Now she had pinned back her skirt from the waist, so that it fell behind in a series of dressy folds to show an orange silk petticoat, and was gleefully dabbling her toes in the edge of the tide.

—NORMAN LEWIS

◆

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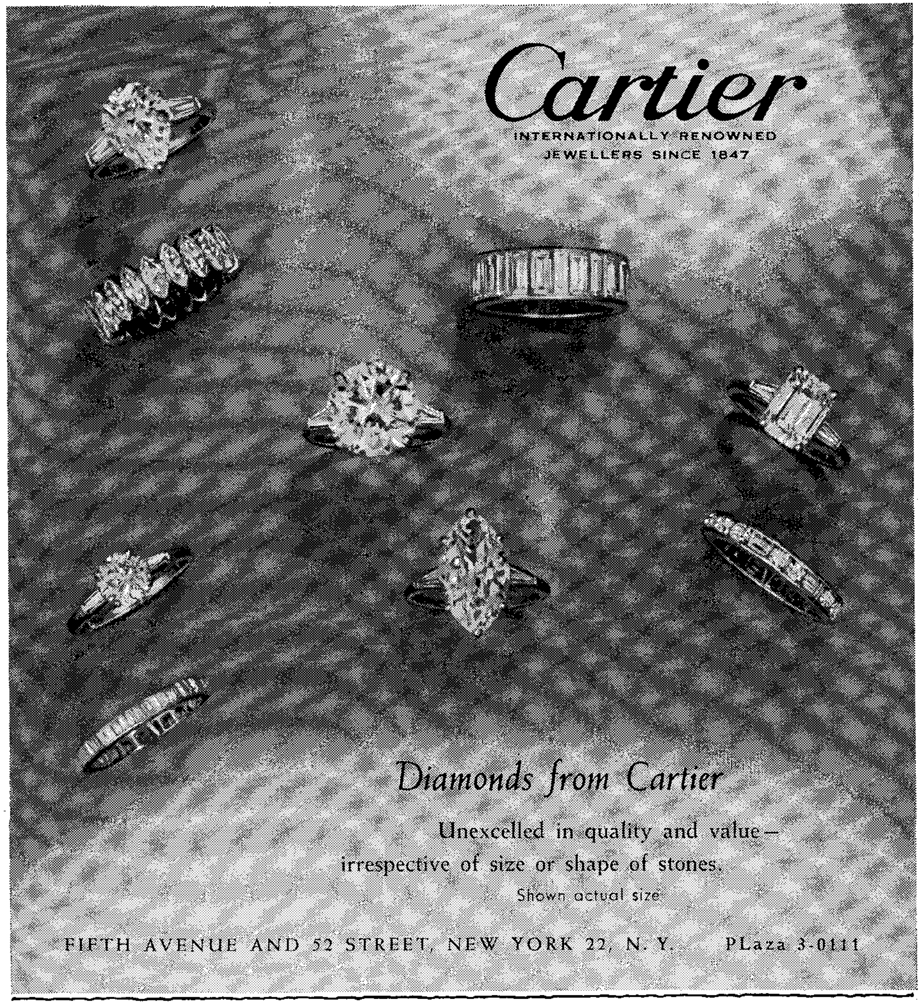
◆

Alice was the first American to marry into this wonderland. Daughter of a New Orleans banker she came over to France and married the Duc de Richelieu, descendant of the Emince Grise who has appeared in many a four musketeering movie since.

—*William Richardson in the Post.*

Would you like the ketchup, Richardson?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THE RACE TRACK

Up-and-Comer

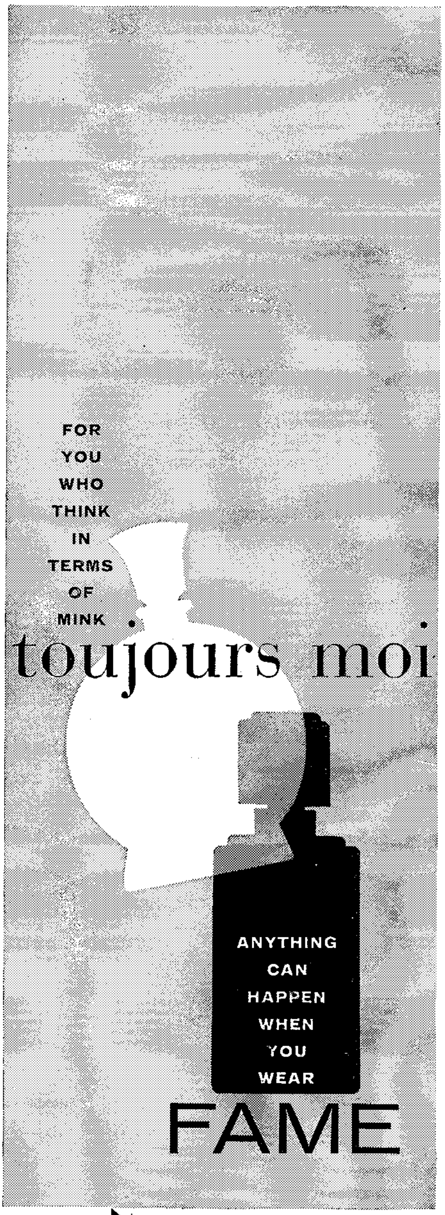
I LISTENED to a radio broadcast of last weekend's Santa Anita Derby, won by Terrang, but I'm not sure I can make any sensible remarks about it. At such long range, it's difficult to judge the strength of the winner's opposition, and it's equally difficult to judge the winner's performance, because he may have been aided by outside factors. Plainly, with eighteen three-year-olds running a mile and a furlong hellbent for a purse of $158,800, there was bound to be rough going for some of them. Nevertheless, it seemed to me that Terrang ran so well that it would be easy to go off the deep end about him. He was prominent in the dash from the starting gate, and Shoemaker, who rode him, kept him fairly close behind the fast pace of Polly's Jet, so when the broadcaster called Terrang in front in the stretch, I felt certain he wouldn't be headed. He won with something to spare, despite the good try of Social Climber, who finished second. More Glory, a long shot, was third, and Like Magic, who is Swaps' little brother and Terrang's stablemate, was fourth. When I was at Washington Park, in Chicago, for Swaps' races last summer, I saw Terrang, but at that time he was just another of Rex Ellsworth's horses to me. Now, I'm told, he has grown into a big, handsome colt, and a bit of a runner. At Santa Anita this winter, he has won three of his six starts. His next race, I daresay, will be in the Florida Derby at Gulfstream Park on March 24th, in which he will meet Needles. At the moment, I wouldn't venture to guess who will win, but it should be a race worth seeing.

While we're on the subject, Terrang, Needles, and a hundred and sixty-seven other three-year-olds—the largest crop in more than twenty years—have been nominated for the Kentucky Derby on May 5th. I have no guesses about that one, either, except that Needles, Terrang, and Career Boy will be the early favorites.

RACING in Florida moved along to Gulfstream Park last Saturday and opened with a whoop and a holler, for a crowd of more than twenty-three thousand turned out to see the Brookmeade Stable's County Clare win the Magic City Handicap in a driving finish from Fabulist, Prince Noor, and Commodore M., the favorite. Even so, returning travellers report that you'd have to go far to find livelier doings than there were at Hialeah earlier in the week. Every afternoon brought at least one surprise. The biggest, of course, was the Hialeah Turf Handicap, in which Guardian II led all the way and paid a $178.80 mutuel, one of the longest prices at the meeting. The reason for these odds was that Guardian II, who was imported from France as a yearling, had won only once in the past couple of seasons and had usually finished down the course. But, as the saying goes, a horse eventually runs back to his best form if you wait long enough, and I suppose it was Guardian II's day. On the other hand, El Chama, the favorite, wasn't as nimble as he was when he won the Washington, D.C., International at Laurel last autumn, and the best he could do was take second money by half a length from Blue Choir, who not so long ago was voted the best racer on grass courses in 1955. Another stunner was the Black Helen Handicap, won by Clear Dawn, a 30–1 chance, who nosed out Miss Arlette. High Voltage was third, and Myrtle's Jet, who flabbergasted the wiseacres when she won the Columbiana Handicap at Hialeah a couple of weeks ago, was fifth. One race that came off as almost everybody had expected was the Hialeah Juvenile Stakes, which King Hairan won comfortably from seventeen other two-year-olds. It was his third start and third victory. Also, if you care to make anything of it, he was bred by W. E. Leach, the breeder of Needles, and, like Needles before him, was judged best at a show for Florida thoroughbreds. Observers report that King Hairan is a cut above the average, but that the other two-year-olds who have raced in Miami this winter are not. Oh, well, you'd hardly expect animals with names like It's a Gamble, Hoptoitboy, and Gottemnow, all of whom ran in the Hialeah Juvenile, to make much of a contribution to racing.

HEIGH-HO! Bowie opens this week, and before you know it we'll be at Jamaica. By the way, it looks now as if Bowie would get Nashua and Swaps for the John B. Campbell Memorial Handicap next month. I couldn't be more pleased.

—AUDAX MINOR



FOR YOU WHO THINK IN TERMS OF MINK
toujours moi
ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN WHEN YOU WEAR
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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

THIS AND THAT

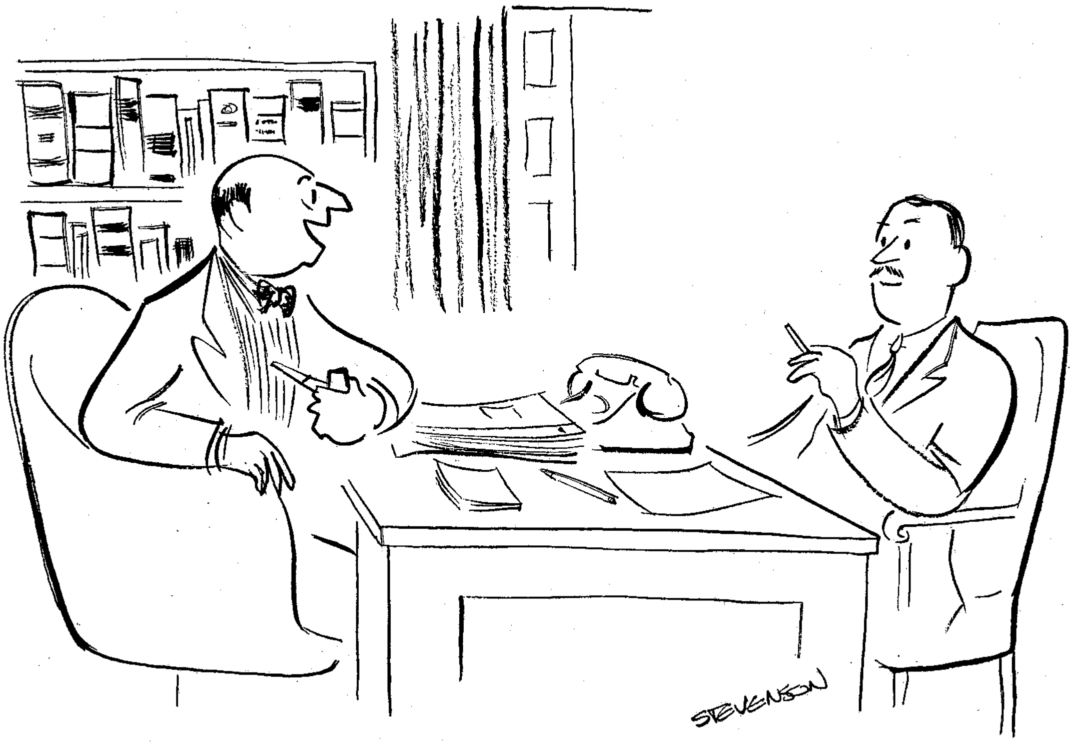
INFORMATION

June's weddings are already casting their romantic shadows upon Jay Thorpe's Bridal Salon, on the shop's fifth floor. Among the custom dresses is a dream in white Swiss organdie on which embroidered pink roses and shimmering green leaves are appliquéd. It's bound about its tiny middle with a pink taffeta sash that ends in long streamers tied in lover's knots. The organdie lining shades, as it descends, from flesh to pink, and a ruffle of faintest green starts at the knees and continues to the hem. A more worldly dress is of pearl-white chiffon satin, draped in an arch over the skirt and cleverly complicated with swooping garlands of white satin roses. You usually wait six weeks for a custom dress, which will certainly cost $250 and may cost a great deal more.

Jay Thorpe's ready-to-wear bridal dresses include one that seems destined for a garden wedding—a long-skirted white Swiss organdie embroidered with wild roses. There's a high, almost Victorian throat and short lantern sleeves; the skirt is laced down the sides with velvet ribbons of the exact pale blue of the attached rayon taffeta petticoat, and embroidered organdie gauntlets complete this portrait. Altogether another sort of dress is a stately white piqué with a train; its bateau neckline is edged with cording that curves on down the sides and around the back, where it forms a low waist. And a full-skirted strapless ballerina-length dress of champagne rayon satin is banded with reëmbroidered Alençon-type beige lace around the décolletage; a bolero can cover the arms and shoulders at the obvious moment. These ready-to-wear dresses, which apparently are not *quite* ready, can be delivered in three or four weeks and cost from $89.95 to $350. Petticoats of white, pink, or blue, in either nylon net or nylon taffeta, may be ordered in any length, plain or flounced or pleated or ruffled or bustled, or even panelled to give a train a good long sweep; from $12.95 to $29.95, and a mere two weeks is required.

Bergdorf Goodman is enjoying an Empire period in its coats and suits, and a spring period in its colors, which are light and fresh. A self insert four inches wide forms the high waistline of a slender coat of chamois doeskin and then slants up to meet a broad, draped collar. A second coat, of beige-and-white herringbone wool, has a small rolled collar, dropped shoulders, and three-quarter sleeves, and twisted knots of the wool are set adjacent to the armhole at each side. The sleeves of a pale-mauve fleece coat end just below the elbows, and two carnations of mauve cotton emphasize its curved Empire waistline. The coats run from $185 to $225. Before getting to the suits, I would like to point out that their skirts are pipestem, or so close to pipestem that there's very little difference. Among the high-waisted suits are a gray-and-white tweed, with stitched-down tabs running from the bosom to the side back, and a cobalt-blue wool, which is fastened with ties at the chest. For tall women of erect carriage, there is a long, double-breasted jacket of yellow-and-white tweed that clings faithfully to the body; with it goes a straight skirt of black wool. Having examined all this up-to-dateness, let us relax as we inspect a trim, timeless suit of beige-and-white cheviot, nipped in at the natural waist and accompanied by a scarf of amber tie silk that can fill in its high V neck. A twelve-gore skirt that falls in deep, broad pleats completes the job. The suits range from $155 to $225.

There's no doubt about the season and the time and the place that are in mind in Saks Fifth Avenue's Sports Department, which is a bower, fake but enchanting, of flowery printed-cotton afternoon and dinner dresses. The dresses, all made on the premises, start at $39.95 and end at $55. A light-yellow polished cotton with a bateau neck is blooming with full-blown apricot roses, green leaves, and gold and white lilacs, and is tied about the waist with a corded sash. Its full skirt is characteristic of this collection. A pink hedge-rose cotton, square-necked and full-skirted, has a rose velvet bow and streamers at the center of the waist in front. Green leaves and lavender lilacs tangle in amicable confusion on a V-



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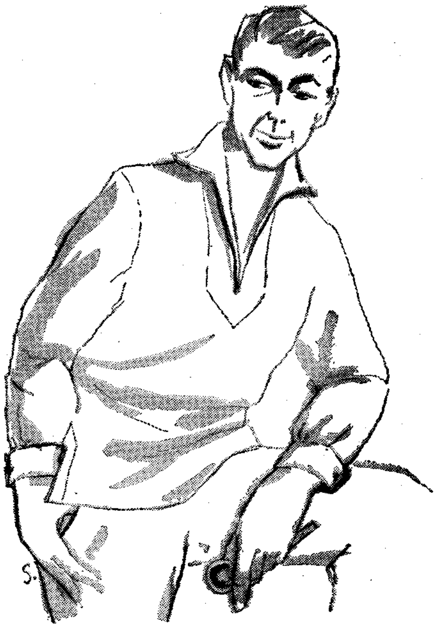

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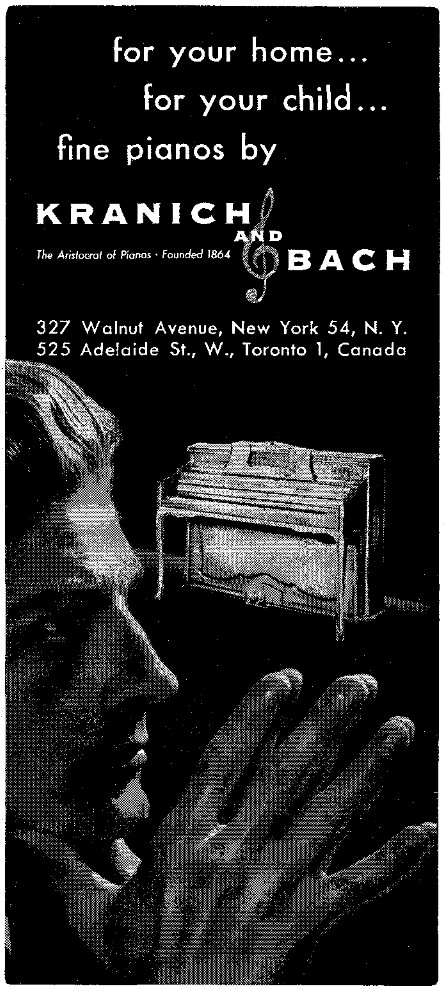
necked piqué whose shoulders are flat shirring and whose skirt is circular. A scoop-neck dress of white piqué seems embroidered but is just cleverly printed with green-and-purple vines and turquoise pansies; another white piqué is overlaid with a lattice print of feathery green ferns and buttoned all the way down the front with enormous rhinestones. Sizes are 8 to 16.

ANOTHER mood prevails in Bernath, at 560 Madison Avenue (56th), where one might easily consider acquiring a whole wardrobe of separates made in Italy of Egyptian cotton knit. The array includes a straight skirt, masculinely tailored shorts and slacks, and jackets, cardigans, and coats, all of them in almost any color. A sailor-collar jacket with a removable low belt has two contrasting pin stripes edging the collar, the cuffs, and the hem. Another jacket, with a double round collar and two-inch slits at the sides, is in solid colors, or knit in a pattern involving rows of contrasting diamonds across the front, or completely covered with broad stripes in two colors. The sleeveless pullover in the collection has a scoop neck, and a cap-sleeve pullover has a standing collar. A cardigan with a ribbed yoke and long sleeves comes in lots of hues. A spectacular sleeveless three-quarter coat, with a wide band of ribbing around the hem, appears only in black, white, or navy. Prices: $17.95 to $39.95.

Bernath's raincoats are always worth a long look, for they're good in any weather and at almost any time of day (including cocktails) or night (including the theatre). A straight one of velveteen in brilliant or sedate solid colors has a turnover collar and a matching cap with long, wide ends that drape around the throat or tie into an ascot. The attached hood of a wraparound coat of the same velveteen turns back to become a great crushed collar. A trench coat and a single-breasted coat with a round collar, curved pockets, and a sash are made of black or emerald satin, green or blue or red or white taffeta, or black rayon satin. You can spend as little as $49 or as much as $98.

BRIGHTLY colored furs are a tradition with Esther Dorothy, at 68 East 56th Street, and her spring collection can be described, with fair accuracy, as a rainbow. American broadtail in green, purple, red, or eggshell is no novelty here, and there are also charcoal gray, navy, black, and white to choose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EDITH CHAPMAN **260 Main Street**
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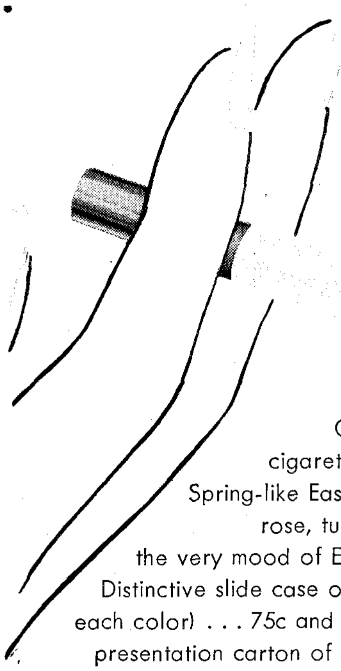
from. A shawled bolero with jet links at the waist, a box jacket with a fur necktie, a mandarin jacket, a three-quarter overcoat with sleeves that button back into cuffs, and a slim coat with a broad collar, bell sleeves, and wide slits at the hem are prominent in the proceedings. Prices run from $295 to $795, including the federal tax, for both custom and ready-to-wear. Braid or velvet pipings are up to you, and so is the lining, which can be any of over a hundred silks, plain, printed, or striped.

SALLY VICTOR's ready-to-wear Sally V hats are in waiting at Altman's Young Colony Hat Bar. Domed pillboxes and broader, casserole pillboxes, all of smooth straw, are ornamented with straw scrolls and straw diamonds. A beret of white straw cloth is beaded with tiny coral crescents, dots, and dashes; a cloche of navy raffia with a round openwork crown and a cheeky rayon taffeta bow can be worn any which way. Some of the hats are pleasantly delirious. A cloche of white raffia, with a smaller bow of green velvet baby ribbon, is half buried under minute apples, oranges, grapes, bananas, peaches, pears, currants, and raspberries; one picture hat has a single long-stemmed red rose riding its wide and drooping brim. Prices run from $12.95 to $15.95.

THE Young-Timer's Department at Bendel is full of ready-to-wear hats designed by John Frederics. Rough straw sprayed with gold paint and banded with metallic gold braid makes a deep, tailored cloche, a sugar-scoop sort of hat, and a small toque. A miniature Maurice Chevalier sailor of natural straw ties under the chin with candy-stripe ribbon. A fetching helmet of navy net, which hides every strand of hair on the head, is smothered with field flowers, or with mimosa and pink and blue and yellow forget-me-nots. Beehive cloches of natural leghorn are swathed with orange or white organdie, and either color would justify calling these hats honeymoon specials; $10.95 to $17.95.

WEDDINGS are also on the mind of Anthony Migliaro, a hairdresser whose emporium is now at 740 Madison Avenue (64th). It's his idea that brides should pay a visit to his shop a few days before the event to have their thatch shampooed, cut, and set—not only to avoid that last-minute rush but because most hair looks better after



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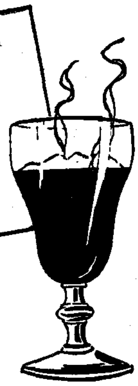

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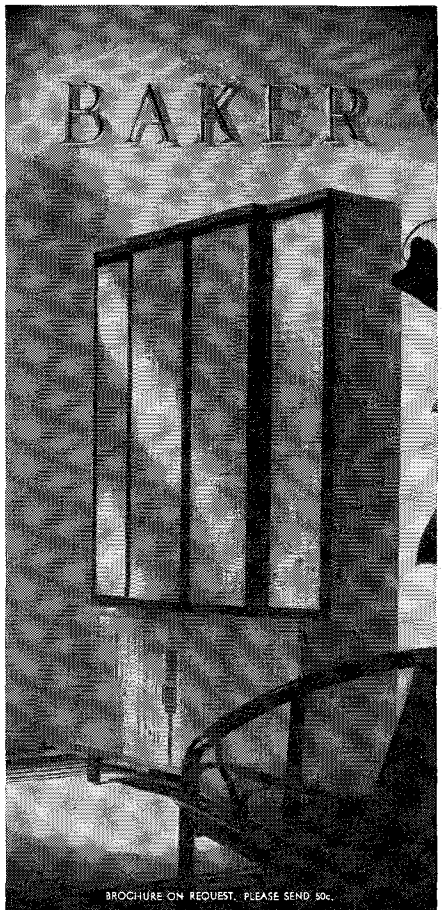
it has had time to settle down. On the day of the wedding, he drops in to make certain that the coiffure is in perfect order before the bridal veil is arranged. The whole operation comes to $15 in the vicinity of his shop, and a little more in reasonably accessible areas. The phone number, not yet in the book, is Butterfield 8-5948.

ANN HAGAN, who's at 671 Second Avenue (37th), is planning to cover some of her Easter cattleya and cymbidium orchids with gold paint, and she might apply the Midas touch to one ahead of time, if you must have it. A single gilded orchid is $15; a pair is $25. A green velvet bandeau swathed in adiantum fern is $15; studded with orchids, freesia, camellias, or gardenias, it runs from $20 to $35. A small fan of adiantum fern is $15. A corsage of anemones and camellia leaves, of geraniums and rose-geranium leaves, or of tiny crimson roses and their own foliage, is $10.50 or more. Another idea—Hagan calls it a bon-voyage deal—is attaching a corsage to an enormous beach umbrella of teal-blue oilpaper. . . . If it rains on Easter, or even if it only threatens, Dick Van Duzer, of 134 East 74th Street, will fasten garlands of carnations, camellias, violets, or roses and strands of variegated ivy down the side of your own umbrella; $7.50 and up. Another notion of his is a circlet for the chignon, made of statice and peperomia leaves; $7.50. A similar circlet of violets and eucalyptus leaves is $10. . . . Renfield & Romney, at 445 East 86th Street, will decorate Easter-parade pumps or buttonholes with sprigs of hyacinth surrounded by pittosporum leaves; these are a dollar a throw. A tapered spray of garnet roses and galax leaves, wound with grosgrain ribbon, is to be tied around the crown of a plain hat; $4 or more. Sprays to dangle from a belt—the full-blown tulips look the best—are $4 and up. Tiny nosegays of pittosporum or camellia leaves surmount hairpins; $3 for six. A wide velvet-ribbon epaulet piled with spider orchids is $7.50 and up. A bandeau of quince blossoms is $10. . . . The Green Thumb, at 143 East 52nd Street, offers something as charming as it is simple—a bouquet of eucalyptus leaves in the shape of a cabbage rose; $5, and quite durable. . . . Helen Cole, at 963 Lexington Avenue (70th), has Easter eggs of rayon satin. They're nine inches long and seven inches wide, and there's a variety of colors. A removable nosegay of flowers surmounts each one, while under-



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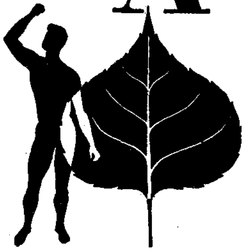

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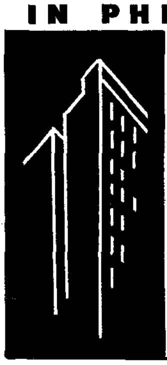
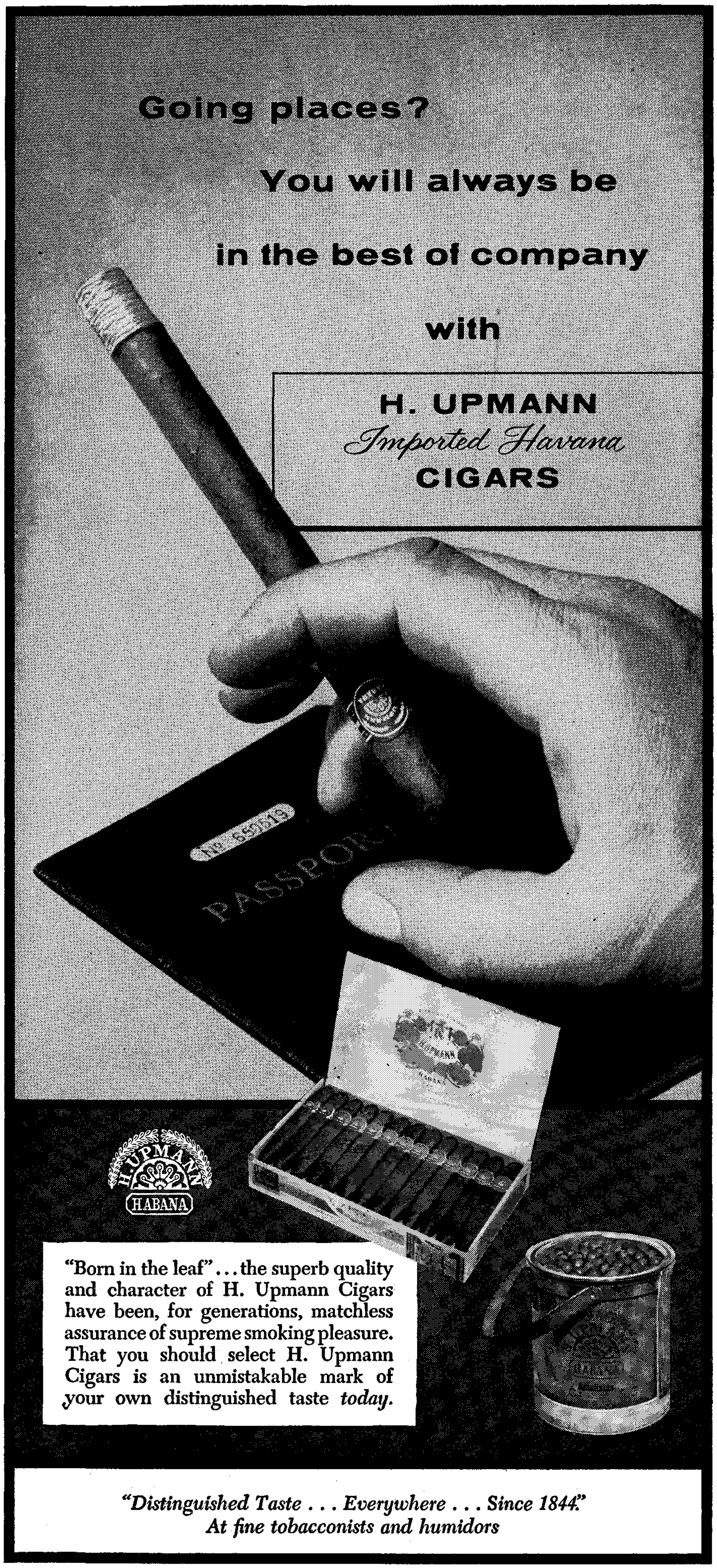


neath the lid a music box is ready to play "The Easter Parade," "The Blue Danube," or whatever; $12.50.
—M. M.

ABOUT THE HOUSE

A Harbinger

IN this sombre tag end of winter, I imagine, nobody except a few intolerably forehanded ladies is ready to do anything really constructive about summer draperies and slipcovers, but there must be a lot of people who are languishing for the same cheering lift I got recently from just looking at the brilliant springtime flora in some new fabric designs at Brunschwig & Fils, 509 Madison Avenue (53rd). The gloom of a drizzly day may have had something to do with it, but that could not have accounted entirely for a heightened excitement that was something like the feeling one gets on sighting the first apple tree in bloom. This may seem a fancy approach to a lot of printed cottons, so perhaps I had better proceed at once to a factual report on the collection, at the head—or very near the head—of which are two fabrics, as heavy as sailcloth, that have been imported from France. One of them, as stunning and unhackneyed a material as you are likely to find anywhere, shows full-blown anemones in the rich colors anemones take on—red, purple, mauve, pink—thickly strewn on a ground of intense emerald green. As a matter of fact, the background comes in a number of colors, including a striking charcoal, but it is the green that is most likely to bowl you over. The second fabric has big, splashy bouquets of red, yellow, and pale-green roses on a ground of charcoal touched up with bold brush strokes of chartreuse and green. This, too, comes in several color combinations (all the Brunschwig fabrics do), but the one I have mentioned seems the happiest. Both patterns cost $16.50 a fifty-inch yard, which isn't *quite* as ruinous as it sounds, because draperies of this closely woven and rather stiff material could easily be made up without lining. A new glazed chintz, showing widely scattered bunches of cineraria (surely the most decorative variety of flower that has ever sprouted on a textile) against pastel stripes on white, hasn't the dramatic quality of the anemone and rose designs, but it does have an enchanting freshness. Another chintz has a design copied from an eighteenth-century French brocade—a delicate tracery of brown boughs and small red apples, which make an un-



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usual and effective pattern on a dead-white ground; it costs $8.65 a forty-eight-inch yard, and the cineraria costs $9. Brunschwig, as you probably know, sells only through decorators or through the decorating departments of stores.

SOME weeks ago, on a visit to the showroom of Arthur H. Lee and Sons, 501 Madison Avenue (52nd), to examine a group of brand-new modern designs, I stopped for what I thought would be a cursory glance at the firm's perennial hand-blocked English and Scottish linens and glazed chintzes, and I found them so absorbing that it's a wonder I ever did get on to the contemporary patterns. As I reëxamined the pure design and splendid workmanship of the British fabrics, many of which have figured in the Lee collection for some thirty years and have assumed something like the status of antiques, it occurred to me that a whole new generation has probably never laid eyes on them, and that an introduction to them might do the more rigidly modern young homemakers a world of good. If I am addressing an audience too youthful to remember Lee's classic imports on their first appearance in this country, it will hardly make things clear to explain that they have a strong and delightful Edwardian flavor—a period that, in spite of its weakness for pseudo-Louis XVI furniture and its overpowering fondness for gilt, knew how to design chintz and linen draperies and how to use them. Some of the patterns have been in production in Scotland and the North of England for well over a century. A number of them, especially those that were most prevalent in Edwardian drawing rooms, show a strong Indian influence, and others—these among the linens—are carefully copied from Jacobean crewelwork. In addition, there are some superb specimens of screen printing, including a dark-brown linen with rich blue figures copied from an ancient Flemish tapestry, and a graceful group of floral chintzes. The materials are all fifty inches wide, except for a few of the hand-blocked chintzes, which are thirty-one inches, and the prices run from $6.50 to $11.50. Even the customer who knew the Lee fabrics of old might do well to take another look at these examples of fine weaving, embracing patterns that have retained such unquestionable authority and style through the years.

As for the modern goods I was originally headed toward, they are hand

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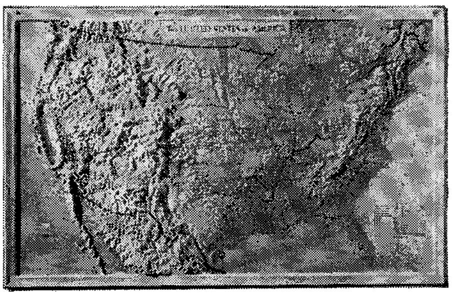

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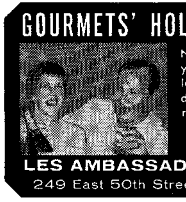

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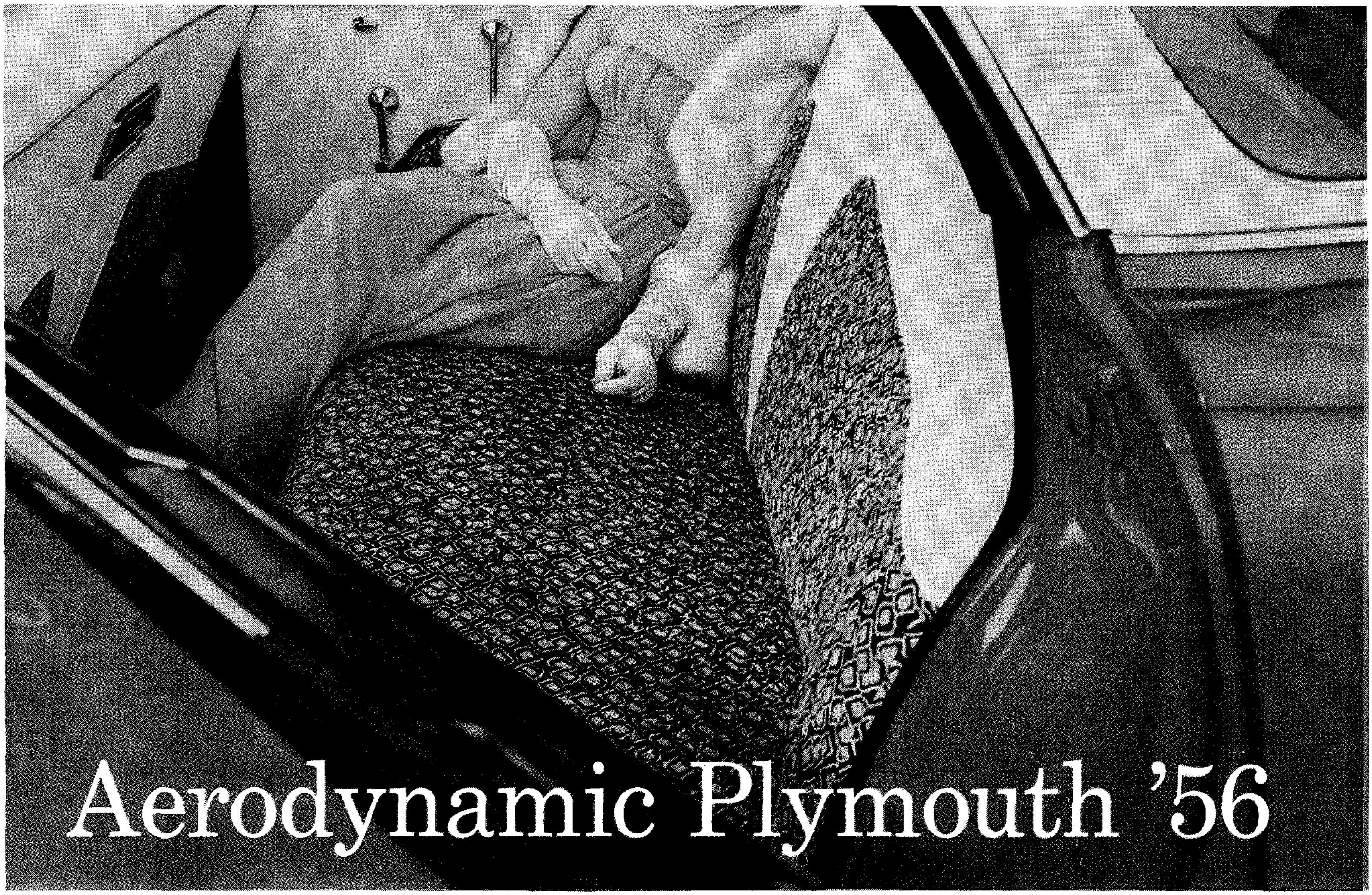

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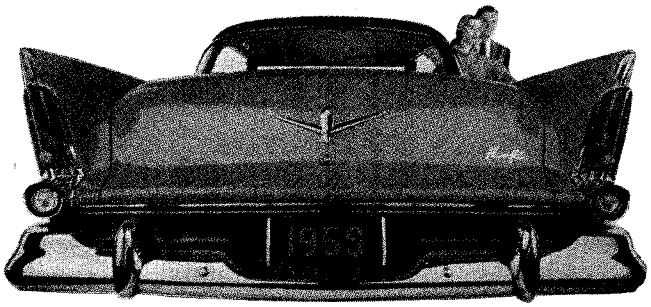

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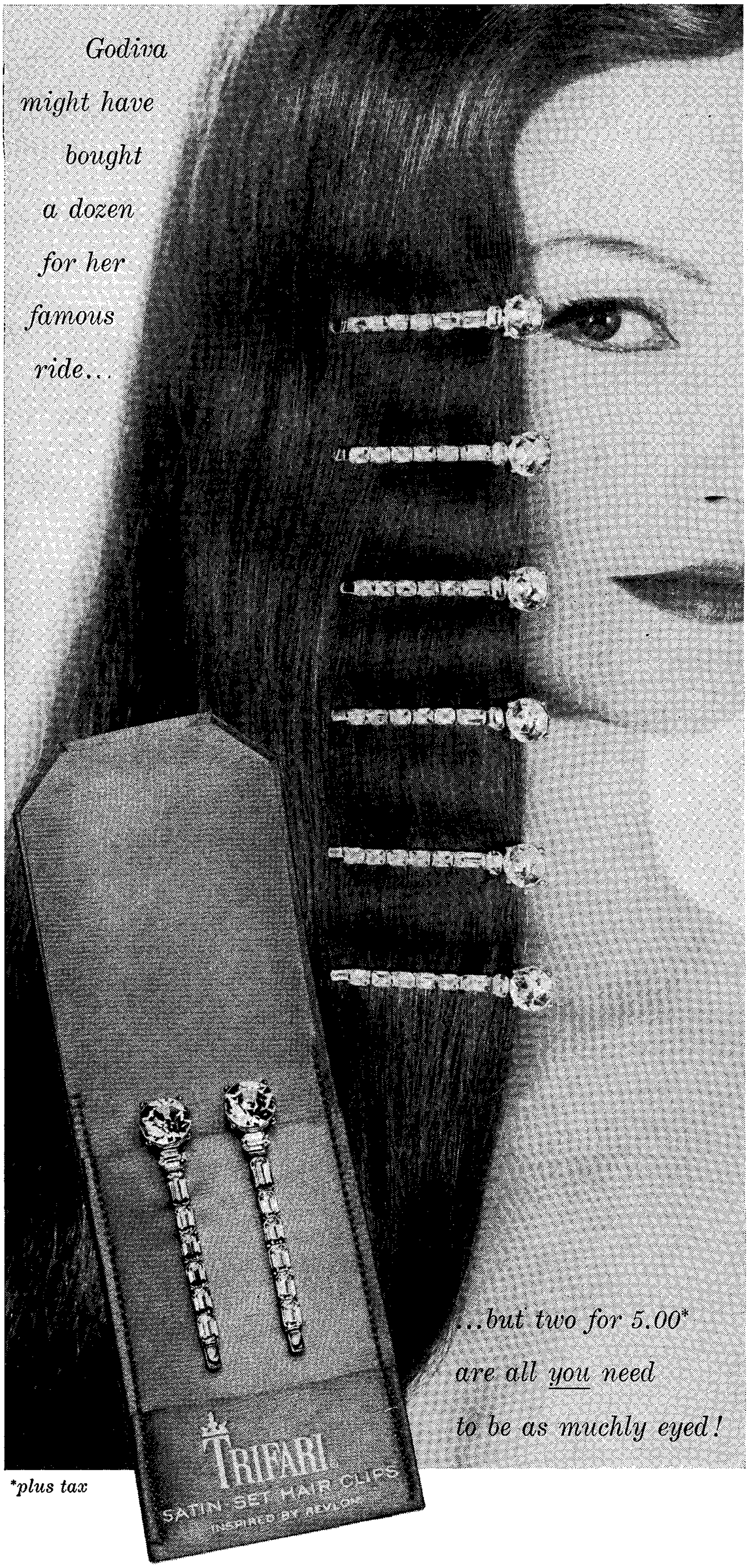
prints and woven fabrics in patterns that are as harmoniously adapted to purely classic decoration as they are to an uncompromisingly modern scheme of things. The hand printing is extremely fine and is done on cotton of an excellent quality in subtly colored designs taken from such dissimilar sources as antique Indian embroidery, a Moorish mosaic, old Japanese textiles, and an elaborately carved piece of rare Chinese jade. In the other group of materials, which have a cotton warp combined with a weft of rayon or Bemberg, remarkably handsome close-woven textures are achieved in designs that are related to the hand-printed ones. Most of the weaves consist of small geometric patterns suggested by Byzantine mosaics, a motif on an ancient Moorish fabric, and the like, but a couple of them—a narrow vertical stripe (gray on white, blue on gold, gold on nectarine, and so on) and a solid-color fabric in black or arresting shades of red, orange, pink, blue, green, yellow, and lavender—should offer endless possibilities for use with anybody's prints, not just Lee's. The prints cost $10.35 a yard, and the textured fabrics from $7.20 to $11.25, through decorators and decorating departments. All the materials are from fifty to fifty-four inches wide.

AS if the approving view I take of the season's textiles weren't enough optimism for one week, I am extending my cheerful report to cover Woodson Wallpapers, at 26 East 55th Street, a firm that has only recently set up in business. Operating in a field where originality combined with charm and a lively feeling for decorative effect is none too frequently met with, this company has come up with a collection of hand-screened papers that should not be overlooked. Actually, it comprises only nineteen designs (each reproduced in several color combinations), but the style and general technique are so varied that one gets the impression of a considerably larger group. The majority of the patterns must, I suppose, be called florals, though they do not resemble, even vaguely, the sticky arrangements of the usual flowered wallpaper. Among the papers concerned with blossoms of one sort or another are an exquisite allover pattern of lilac petals against which an occasional iris and long-stemmed tulip stand out; a small allover pattern of conventionalized pinks with little green butterflies fluttering here and there among them; bunches of bright-colored



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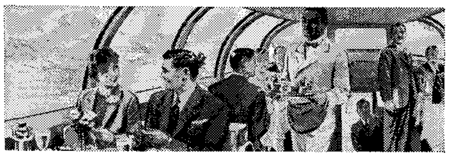

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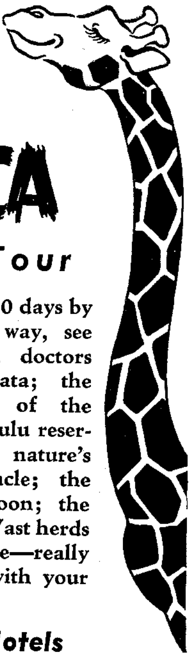
zinnias on a gray ground; vivid but casually brushed-in anemones on a large expanse of white; a light sprinkling of Mexican paper flowers on a polished white ground; several arrangements of delicate spring flowers; and—what is perhaps the handsomest paper of the lot, and certainly the most meticulously screened—clusters of pale porcelain flowers on a background of polished black. The non-floral section includes a stunning crisscross arrangement of large bamboo poles (this is particularly striking in Chinese red on white); an allover pattern of tree trunks and foliage that creates an interesting impression of a dense forest; and a more conventional scene of mounted huntsmen with a background of gray trees. There are also—what is rare indeed in any contemporary design—three engaging papers for children's rooms, drawn with gentle humor and charm. One is a splendid menagerie, another offers some widely separated groupings of French children going about the day's routine, and the third is a jolly illustration of the old French nursery rhyme "Quand Trois Poules Vont aux Champs." Prices at Woodson run from $6 to $10.80 a single roll. Like Brunschwig and Lee, Woodson has truck only with decorators, but, unlike the others, it does concede the client the right to enter the sacred premises for a look around unaccompanied by a decorator.

WALL decorations as different as one could well imagine from the papers at Woodson are some batik hangings by two Florida artists, Howard and Helen Jones, which are currently being exhibited, and offered for sale, at America House, 32 East 52nd Street. Perhaps I had better warn customers who remember batik as distinctly arty handcrafted dress materials affected by ladies with outsize cigarette holders and an interest in the designs of M. Bakst that what they will find at America House is nothing at all like this, although the actual process is much the same, each color in the designs being brushed in with dye on areas outlined by wax, which is then melted away. The Jones panels are of silk or, in a few cases, cotton batiste, and the designs include large abstractions—in color combinations like yellow, brown, and black, or green and grayish pinks—each taking up a whole panel, and what are practically allover patterns of primitive faces and figures done in gray, brown, and black, with an occasional splash of white. These hangings are decidedly not everybody's dish, but the technical



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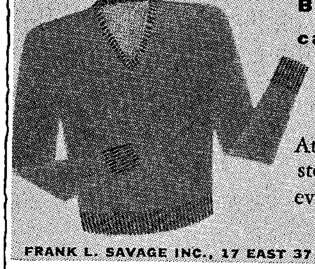

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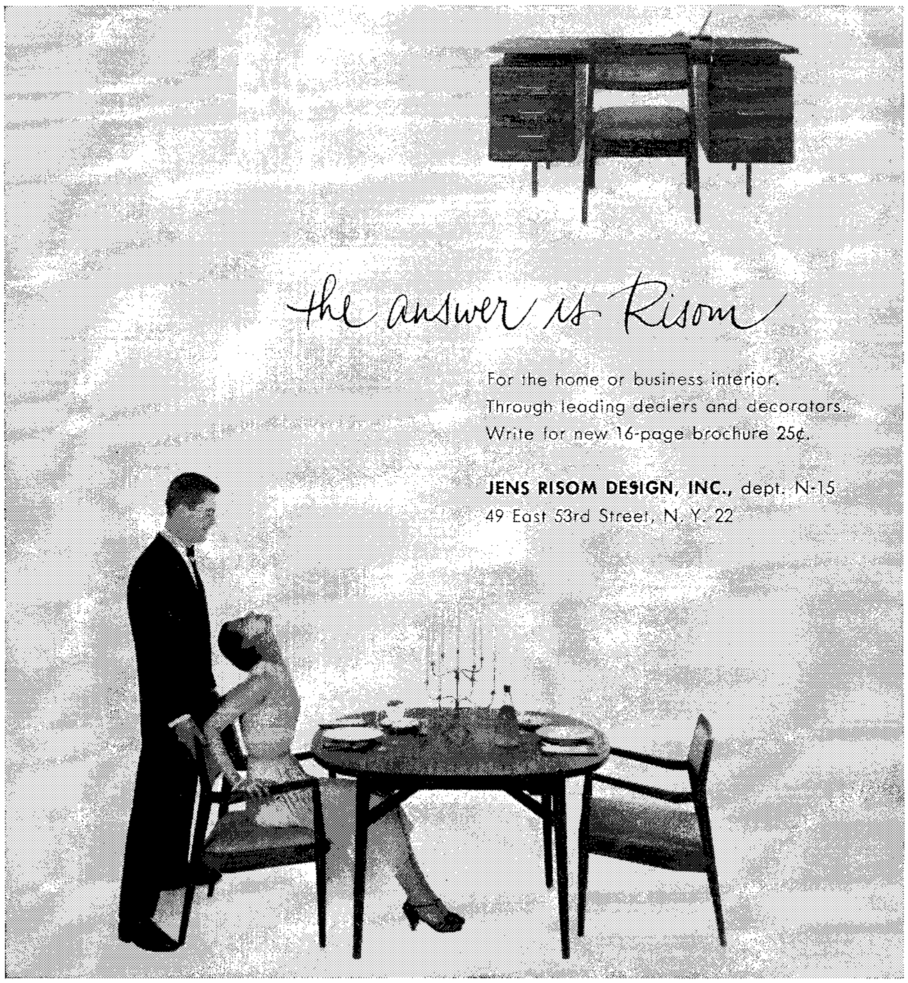
skill involved is admirable and they have a curious decorative quality that should fit very happily into an all-out modern room. Prices range from $60, for a semi-abstract male figure thirty-six inches long and seventeen inches wide, to $215, for an abstraction nine feet long and thirty-four inches wide. The exhibition, by the way, ends next Saturday.

AMONG all the marvels that get themselves invented for our amazement, there always remain lacunae that—to me, at least—seem inexplicable. Why, for instance, should it have taken all this time to produce such a simple and badly needed item as a non-reflecting glass for pictures when an item like this must be mere child's play for our scientific technicians, smart as they are? Possibly the demand for such glass has become particularly urgent since the acres of windows in modern houses began letting in an amount of light that can play hob with glazed pictures; in any case, two varieties of low-reflection glass have at last been produced. Actually, they have been on the market for a little over a year, but very few people seem to have heard about them and it may be useful if I pass along what I saw of them during a recent visit to the House of Heydenryk, the picture framers at 141 West 54th Street. To begin with, I should make it clear that the action of neither glass is entirely perfect; still, both of them reduce reflection so drastically that in spite of the extra cost involved, I should think the ordinary method of picture glazing would soon be a thing of the past. One of the varieties, distributed by the Frank Oehlschlaeger Gallery, in Chicago, achieves its non-reflecting effect by means of etched whorls, so incredibly fine that they are visible only on the closest scrutiny. I carefully examined a Heydenryk print under the etched glass and then without it, and I observed, or thought I observed, that a small degree of clarity—say, less than ten per cent—was lost by the Oehlschlaeger glazing; on the other hand, the glass gave the print a matte softness that I found most agreeable. The other variety, called Magicote "C," is made by the Eclipse Glass Company, of Thomaston, Connecticut, and is coated with a special low-reflecting film. In this case, the clarity appeared slightly less reduced, but so did the reflection—or so it seemed to me. What I should think would prove disadvantageous about the coated glass is its extreme sensitivity to finger marks



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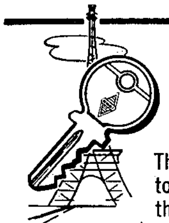

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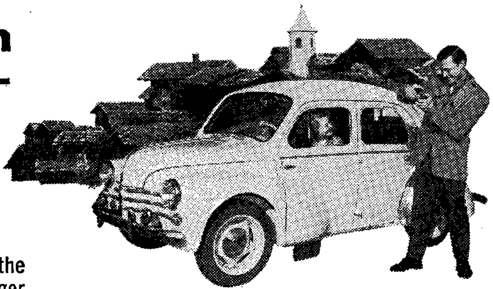

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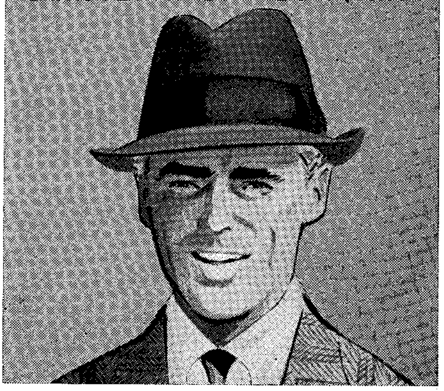

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•

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The *verb* must agree with its *subject* in *person* and *number*. . . .

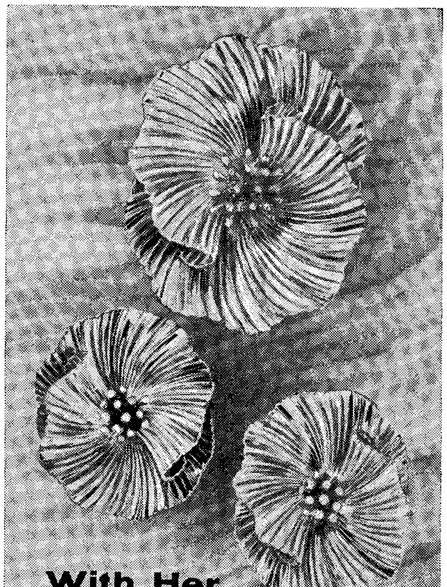
A singular subject takes a singular verb.

A plural subject takes a plural verb. . . .

So watch your subject. Keep asking "How many?" and make the verb agree with it in number. Just a little thought and a little care—that's all. There's nothing very difficult about it.

It doesn't matter how many words come between the subject and its verb. It's the subject itself that counts. Find your subject. Get its number, *singular* or *plural*, and then make the verb agree.—*"The Way to Write," by Rudolf Flesch and A. H. Lass.*

My example are the famous lines from "Macbeth". . .—*"The Art of Clear Thinking," by Rudolf Flesch.*



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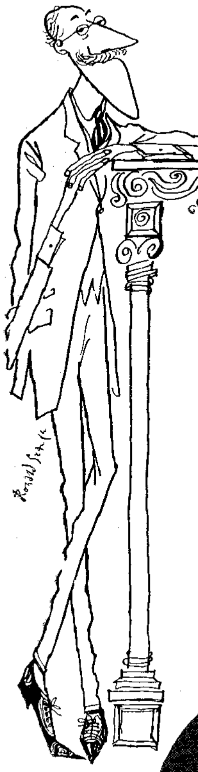

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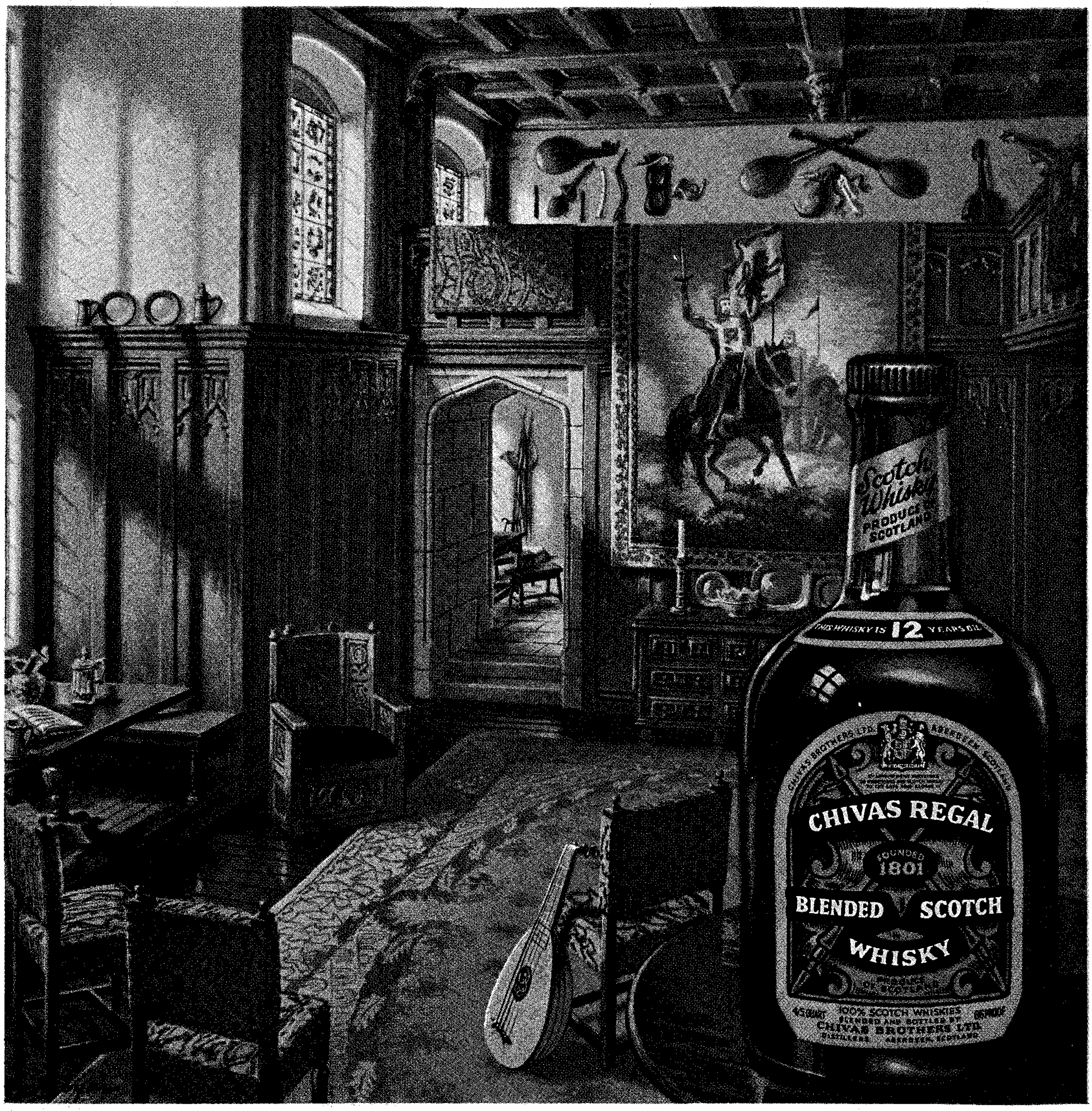
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LETTER FROM PARIS

FEBRUARY 29

FEBRUARY and its cold—the worst in eighty years—are finally over, and the month's bill for national destruction is terrible. The big loss is in food for today, tomorrow, next winter, and twenty-five years from now. The valuable early crop of fresh vegetables—all the way from Brittany's new potatoes at Roscoff in the north, south through Pau's artichokes, and east across the Riviera's truck gardens of *primeurs*—is called a total loss, and nothing can be replanted before May. Humble dandelion greens for Paris salads are nearly a dollar a pound. Half the winter wheat for next winter's bread is killed. Four million Midi olive trees perished, and it will take a quarter of a century to replace them. At Royan, on the Bay of Biscay, the fishermen missed the seasonal sardine schools, which fled the icy coastal waters and swam out to sea to keep warm. Uncounted numbers of wine-grape vines have been killed, all the way from Burgundy across to Bordeaux, a city paralyzed for a week under snow, with even its law courts closed. Industry and labor have also suffered heavy losses. Around Grasse, the perfume center, the devastation of the flower gardens has meant the loss of the floral end product—the volatile oils for scent—which will make French perfumes scarcer and dearer this year. Around the Pas de Calais mines, the coal-washing pools froze, reducing the coal output just when it was most needed. Steel mills closed even when they had coal, because the sand for molding froze. Factories closed for lack of supplies, tied up by the transport breakdown. The French building trades stopped dead everywhere, with thousands of men laid off. Already the political question has arisen: Will or won't the state pay all the workers for all those workless days? By government order, customs duties have just been lifted on imported eggs, welcome no matter where they come from. French potatoes, which to be salable must normally measure at least an inch and a half around their middles, can now be sold a fifth of an inch slimmer—small potatoes indeed. The government itself has been shopping around to make sure everybody will have enough to eat, buying dried beans and lentils from Israel and Hungary, onions from Yugoslavia and Egypt, and cabbages from Germany.

Now that the freeze is finished, the new worry is the coming thaw and possible inundations from ice-blocked rivers. At Melun, thirty miles outside Paris, local firemen so successfully dynamited an enormous ice pack threatening the Seine bridge that they also blew out everybody's windows for blocks around, and two stained-glass windows in the medieval cathedral besides. At Pontthierry, twelve miles south of Melun, where ice twelve feet thick has weakened another bridge, the crowd of Parisian sightseers who came to view so rare a French scene caused a traffic jam last weekend. Thousands of other Parisians went to the Bois to watch a few hundred skaters on the lake, where the ice was only six inches thick; in all this month of blizzards and of ravaged countryside even at the gates of Paris, there has been the offsetting pleasure of only one week of *patinage* in the Bois. It has been the coldest, the most ruinous, and also the most freakish February that Parisians can remember.

THIS has recently been a stimulating theatre season for its extreme and interesting oddities—like Little Theatre experiments—probably staged because of the success, three years back, of Samuel Beckett's "En Attendant Godot," which set a style in the peculiar. Outstanding is "Le Personnage Combattant," by Jean Vauthier, the newest avant-garde playwright, at the Petit Marigny, an upstairs theatre and workshop. It is in two fifty-minute acts, with Jean-Louis Barrault alone on the stage and talking full tilt for forty minutes of each, in what is, for once, a tour de force of brilliant, egotistical, intellectual acting. He plays a disillusioned, unsuccessful writer, come back like a soiled homing pigeon to a cheap hotel room over a railroad station—the play's elaborate sound track of whistling locomotives furnishes a kind of mechanized Greek chorus—where, years ago, he wrote his only fine pages. These he reads aloud, and in starting to expand them, as if rewriting, audibly composes his sordid history, with its noble aspirations and admitted failure—his true short story as the would-be artist of words who cannot now write his life tragedy but can only talk it, in a lonely monologue. It is the most interesting play and acting in Paris.

The other popular unorthodox playwright is Georges Ionesco, whose use of logic—first as a vehicle of folly, then as an agent of destruction—in his playlets has given him an admirable reputation

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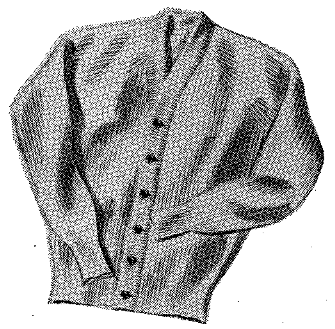

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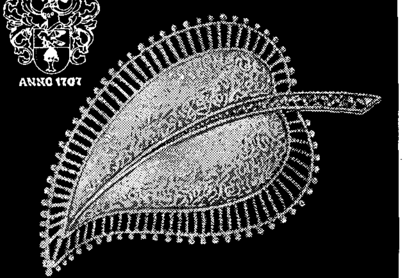

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(one is never quite sure just why) among intellectual theatregoers. His present playlet, a revival from three years ago, when few seem to have seen it, is at the upstairs Studio des Champs-Elysées and is called "Les Chaises." It shows an old married couple living in some remote tower by the water. The husband still has a message of salvation to give to a world that has never listened to him, and they invite a numerous imaginary company as listeners, for whom the chairs of the title are brought onstage. The invisible guests culminate with the Emperor himself, plus an orator who is supposed to read the great message but turns out to be deaf and dumb. As part of their triumphant farewell to the also deaf world, the old couple throw themselves into the water below. Well, there you are.

The Atelier is showing Marcel Aymé's "Les Oiseaux de Lune"—equally mad, written by an equally intelligent man, but funny, delightful, and a hit. It is about an ambitious young schoolteacher who discovers that he can turn all the people he dislikes into birds, with the stage soon sounding like an aviary as the little feathered enemies are brought in, caged at last. The theme also includes a shrewd analysis of the power complex in man; the young schoolteacher finally loses his power to the point of being able only to change people's arms into wings, whereupon he uses his last wisp of it to turn his birds back into human beings. Well, there you are again—semi-hallucinated once more, but at least having spent a wonderfully enjoyable evening.

THE recent sensational repudiation of Stalin by Anastas Mikoyan at the Twentieth Soviet Party Congress in Moscow was headline news for every paper in Paris except the French Communist Party's *Humanité*, which front-paged Molotov instead and tucked Mikoyan and Stalin on an inside page. While *Huma's* editors were about it, they cut part of what Mikoyan had said, and rewrote his basic sentence, which criticized Stalin's errors about the capitalist economy, so that it became a question, not a statement. *Humanité* and the French Communist Party are in a very awkward fix. Only last week, between them, they expelled Party member Pierre Hervé for his book "La Révolution et les Fétiches," published in January, in which he denounced the cult of the individual and the fetishes of infallible leadership, and harked back to

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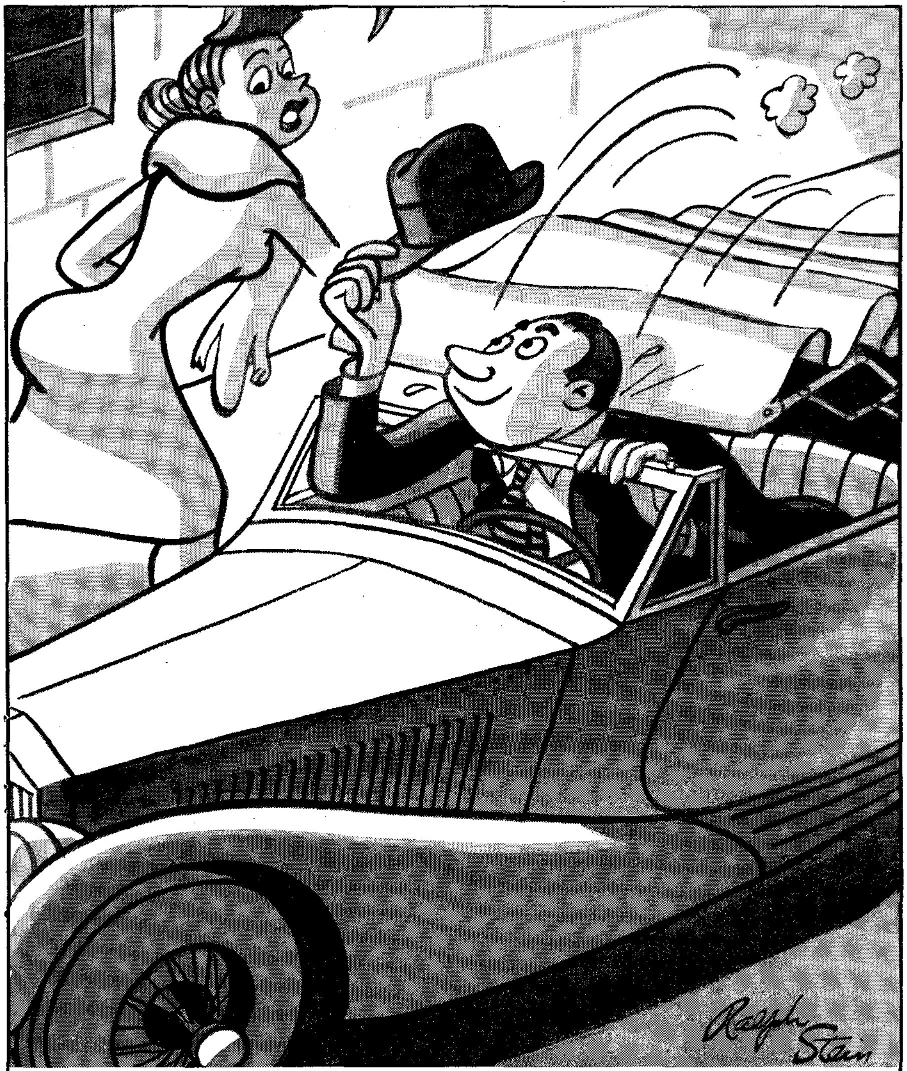
Leninist principles in much the same way that Mikoyan did—except that Hervé did it too soon and did it here, where Communism was, and still is, Stalinist. *Humanité* ran an angry editorial denying that there was any similarity between "undisciplined" Hervé and the Moscow Twentieth Congress's reversion to "the principles of the Leninist Party." But as practically every Paris newspaper has pointed out, it has run no editorial telling its Comrade readers what to think now about beloved Leader Stalin, though such guideline editorials have always been a vital element of Party policy whenever Moscow changed its mind about something internationally important, as it certainly did last week. With Mikoyan hailed as the new iconoclastic Moscow realist, with Hervé a French castaway, and with most of the Paris Communist intelligentsia having already thought Hervé was right—and sure of it today, with Mikoyan's and Khrushchev's backing—the leadership of the French Communist Party is certainly beginning to look fallible.

As the Socialist paper *Le Populaire* has pointed out, the denunciation of Stalin "cannot fail to produce unprecedented disarray in the ranks of the [European] Communist Parties trained in orthodox Stalinism." The Mendèsist *L'Express* remarked that "the French Party after twenty years of Stalinist formation is a heavy, rigid, centralized institution," and wondered if it can "find men in its present cadres capable of pulling it out of its *immobilisme* into discussion, criticism, and collective direction, which have now become the policy in Moscow." So far, the Party and *Humanité* are still sticking to their guff. *Humanité* has not mentioned one of the Congress's posthumous rehabilitations that have been so significantly featured in Moscow. It did mention that the anniversary of Bela Kun's seventieth birthday had been honored by an article on him in *Pravda*, ambiguously adding that "it was only after his death that the People's Democracy came to power in Hungary." It did not mention his rehabilitation, or that his death occurred in one of Stalin's purges. *L'Express* thinks that the best thing the French Communists can do is to rehabilitate Pierre Hervé, quick.

THE twenty-fifth Salon des Arts Ménagers opened last week in the Grand Palais, with the room temperature exactly at freezing. These annual three-week Salons of household gadgets, appliances, wares, and even foodstuffs are the dominant guiding influence on



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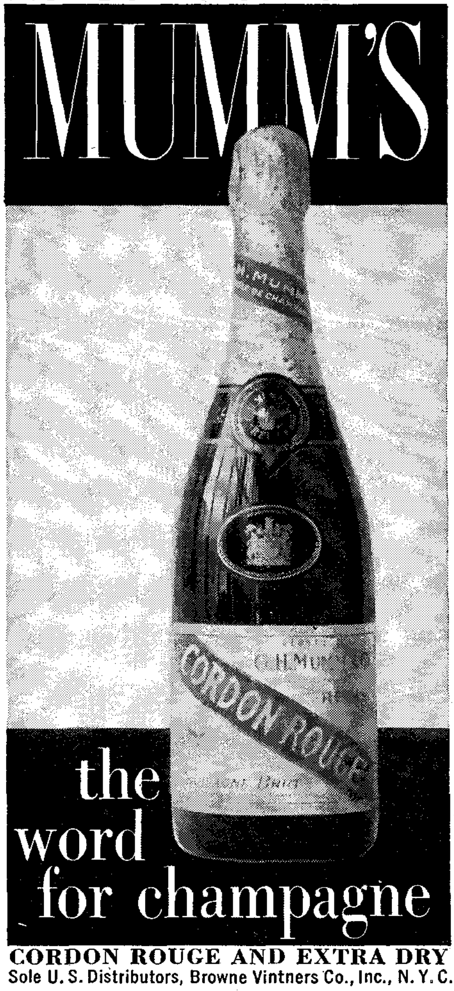
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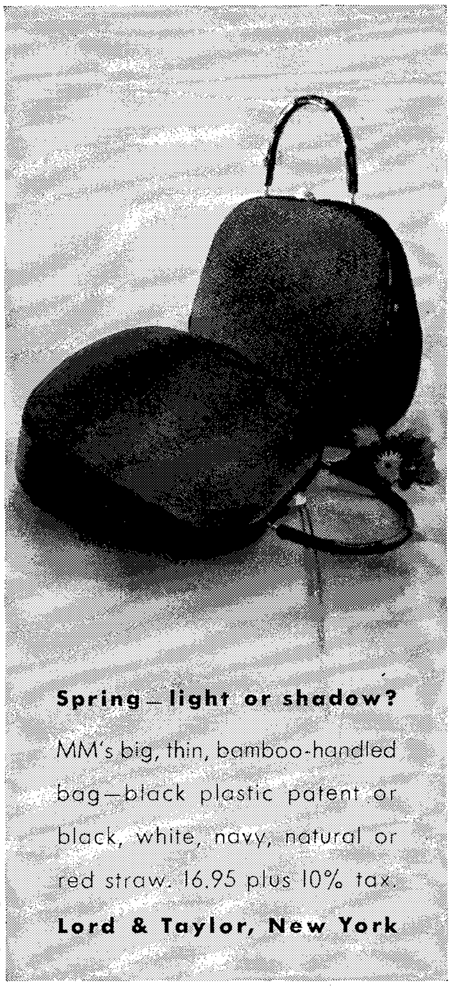
French manufacturers and French women, and have led to the ever-increasing modernization of domestic living standards here and to the healthy discontent of wives who haven't yet got whatever it is but can at least go to the Salon to look at it. This year, the stands displaying washing machines and refrigerators (inferior to American models, and much higher-priced) are again collecting the biggest crowds and selling the most goods. The first Salon, held in barracks near the Champs de Mars in 1923, was dreamed up by Jules-Louis Breton, distinguished Parliamentarian, member of the Académie des Sciences, the government Minister who ordered France's first tanks in the First World War, father of five children (including the Salon's present general manager), and a man with a passion for organizing family life and women's homework, which he thought electrical appliances ought to start ameliorating. Last year, the Salon had a million and a half visitors, more than half of them female. Just to give you an idea of how exhaustingly complete this year's Salon is, it is devoting special days to twenty-one different features, including "Gas at the service of culinary creations" (which means kitchen stoves), steel, plastic houses, electrical devices, family budgets, the fight against alcoholism (with a tempting display of fruit juices, and free samples), and four hundred kinds of French cheese.

The warmest section of the Salon, and the most beautiful, is in the basement, in the shape of an enormous, blooming flower garden, supplied by the hothouses of Vilmorin-Andrieux, aristocratic seed merchants of France, and laid out by the English landscape artist, Russell Page, in an elegant, irregular extravagance of colors and kinds, so contrary to the severe *jardins à la française*. There are hillocks made higher by yellow forsythia, pink Prunus, Irish yews, lilacs, and orange azaleas, the last from the Exbury collection of Major Edmond de Rothschild, the great azalea specialist of England. There are lowlands of blue and purple hyacinths, of purple and cerise tulips, of cerise and magenta cineraria, of magenta and white primroses, and of white and yellow tulips, each group carrying its color like a native identity but allied, through the color shifts, to the neighboring floral shapes and shades, and bedded around circling paths of stepping stones that are bordered with all kinds of white, such as candytuft, lilies of the valley, and bachelor buttons. To accompany the flowers, Page constructed a *jardin*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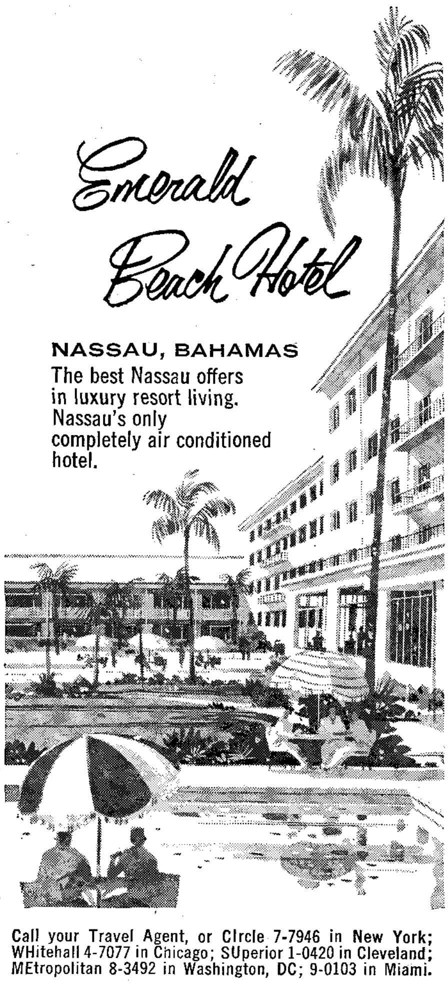
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potager, or kitchen garden, complete with small, live espaliered pear and apple trees, carefully hung with the finest refrigerator pears and apples. Surrounding them are the fresh vegetables, growing in tidy rows—tomatoes, onions, fennel, endives, turnips, carrots, leeks, lettuce, and even hedges of parsley, all flown up from the Vilmorin gardens in Casablanca. It is the leeks, salad greens, and parsley that make every Parisian's mouth water, so rare, costly, and untasted have they been for most people during the recent blizzard days.

THE government has asked the Assembly for special powers to carry on its Algerian policy, which has consisted mostly of homilies. Premier Guy Mollet in his Tuesday radio speech begged "all the Algerian Moslems to resist the temptation to kill Franco-Moslem fraternity." Unfortunately, it would already seem to be as dead as mutton—assassinated equally by the *fellaghas* and the white colonials. To restore order in the city of Algiers, a state of siege may be declared by the French Resident Minister. Once again, Parisians are being told that the week is one of grave consequences for France in North Africa. —GENÊT

•

A burglary victim lost even more money than he at first realized.

The S. J. Ferlisi Grocery at 1924 Vanderbilt-rd was broken into by burglars who climbed a waterpipe to enter a second story window.

Ferlisi first reported that three guns and $125 in half-dollars, quarters and dimes were stolen. Later, he told police he also missed from $800 to $1000 in cash from a drawer.

Officers J. E. Chadwick and L. H. Glover described the stolen guns as a .38 Colt, a 32-20 Colt and a .32 Colt.

"Who is undermining the Geneva spirit and who is supporting it?" he asked. —*Birmingham (Ala.) News.*

Let's get back to that water pipe. What do you think of fluoridation?

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MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Davenport (Iowa) Democrat & Times*]

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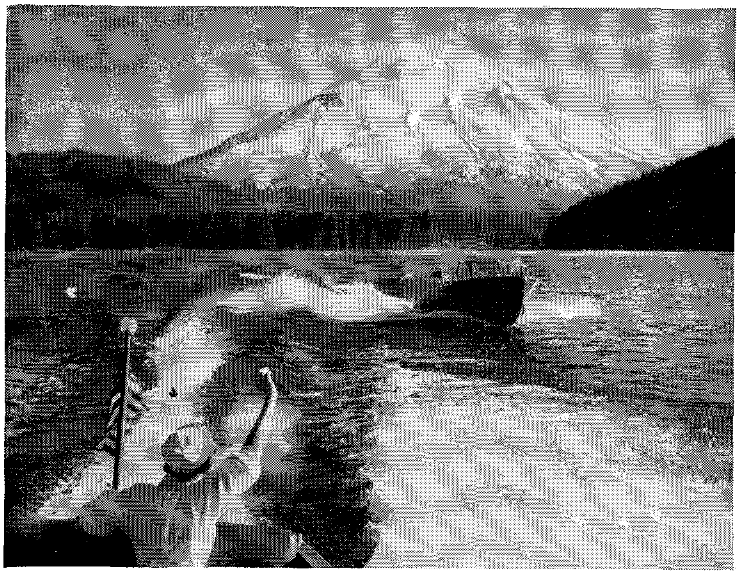

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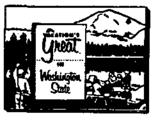

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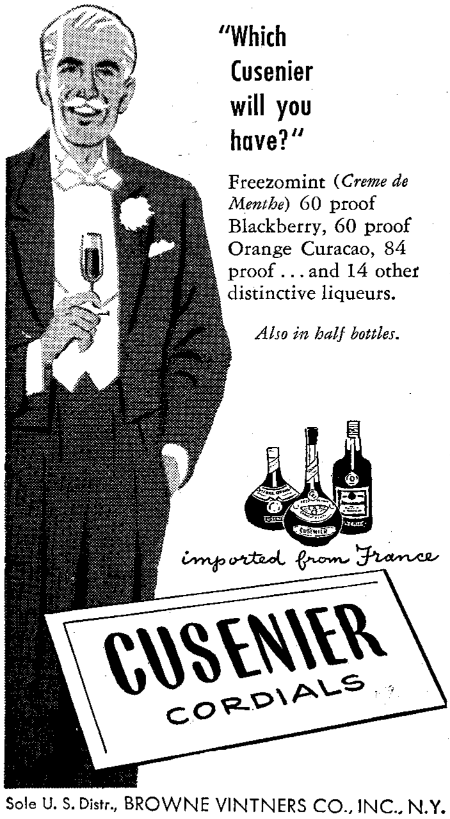

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MUSICAL EVENTS

A Banner Week

THERE is more than one way to play Mozart. It is possible to play his music like a scientist, sticking as close as possible to the letter of the printed score, deviating as little as possible from strict tempo, and giving each note and each phrase the precise accent and value dictated by unassailable conservative tradition. The late Artur Schnabel used to play Mozart this way—and rather impressively, too, though sometimes one half suspected that he was appending a mental footnote to every measure, and that his performances were not so much projections of personal insight and feeling as demonstrations of musical scholarship. It is also possible for an artist to play Mozart more freely, allowing his own instincts to control the shaping of the musical phrases and permitting individual taste and inspiration to take precedence over pedantry. The latter course is both the more courageous and the more dangerous one, since if it is to succeed, the individual taste must be good, and as a rule, it results in fine performances only when the performer is an artist of exquisite musical sensibilities. Myra Hess, who played Mozart's G-Major Piano Concerto (K. 453) with the New York Philharmonic under Bruno Walter's baton in Carnegie Hall on Thursday evening of last week, is fortunately an artist of this type. Her performance was anything but pedantic; indeed, it occasionally involved a sort of freedom in accent and tempo that has become somewhat unfashionable nowadays. A purist might have described it as a romantic interpretation, and there were things about it that suggested the pianistic eloquence of Chopin's period, rather than the classical restraint of Mozart's. I did not find this in the least disturbing, however, and, as a matter of fact, I confess that I am getting a little bored with the current vogue for what is imagined to be strict historical accuracy. Dame Myra re-created the work with touches of personal fire and charm, her virtuosity was clean and mature, and her taste was at all times impeccable. Mr. Walter, who also has his particular way with Mozart—a way that involves affection, warmth, and a feeling for golden orchestral tone—gave her a perceptive accompaniment and, in addition, conducted two Mozart symphonies (the "Jupiter" and the A-Major work designated as K. 201) with his customary tenderness and authority. The Philharmonic seems not yet to have recovered completely from the coarsening effects of the more violent of its adventures under other conductors, but under Mr. Walter it began to show signs of becoming again the sensitive instrument that it once was and still potentially is.

THE revival of Verdi's "Il Trovatore" at the Metropolitan Opera House on Wednesday night was one of those rare occasions when this indestructible but frequently battered old opera received a performance entirely worthy of its rare lyric beauty. I am happy to report that nobody sang out of tune, that Fausto Cleva, a maestro who seldom manages to lift things above a routine level, conducted it with unusual spirit, and that the evening's uninhibited vocal happenings now and then evoked the thrill that comes when grand opera is done in the grand manner. The most exciting contributions onstage were those of Leonard Warren, as the Count di Luna, and Jean Madeira, as the gypsy Azucena, the former being a masterpiece of refined Italian *bel canto* and the latter about as moving a characterization of the role as I have ever witnessed. And there were other fine things. Zinka Milanov was having one of her inspired nights and sang the part of Leonora with both fervor and grace; Kurt Baum, as Manrico—a part that mercifully requires no particular dramatic subtlety—showed that he is capable of really lovely singing as long as only the less complex emotions are involved. The sets, created by Harry Horner for this opera sixteen years ago, remain among the most imposing and tasteful ones in the Met's repertory, having a simplicity and dignity that derive from the tradition of Edward Gordon Craig, and the costumes, designed by Mary Percy Schenck, fit into them with notable harmony. The effect the performance had on me was to jolt me into a fresh realization of what a superb opera "Il Trovatore" is. Considered purely as a drama, it is, of course, a pretty naïve affair, whose preoccupation with the stock characters and situations of the Spanish romantic theatre—heroic troubadours, vengeful gypsies, poisoned rings, executions, suicides, and beautiful ladies about to be snatched from convents by black-hearted and passionate villains—has long since given it a quaint period atmosphere. But there is something about Verdi's extraordinary stagecraft and melodic inventiveness that converts all this into a believable spectacle that actually lays hold of the emotions of an audience and makes it care what happens on the stage. Perhaps part of Verdi's secret lies in the clarity of his aesthetic approach to opera, an art form in which beautiful melody and beautiful singing about love and death can transmute the tritest and most carpentered libretto into a gripping experience.

TUESDAY evening, the New York City Ballet opened its spring season at the City Center. The items on the program were all familiar ones, consisting of Jerome Robbins' "The Cage" and the Balanchine ballets "Swan Lake," "Valse-Fantaisie," and "Bourrée Fantasque," and there was nothing particularly sensational about any of them. "Swan Lake," with Maria Tallchief and André Eglevsky, was as engaging and nostalgic as it always is, though the speedy tempos provided by Leon Barzin for Miss Tallchief's adagios deprived them of some of the tightrope-act quality that should give them their final touch of suspense. "Bourrée Fantasque," with its exceptionally lovely score by Emmanuel Chabrier, was again a highly entertaining and likable affair, to which the bright and agile dancing of Todd Bolender, Tanaquil LeClercq, Melissa Hayden, and Nicholas Magallanes, among others, contributed a great deal. Despite the lack of novelty, it was extremely pleasant to find this youthful company back at its old stand. The inimitable Balanchine touch—something that includes not only fine choreography but also a charm and sense of intimacy I often find lacking in the work of more pretentious ballet troupes—was strongly in evidence, and the evening as a whole was a quite satisfying one. —WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

Motor trouble on a BMT Brighton local subway train caused it to break down during the rush hour last evening at the Steinway St. station in Queens, resulting in passenger jams as far away as Times Square.

The train developed trouble at 4:57 p.m. Following trains were rerouted to the express tracks until the disabled train was pushed to the Court Square siding and the local track cleared at 5:16 p.m.

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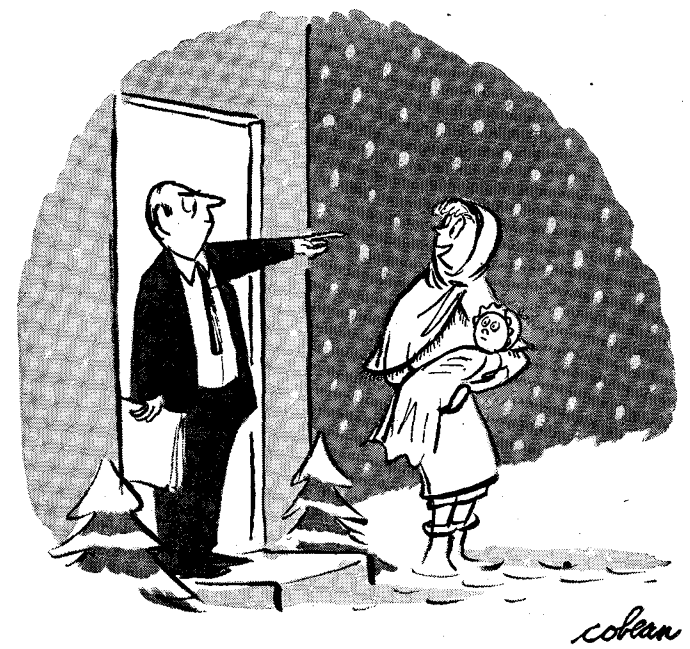

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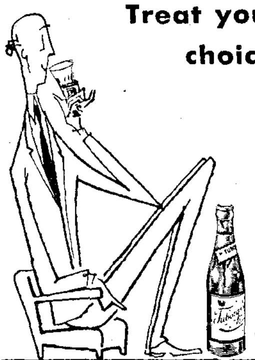

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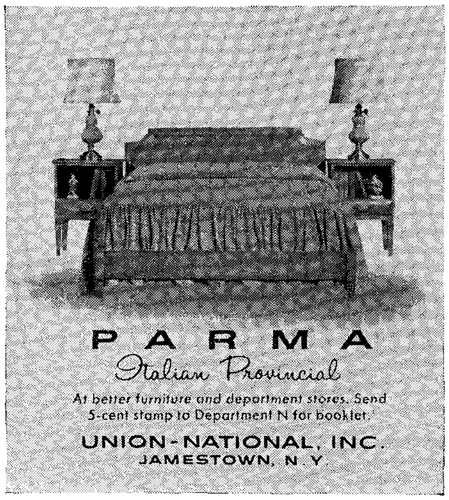

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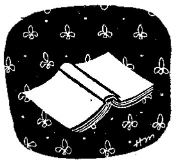
BOOKS

The World of Shadow

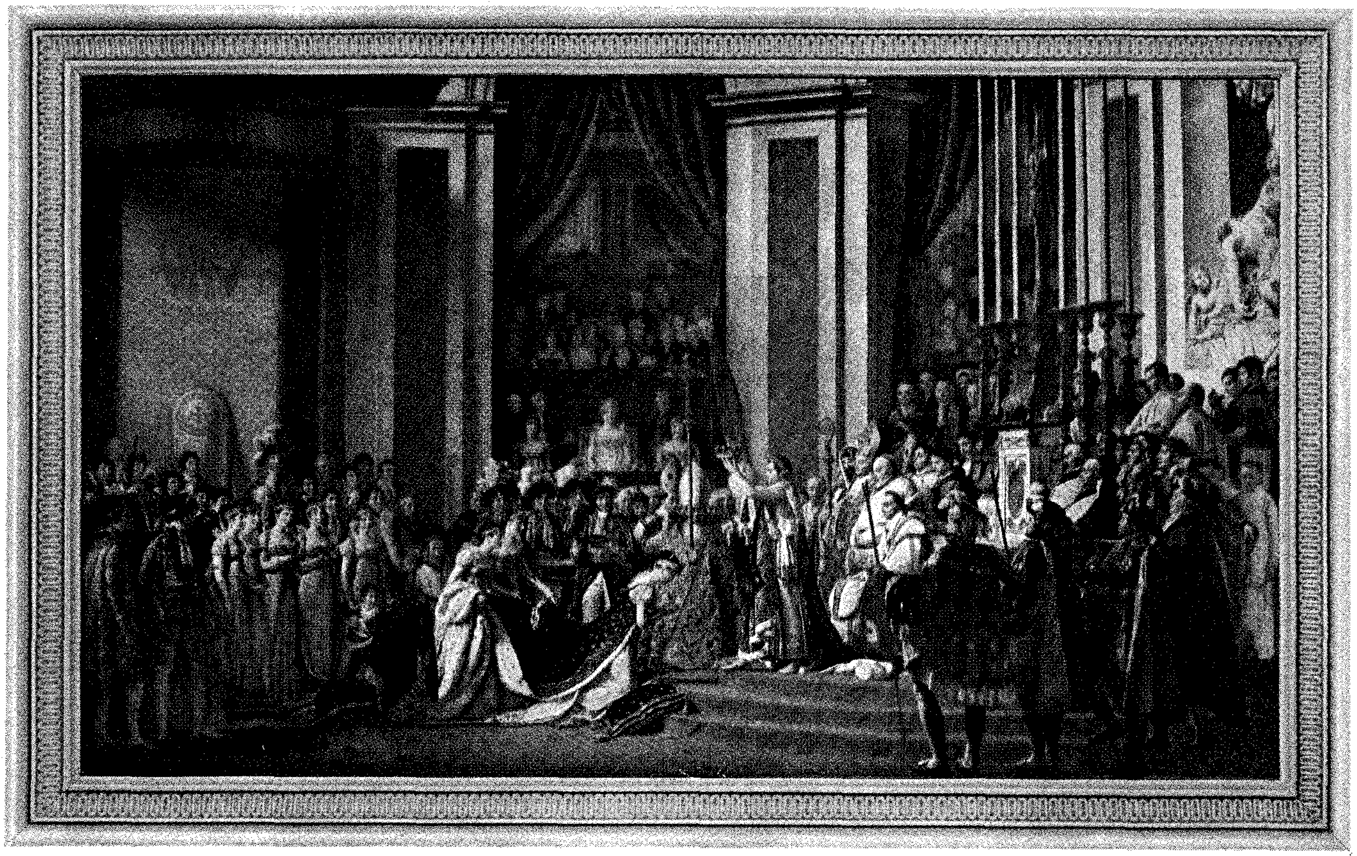
"THE MAN WHO WAS NOT WITH IT" (Atlantic-Little, Brown), which is Herbert Gold's third novel, presents the reviewer with a nice problem. The talent involved is a developing one. Mr. Gold's first novel, "Birth of a Hero," was full of promise; his second, "The Prospect Before Us," which dealt shrewdly and convincingly with the situation of a hotelkeeper caught up in what is clearly an N.A.A.C.P. test case, was also full of promise; and now here is his third novel, still promising worthwhile things to come. Mechanically, it is a great advance over the earlier books; the establishment of character and setting is rapid and authoritative, and the problem of the maintenance of tension, on which readability depends, has been solved. There are none of those dead patches in which Mr. Gold is writing through a structurally necessary scene without being fully engaged in it, and there are none of those digressions in which the story starves while he pursues a passing and irrelevant fancy. Not only is the novel clearly the work of a writer who has earned the right to encouragement and support by mastering his craft but it also has substance. Essentially, it is a strong and positive story about friendship and love, with an exceedingly interesting and powerfully developed crisis that is concerned with a conflict of loyalties. The hero is under a tremendous obligation to a friend who, in a purely disinterested act of generosity, picked him up and set him back on his feet when he was sliding completely out of the world of decency and honor. The cost of this redemption is high, because it involves the friend's realization that it is the last disinterested act of which he will be capable and that his virtue is exhausted. Having saved the hero, he himself slides rapidly downhill into a solitary hell of his own making. While that is happening to him, the hero is learning to live in that domain of mutual trust and generosity in which the word "love" has reality as the gift of self in the interest of other people's happiness, and learning how to do it so well that he actually achieves the adult experience of love. Describing this process of maturing into the ability to love in the midst of a flow of events is a tremendously difficult technical performance, which most novelists simply evade by stating that the process has taken place, but Mr. Gold, having accomplished this, indomitably goes on to wrestle with the still larger theme that has occupied Mr. William Faulkner throughout his literary career—the exercise of virtue. Virtue, a word that has been eroded by slack usage to a point where it stands for a sort of tepid goodness, is in fact the essence of manhood, being steadfastness, courage (moral and physical), loyalty, and the ability to love, all translated out of the realm of ideals into that of action. Mr. Gold brings his hero to the threshold of virtue and immediately exposes him to temptation. His friend reappears, demoralized and loathsome, sunk into an obscene habit of mocking at all decency, and actively destructive. The man's conduct would amply justify abandoning him in the temperate zone of expediency and prudence, but the hero has grown on to attain the intemperate one of manhood, in which friendship is a total commitment and in which there can be no evasions. He has to risk everything he has gained to prove himself worthy of his now despicable friend, and must stand by him in his trouble to the end.



It will be seen from all this that Mr. Gold has gone bravely to the heart of the proper function of the novelist, and that he is thinking along the noble lines of the great moral tradition that has made the novel a serious art. But at the same time the curse of a number of fallacies popular among writers who aspire to membership in the avant-garde lies heavily on the book. One of these is that extreme and fringe situations have more validity than normal and central ones, that for some reason there is more reality in lives lived outside the established patterns of settled communities than in the normal lives lived inside them. It is the Flaubertian hatred of the bourgeois carried to its illogical conclusion—that the bourgeois are not quite alive as intellectuals and the uncorrupted natural men of the proletariat are alive. Mr. Gold's characters are mostly members of a semi-criminal fringe world and their lives are lived with and for a travelling carnival, an organization that has, unhappily, its own language:

> I know it needs help, kid. I'll help. I can sit you out. I used to join out the odds, had myself a stable of clappers for the gash-hounds too dumb to do their own howling, that's how bad I needed it from those shyster country docs. I did it myself once, now I know it needs help and I'll help you.

What needs help, again in the lan-



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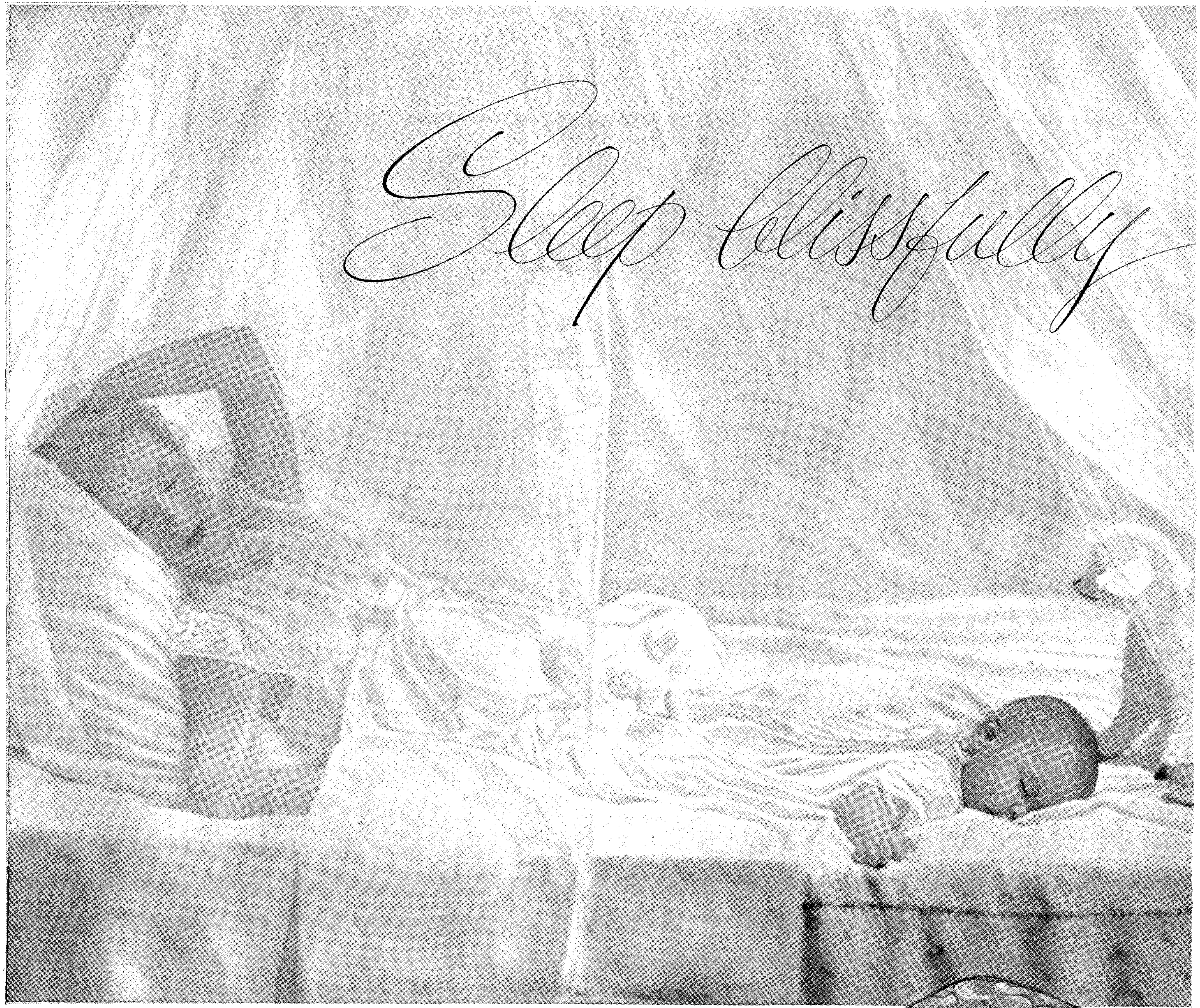

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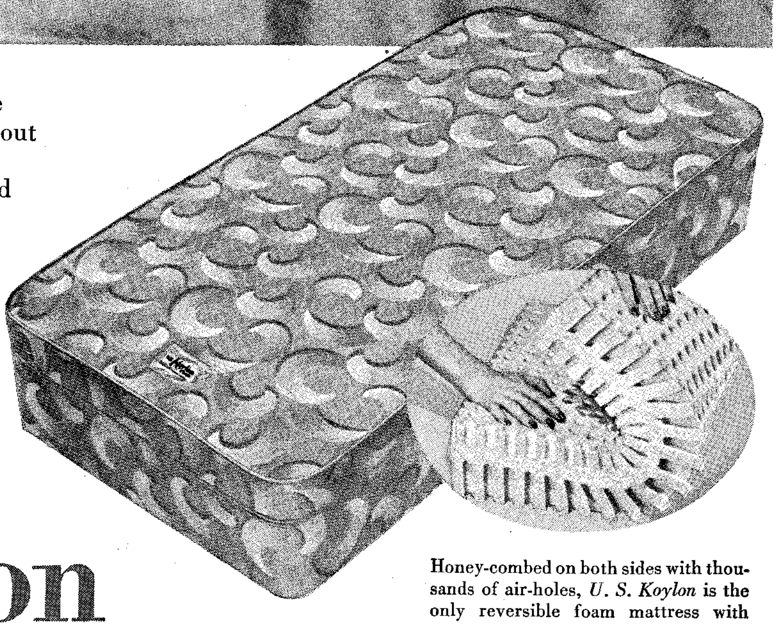

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guage of this fringe world, is kicking a habit—the habit of drug taking, which has recently risen to the head of the list of clichés in the current versions of the pseudo-tough novel. When Mr. Gold invites us to inspect the little scabs left by the hypodermic needle on the blue flesh of his hero's inner arm, we eye them with impatience rather than sympathy, and become more interested in seeing whether the author will succeed in kicking his exceedingly phony literary habit than in following the fortunes of his grimly mediocre characters. The indications are that he is in process of succeeding, for this is the kind of novel a writer produces while he is breaking through conventions and influences toward a synthesis that will be entirely his own, but this reviewer is compelled to say that success, and with it pleasure and reward for the reader, still lies ahead.

Joyce Cary's new novel, "A House of Children" (Harper), is a light and agreeable evocation of the delights of summer by the sea. The world is that of the Anglo-Irish middle class, in that happy time (for it, at least) before it lost its nerve, became hesitant about breeding, and began to watch the clock of history. A pack of brothers and sisters and cousins, varying in age from four or five to seventeen or eighteen, go each year to an old house with a white face and a dark slate roof called Dunamara, by Mannanen, the largest sea loch in Ireland, and, in a season of swimming, boating, amateur theatricals, and family jokes, grow toward each other and away from each other as they leave childhood behind. It is easy to quarrel with Mr. Cary's ideas about children. He is a believer in the doctrine of total innocence that A. E. Housman guyed in his rhyme directed at the simpler admirers of William Blake: "The infant child is not aware it has been eaten by the bear." But whether or not children are as much creatures of the moment as Mr. Cary would have one believe, he is exceptionally well equipped to describe the physical joys that accumulate in the memory to become the adult recollection of a happy childhood and the warm foundation of family feeling. Dunamara could be on the Vineyard, on the Cape, in Maine, or any place by the sea where two or three couples take the same houses year after year, and where the children come back with their own children in due course to see them, in their turn, make the same discoveries about sea, wind, and tide, and to experience the same small pangs of outgrowing the knowledge and the place. Mr. Cary's special gift is the ability to

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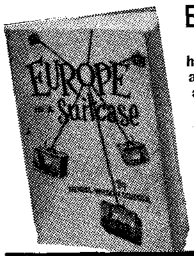

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convey the essence of the common experience and to present its familiarity with the freshness that made it seem important at the time. He has never written more happily or more easily than in "A House of Children," a book in which one seems to overhear a contented talker rather than to read.

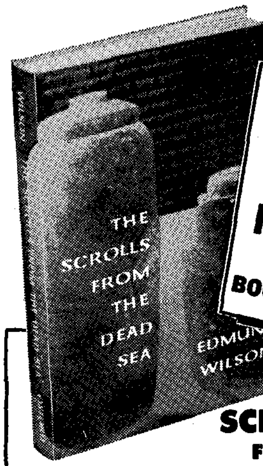
HANS HELLMUT KIRST's "The Revolt of Gunner Asch" (Little, Brown), as it stands, is an amusing military comedy, the German equivalent of "No Time for Sergeants." A very nice fellow who is a private in an artillery unit has a little war with the system and comes out on top, ousting an unpopular officer and taming a couple of tough sergeants in the process. As the story trundles along to its cheery end from one farce situation to another, it is hard to realize that what is being described is the training of the army that was to serve Hitler so well. In the editions brought out in England and Germany this point is not obscured. The English version adds a summary of the military careers of the nice and nasty chaps concerned and makes no bones about what they went on to do. In the German version, a trilogy, the farce runs on into tragedy. Asch has a friend called Vierbein, who does not revolt and who loses his fight with the system. The second volume of this trilogy leads him up the garden path and on to an unpleasant death in Russia, and one gathers that his betrayal by the boneheadedness of the superiors to whom he has surrendered all his will and initiative is the point of the whole novel. The moral of all this apparently is that if Gunner Asch and decent men like him had been allowed to reshape the army, it wouldn't have broken Vierbein but would have made him as good a soldier as Gunner Asch. An army of soldiers as good as Asch wouldn't have lost the war, and what the war would have been won for seemingly doesn't enter the head of either Asch or the author. The grisly things that were going on outside the snug confines of the barracks walls don't seem to bother them at all. That this bland attitude made the book a best-seller in Germany is interesting, if not particularly reassuring.

—ANTHONY WEST

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

WARHORSE, by John Cunningham (Macmillan). Here is a real, honest-to-goodness piece of storytelling, set



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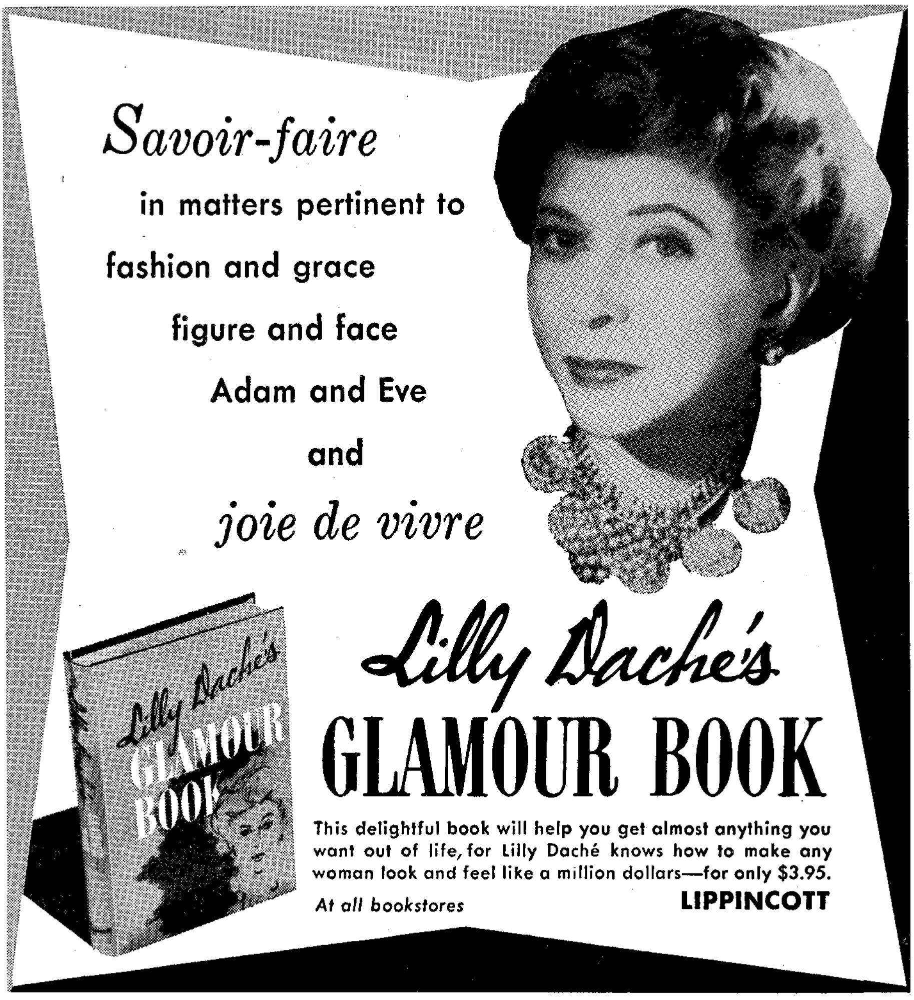
Harry Black, by David Walker (Houghton Mifflin). This tale of love and redemption concerns a choleric British ex-soldier and peg leg named Harry Black, who has become a tea planter in India, a nerveless killer of tigers, and a semi-alcoholic. During a hunt in the Himalayan foothills for a dangerous man-eater (which turns into a combination of Blake's tiger, Moby Dick, and Black's private devil), he runs into an old friend, Desmond Tanner, and his wife, Christian, with whom he falls in love. He shoots the tiger, but not without the help of Tanner, who saves his life—and his brassy soul. The hunting sections of Mr. Walker's novel are very exciting. His prose, however, is an impossible boil of mysterious quotations, incomplete sentences, and lines like "Fate was an old bitch running on a railway."

Bikka Road, by Kathleen Sully (Coward-McCann). A curious piece of work—awkward, spontaneous, honest, and as real as the dream that wakes one suddenly in the middle of the night. Miss Sully tells about Mr.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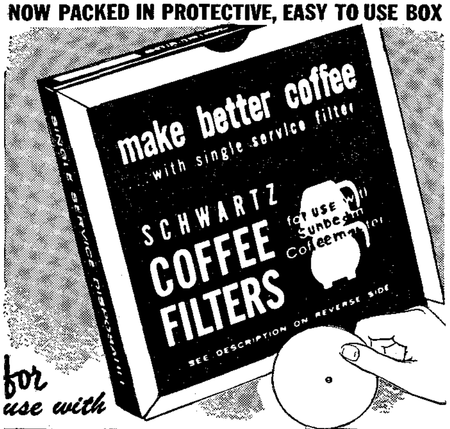
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and Mrs. Hoppe and their sixteen children, and about their next-door neighbors, Mrs. Dyppe and her sad daughter, and about a ruminative car salesman, Paul Berlake, all of them inhabitants of a small town in England. The presence of the car salesman is almost the only indication that the time is now.

Men of No Property, by Dorothy Salisbury Davis (Scribner). There is a great deal of heart in this story of Irish immigrants in New York in the nineteenth century, and the scenes are full of color and spirit, but the people Mrs. Davis has chosen to watch are so familiarly and sentimentally Irish that they hardly seem human, and their progress during the fifteen years in which we follow them reveals in them no humor, no vision, and no character to speak of. The four main figures in the story are Peg, a strident Dublin girl who wants to be an actress; Stephen, a political exile who wants Ireland to be free; Dennis, a strapping young Dubliner who wants to make money; and Vinnie, a clever street urchin who just wants.

Note: "Behind the Mountains," by Oliver La Farge, a collection of stories about life in New Mexico a generation or so ago, has been published by Houghton Mifflin. Most of the stories first appeared in this magazine.

GENERAL

Years of Trial and Hope: 1946-1952, by Harry S. Truman (Doubleday). Volume II of former President Truman's memoirs takes up where "Year of Decisions" left off. Most elder statesmen's memoirs consist of emotion recollected in tranquillity, but not Mr. Truman's. He is still hot under the collar about a number of things that troubled him in the White House, and as he reviews—from a one-man reviewing stand, as it were—the great events, the arguments, and the imbroglios of his two administrations, he makes no effort to disguise the fact. This is a book that, like the years it compasses, consists almost wholly of highlights—China, Taft-Hartley, the Marshall Plan, the Berlin airlift, the '48 campaign, Korea, the atomic bomb, the security and loyalty programs, to mention only a few—and it would be hard to choose the most notable ones. Still, the account of Truman's quarrel with General MacArthur and the description of his ill-starred

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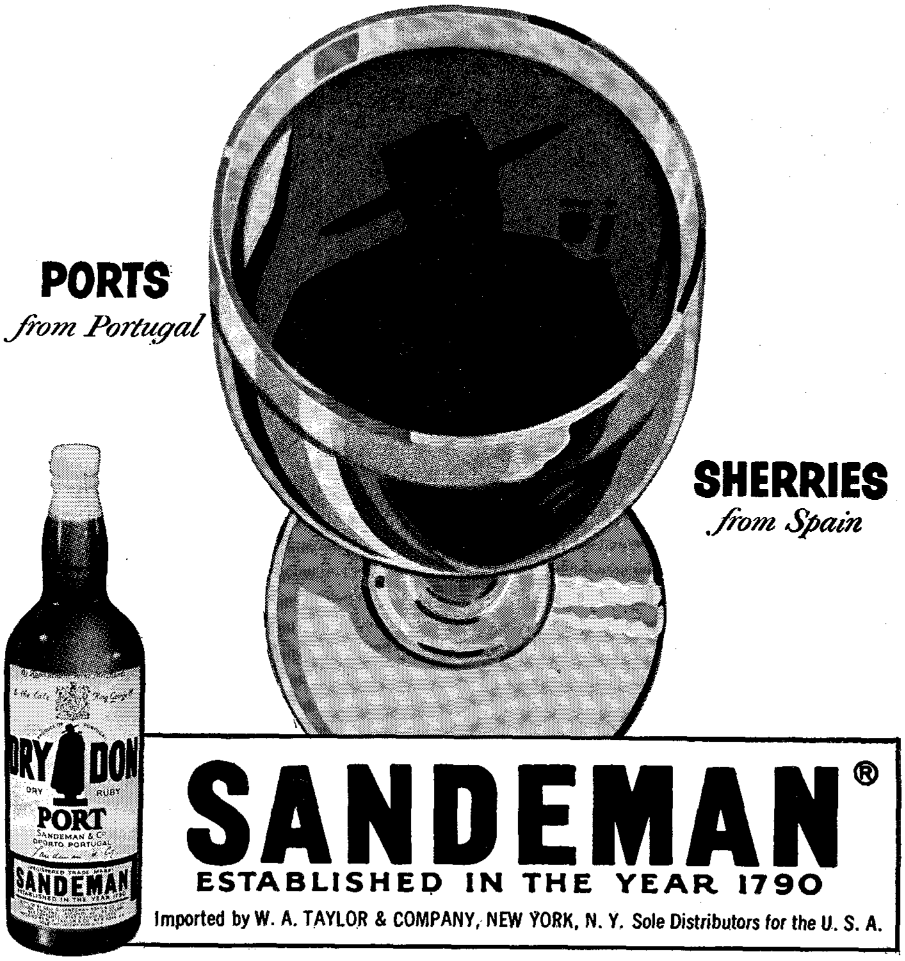
efforts to coöperate with President-elect Eisenhower on foreign policy (they culminated in a "Dear Ike" letter he wrote deploring the fact that "you have allowed a bunch of screwballs to come between us") do stand out. In other passages, one occasionally detects the aid of other hands; in these two the writing is pure Harry S. Truman. The two volumes are the Book-of-the-Month Club choice for March.

LEAP THROUGH THE CURTAIN, by Nora Kovach and Istvan Rabovsky, as told to George Mikes (Dutton). In this brief memoir, the former prima ballerina of the Hungarian State Opera and her husband, its former premier danseur, recall their rugged student days in Nazi Budapest, their months of advanced study after the war at the imposing Russian Ballet School in Leningrad, their rapid rise to comfort, celebrity, and the admiring acquaintance of Marshal Voroshilov, and their calculated flight to the West on May 14, 1953. The result, surprisingly, is something more than a trifle for the delectation of balletomanes. Because of the unusual status of Mlle. Kovach and M. Rabovsky in the Soviet world, their story provides us with an extraordinarily interesting glimpse of life at the most privileged level of Communist society—its materialistic pleasures (abundant food, a three-room apartment, a private automobile), its prison-camp security, and its spiritually withering parochialism. Sol Hurok, whose hand now guides the Rabovskys' career, contributes a sensible preface. Illustrated with photographs.

FOLLOW THE WHALE, by Ivan T. Sanderson (Little, Brown). An immensely detailed account of the curious evolution, the astounding variety of forms, the peculiar ecology, and the possible extinction of the world's largest mammal, and of the rapacious men (neolithic, Phoenician, Roman, Scandinavian, Japanese, English, Dutch, and American) who have hunted it for glory and profit down ten thousand years of history. The book manages to be at once scientifically sound, historically illuminating, and superbly entertaining; as an indication both of Mr. Sanderson's commendable restraint and of the scope of his study, it should be added that the "Thar she blows!," or Nantucket, era of whaling is introduced, described, and dismissed in little more than fifty pages. Many maps, charts,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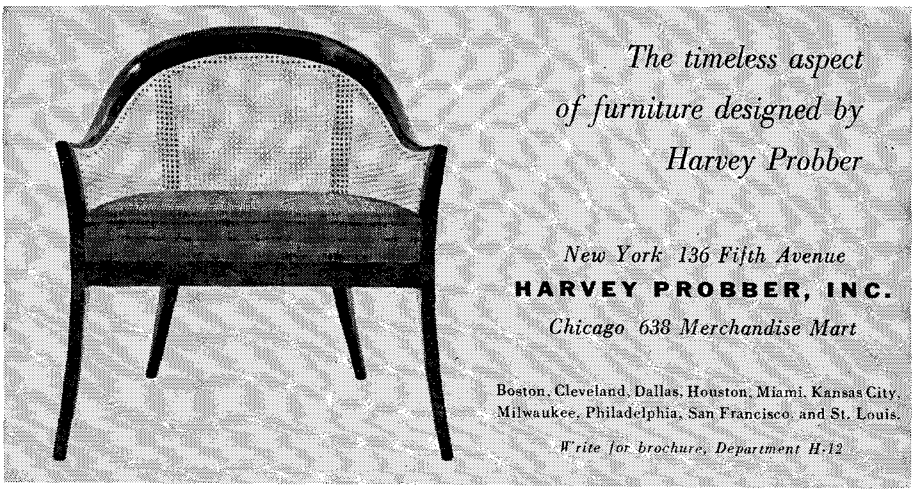
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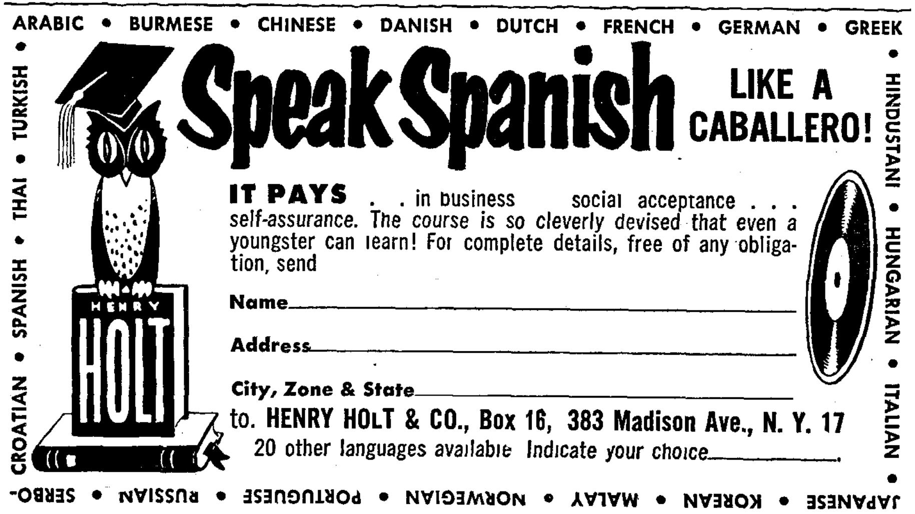
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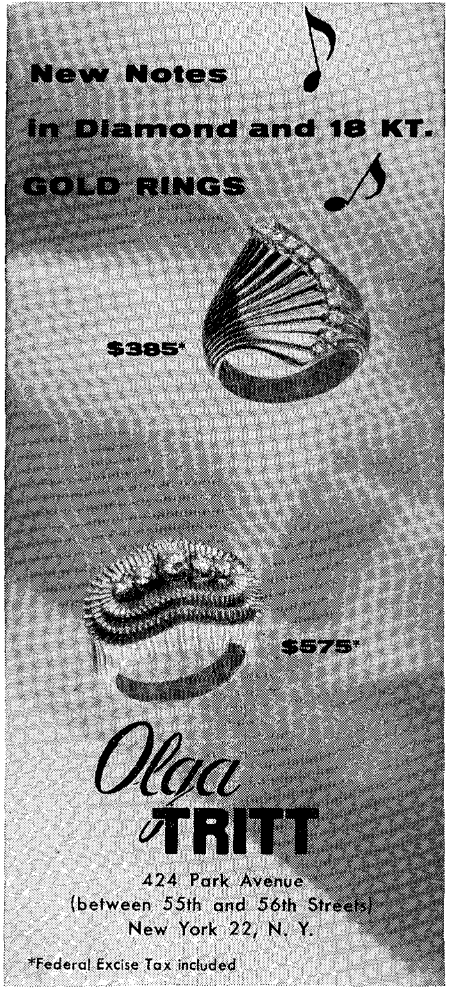

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WE DIE ALONE, by David Howarth (Macmillan). Still another demonstration of how the art of escape was perfected in the Second World War. In this book, which is distinguished by its incisive writing and complete lack of oompah, Mr. Howarth tells of a Norwegian saboteur named Jan Baalsrud, who hoodwinked the Germans in the arctic desolation of northern Norway for two months before he was carried majestically into neutral Sweden on a Lapp sled accompanied by five hundred reindeer. In the eighty miles he travelled, Baalsrud lost over half his weight and nine of his toes, suffered a brain concussion, and was buried alive for a week beneath four feet of snow. Mr. Howarth, an English journalist, also points out the hard fact that escape in war is an expensive business; besides the incalculable number of man-hours spent by willing Norwegians, Baalsrud's flight, according to the author's estimate, cost not a shilling less than sixteen hundred and fifty pounds. Numerous photographs of the escape route. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

THE YOUNG HILAIRE BELLOC, by Marie Belloc Lowndes (Kenedy). This reminiscence of Belloc's youth, young manhood, and early middle age was written by his sister, who died in 1947, and put into final shape by her daughter. Although Belloc is the focal personality, the book is an affectionate memoir of the whole astonishing family—the French father; the English mother, who was a writer and a friend of Robert Browning and George Eliot; and all the French, English, and French-English relatives—and serves as a graceful bridge between two centuries (or three, for one of the intimates of the household had lived through the French Revolution) and between two cultures. It takes Belloc from his precocious childhood through his youthful, happy, and tragically destined marriage and well into his career in politics and letters. An admirable piece of portraiture. Illustrated.

THE ANTARCTIC CHALLENGED, by Admiral Lord Mountevans (John de Graff). A brisk, comprehensive, and scrupulously nonpartisan history of South Polar exploration, written in a plain, firm hand by a survivor of Robert Falcon Scott's disastrous and heartbreaking 1910-13 expedition. It

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STEPHEN HERO, by James Joyce (New Directions). A new edition, by John J. Slocum and Herbert Cahoon, of the autobiographical novel that eventually became "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man." The incomplete manuscript in the Harvard Library was edited, with an introduction, by the late Theodore Spencer and published in 1944. One of the missing chapters, which had remained in the hands of the writer's brother Stanislaus Joyce, was later bought by Mr. Slocum and presented to the Yale Library, and this chapter, which deals with a visit by Stephen to a highly respectable godfather in Mullingar, is here printed for the first time. Though full of tantalizing lacunae, it has considerable interest: "—But do you feel no duty to your mother-country, no love for her? asked Mr. Heffernan.—Honestly, I don't.—You live then like an animal without reason! exclaimed Mr. Heffernan.—My own mind, answered Stephen, is more interesting to me than the entire country.—Perhaps you think your mind is more important than Ireland!—I do, certainly."

THE EARLY JOYCE: THE BOOK REVIEWS, 1902-1903, edited, with an introduction, by Stanislaus Joyce and Ellsworth Mason (Mamalujo Press, Colorado Springs). Lady Gregory arranged to have Joyce, in his unknown and impoverished youth, do book reviews for a daily paper, and is said to have been much annoyed when he failed to praise highly enough a book of hers on Irish folklore. "She gets you a job on the paper," says Buck Mulligan in "Ulysses," "and then you go and slate her drivel to Jaysus. Couldn't you do the Yeats touch?" This review is reprinted here, and the curious thing is that—though Joyce did not quite share Lady Gregory's enthusiasm for rambling country tales—the piece seems respectful and not unsympathetic. One finds also, along with unimportant brief notes, some interesting criticism of Irish poetry, and an interview—done as a journalistic job, but formal to the point of primness—with a French motor-racing champion.

G. S. LOBRANO

ABOUT a dozen years after he graduated from Cornell, Gus Lobrano wrote a letter to a friend saying that he was through with the world of business and wished to enter the world of letters. Lobrano was at that time running a travel agency in Albany, New York. The friend replied guardedly, pointing out that the literary life is full of pitfalls. Soon afterward, undeterred, Lobrano arrived in New York and got a job as an assistant editor on *Town & Country*. He knew little or nothing of editorial procedure, but as things turned out he possessed precisely the qualities that it takes to be an editor. Two years later, in 1938, he moved to *The New Yorker*, and he soon became head of the Fiction Department. Last week, on March 1st, in the morning, after an illness of several months and a service to this magazine of eighteen years, he died at his home in Chappaqua, New York, at the age of fifty-three, leaving a trail of friendship that penetrates the literary scene in every part of the globe.

The whole episode of his break with business and entrance into the strange world of letters when approaching middle life was a remarkable act of will. He was a man of many worlds, and the world of friendship was the one he perhaps set most store by. He did not enter lightly upon friendship, as many a writer has lived to discover, and to be his good friend was a tremendously satisfying experience. You felt you had hold of something solid. There was also the world of letters, the world of golf, the world of trout streams.

His contribution to *The New Yorker* was deep and extensive; it is hard to get it all down in a brief report. Probably his most telling contribution was this: that because of knowing and loving him many writers felt that *The New Yorker* was their home. He had a subtle mind, an engaging wit, an almost flawless taste in literary expression, and an impatience with all forms of shoddiness. As head of Fiction, he dealt with creative people—short-story writers, humorists, poets, essayists—and the idiosyncrasies that go with them. He liked the work, and he had the gift of helping writers out of tough places, always holding fast to his respect for their style. He was an unusually adroit "pencil editor" and could quickly bring into focus what was, for one reason or another, blurred. He also served, with the greatest skill and humor, the Art Department of the magazine, helping to select drawings, shape captions. And in addition he had much to do with general policy, helping to build whatever reputation this journal now has for integrity and for generosity to its contributors.

New Orleans was his birthplace, and the South left its best marks on him—an explosive spirit, a courtly manner, a warm nature. Much as he loved *The New Yorker*, deep as was his preoccupation with modern fiction, he never allowed the magazine or anything else to destroy his perspective. He loved a trout stream in Rensselaerville, he loved Cranberry Lake in the Adirondacks, he loved golf courses and watercourses, and he was intensely concerned with the details of family life—his home, his wife, his children, his grandson, his dog. These qualities made him a great editor, for it is love of life that enables an editor to work effectively with those who set out, on paper, to interpret life.

When the Navy turned him down during the war, Gus walked over to the North River docks and took a job as a freight handler. For a long time he lived a double life: Mondays through Fridays he would edit manuscripts and lunch with authors, Saturdays and Sundays he would load ships and lunch with dock hands.

This has been a sad week for *The New Yorker*, a time of terrible loss to all of us who have been associated with him. It is a sad time for the great number of contributors to whom Gus Lobrano was the link with the magazine—a link they cherished because of the strength and brightness of the metal and because of the feeling of support they got from it.

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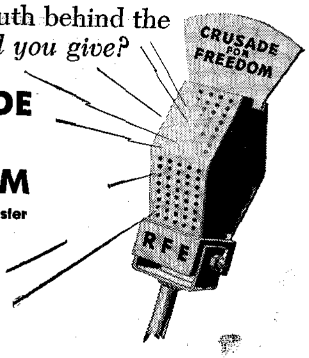

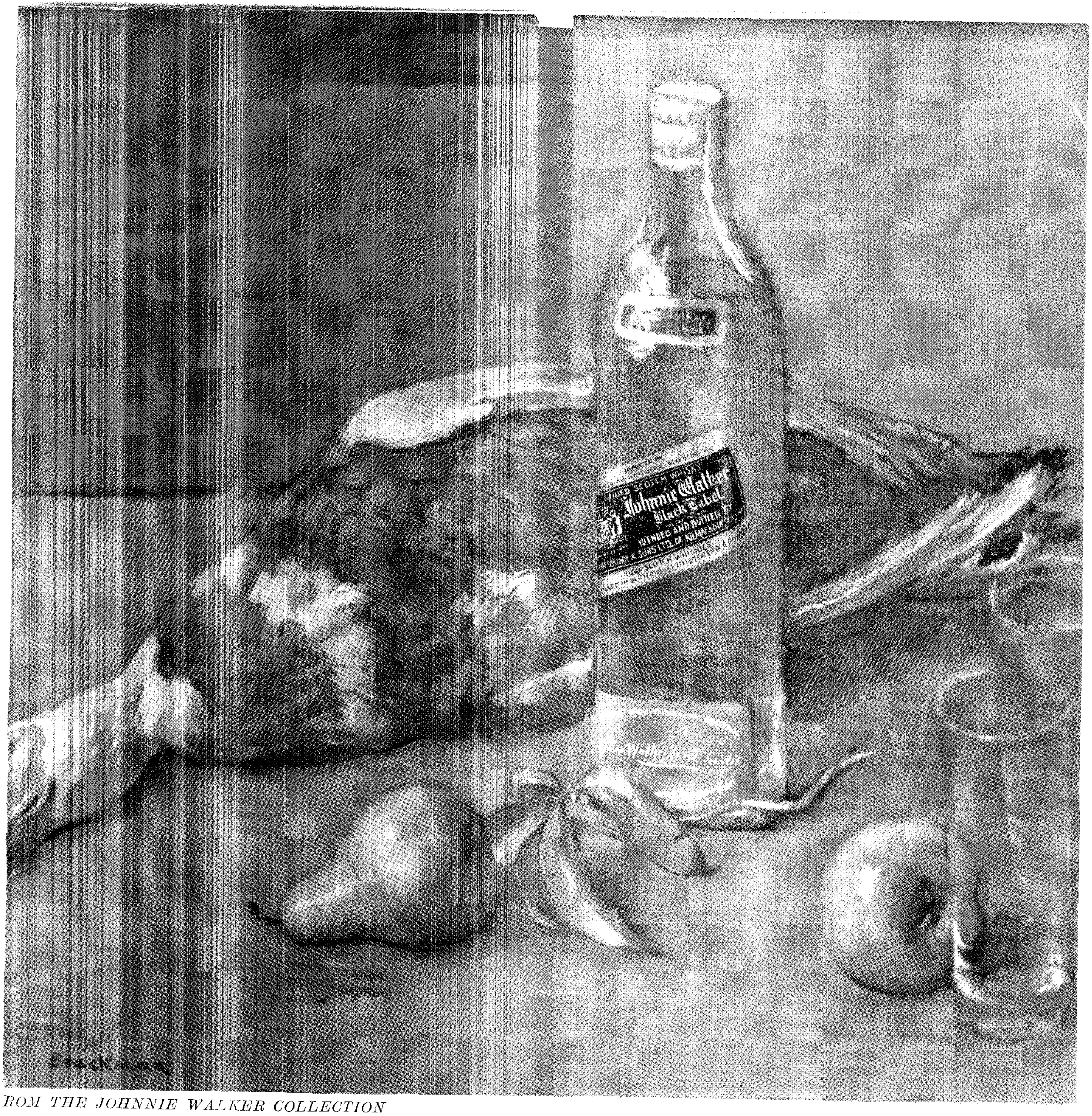
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